JULY, 1903.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Lady Lytton.

The Bulwer-Lytton centenary ought not to be passed over without some mention of the important part which was played in the author's career by the woman whom he married. Young Bulwer was a precocious sort of youth, publishing a volume of poems at the age of seventeen, and carrying off the Chancellor's Gold Medal while at Cambridge. He was extremely high-flown in many ways, declaring himself "changed for life" because of some boyish love affair which he had while yet an undergraduate; so that after mooning about and taking long pedestrian tours in the north of England, where he professed to have had remarkable adventures with impossible cutthroats, he began to fly back and forth like a shuttle between Paris and London. His mind was a playground for emotion and metaphysical speculation, and he could settle down to nothing until at last he met a very beautiful Irish girl. He fell violently in love with her and married her when he was twenty-two years old. She was a Miss Rosina Wheeler, and in marrying her Bulwer estranged his mother. His marriage was a most unhappy one in other respects. He entered upon it in a wild frenzy of adoration which, with his mercurial nature, was far too intense to be enduring. Before long, his home was a place of torment, both for him and for the girl he married; yet the result, curiously enough, was beneficial. His quarrel with his mother cut him off from all pecuniary assistance, and his unhappy marriage seems to have steadied and matured him by its very wretchedness.

Consequently, being thrown upon his own resources, he was compelled to write; and the bitterness of his heart seems to have goaded him into writing well. From that time he began pouring forth the stream of novels which, with his plays and his multitudinous contributions to the reviews, made him for a while as famous as either Thackeray or Dickens. He separated from his wife after nine years of marriage; but this separation did not bring him any respite from the vindictiveness which he had inspired in the woman who bore his name. To the day of his death, she hounded him in every possible way, caring nothing for the scandal which she created in her eagerness to hurt him and to hamper his career. She published books in which, under a very tenuous pretence of fiction, she attacked her husband, and even her son, who had taken his father's part. The most outrageous thing she did was the publication of all Bulwer's early love-letters to her; and she did this with a view to

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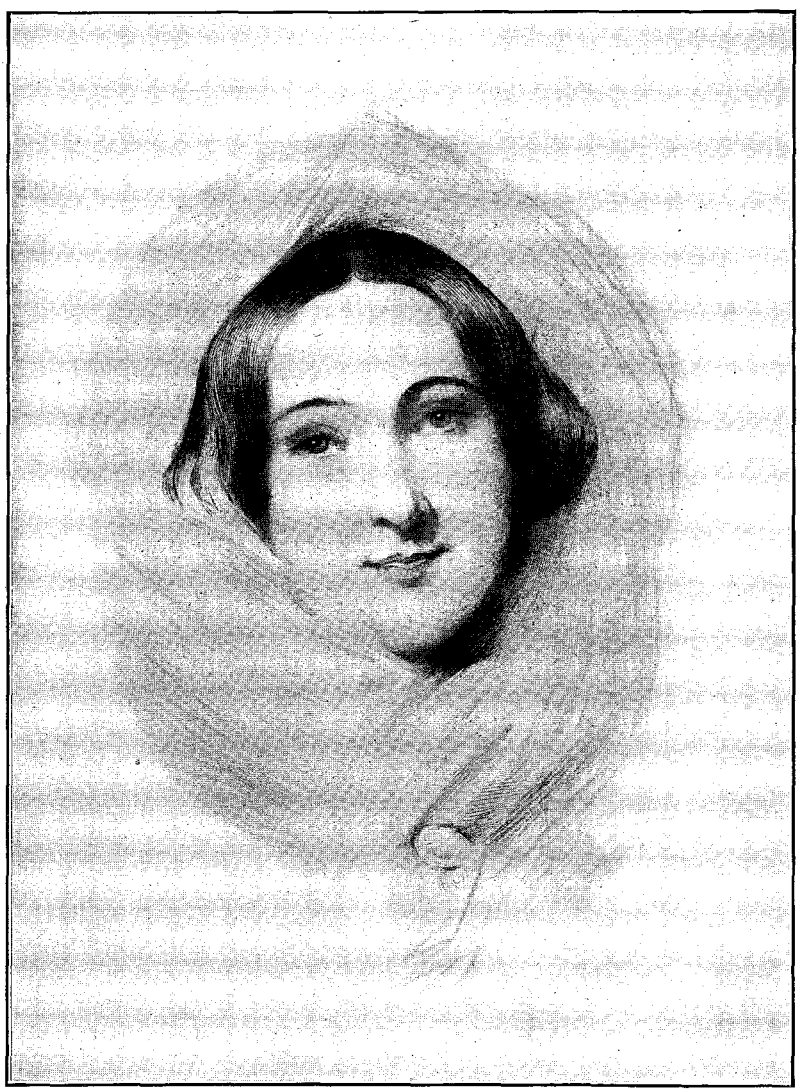
making him ridiculous. As a matter of fact, they were the most extraordinary letters, in which every possible form of endearing speech was exhausted, and pushed to a degree of extravagance such as made them seem almost the ravings of a madman. She was, indeed, successful in her immediate purpose. Lord Lytton was overwhelmed by the shame of the thing. Yet in the end the woman suffered most, for her conduct put her beyond the pale of social recognition. She outlived Lord Lytton by nearly five years, dying in 1882.

"Frank Danby."

Some ten or twelve years ago there appeared in London a book entitled *Dr. Phillips,* the name of the author being given as "Frank Danby." It was a book of an exceedingly realistic character, written with extreme frankness and with intimate



ROSINA, LADY LYTTON.
From a drawing executed in 1852 by A. E. Chalon, R.A.

On Thursday, August 29, 1827, Bulwer was married to Rosina Aimée Doyle Wheeler.

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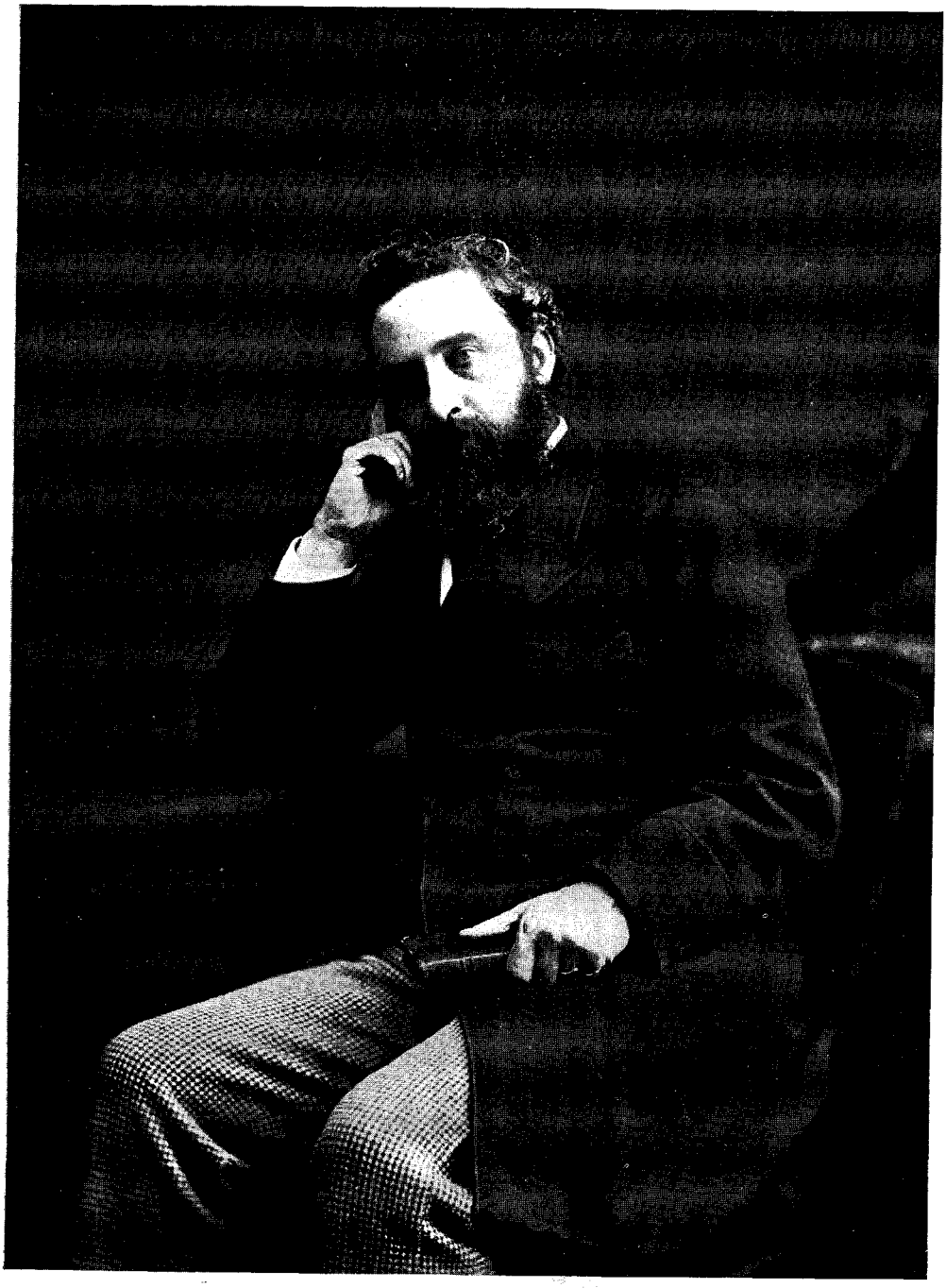

THE LATE EARL OF LYTTON. "OWEN MEREDITH."

knowledge of a certain kind of Jewish life—that is to say, the life which is led by orthodox Jews of the well-to-do middle class. The principal character of the book is a Jewish physician of great talent who is married to a dull, fat, affectionate woman who is no companion for him, and who bears him no children. Dr. Phillips lives ostensibly the life of a popular family doctor, but all the time he is

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carrying on an intrigue with a beautiful Englishwoman, whom he met when she was a governess, and whom he has installed in a house of her own. This dual existence leads to complications which become more and more difficult, especially when a young Englishman of good family and of great attractiveness meets the English girl and, knowing nothing of her story, falls in love with her and proposes marriage. A friend of his in like manner falls in love with a young Jewess in the same set, and rouses the horror of her intensely orthodox parents. The book throughout is hard and cynical, but it gives some wonderfully vivid pictures of Jewish life. It became known that the author of it was a woman, and it was suspected that in Dr. Phillips she had drawn the portrait of a well-known London physician. This person was so incensed that he caused the book to be suppressed by legal means.

Not long after, the novel was reprinted in this country in a cheap edition. It was seen on all the news-stands, and

"FRANK DANBY" (MRS. JULIA FRANKAU).

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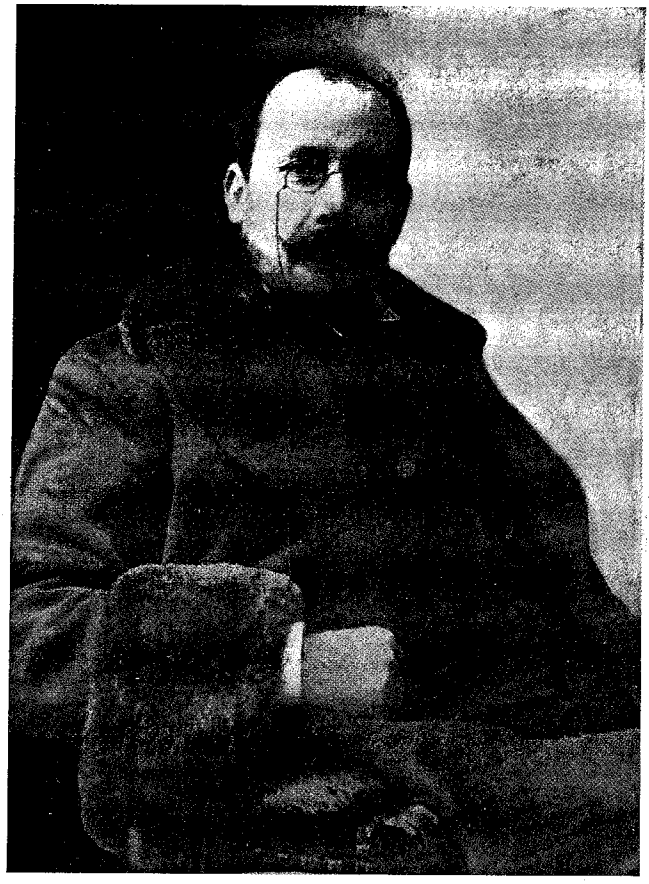

THE LATE MAX O'RELL.

then of a sudden it disappeared. You could scarcely buy a copy anywhere. Just what caused this disappearance we cannot say with certainty; but some years ago in these pages we hazarded the conjecture that its suppression was due to the influence exercised by wealthy members of the Jewish community, to whom some parts of it were exceedingly offensive. A number of Jewish publications declared this supposition to be untrue, and so we let it go at that. But if you ever happen to come across a copy of *Dr. Phillips* in some second-hand book-shop, we advise you to buy it, for it is a work of exceptional interest and power.

"Frank Danby" was a literary disciple of George Moore, and for a time she was his personal friend. For some reason or other, however, the two quarrelled, and Mr. Moore had the excedingly bad taste to attack her in the pages of the London *Saturday Review*. To this attack she made a spirited reply; but she seems to have been rather disheartened by the criticism, and for several years she wrote nothing further. Later, however, she published a second novel, called *A Babe in Bohemia*, which passed through several editions in England, but which, so far as we know, has never been republished in this country. She has now produced a novel called *Pigs in Clover*, which is reviewed on another page, and which we do not hesitate to say is by far the most powerful and searching piece of fiction that has been published during the present year. We are at liberty to reveal the fact that "Frank Danby" is known in private life as Mrs. Julia Frankau. She is the wife of a wealthy London merchant, and is well known in the literary, artistic and theatrical world of the English capital, having a beautiful

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CHRISTIAN PASSING THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

From an original drawing by George Cruikshank, presented to the Authors' Club, of New York, by the late Richard Henry Stoddard.

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home in Clarges Street, Mayfair, where she entertains extensively. We are fortunate in being able to publish a portrait of this writer, whose identity had for many years been to us a source of much terested speculation.

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"Max O'Rell."

The late Paul Blouet, better known as "Max O'Rell," wrote at least one book which has some definite value as a sociological study. This was his first book, and curiously enough it is the one book which most of the obituary notices have failed to mention. It was called *John Bull and His Island,* and contained the keen and sometimes caustic, yet not ill-natured, comments of a very intelligent Frenchman upon English life in its various phases. Unlike most of his countrymen who write about England, M. Blouet really knew his subject very thoroughly; for he had lived among English people for a long time, and his wife was an Englishwoman. The success of the book was very great all over the British Empire and the United States. The author followed it up by a second volume, called *John Bull and His Daughters.* In writing this, however, M. Blouet made the curious mistake of letting his *esprit Gaulois* have a little too free play, with the result that he shocked a great many of the people who had liked his other book. He promptly recognised his error, and ever after kept himself within the limits imposed by Anglo-Saxon notions of propriety. He was very popular as a lecturer and as a scribbler of airy nothings, all of which were clever and amusing and made no serious demands upon the intellect of his readers. Although he had a good idiomatic command of English, he always wrote his books in French and had them translated by his wife.

❦

The Impressions of the Junior Editor.

Every American who has ever been there for more than a week, even Mr. Richard Harding Davis, has written a book or two about Paris—at least, that is the way that it seems—so that nothing that we could say on the subject would be particularly new. But the Junior Editor, after a very serious conference with Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in the rooms in Upper Baker Street, deciding that he would take a flying trip across the channel for the purpose of seeing M. Dubugue of the Paris Secret Police, and learning a little more about those gigantic frauds of the Baron Maupertuis, and also of the Adventure of the Second Stain, very naturally spent his hours of relaxation of a week looking around to see that the streets were all in the same place and that no one had run away with the Eiffel Tower. In the first place, he wishes to say parenthetically that a new and very good golf course may be found at the Ferme de la Boulie, about three miles from Versailles. This fact has no particular relevance, only it gives him the opportunity utterly and scornfully to repudiate that preference for "golf sticks" over "golf clubs" ascribed to him last month by the Senior Editor. He found that the latest bit of Parisian slang had sprung out of the famous deception in the matter of the Tiara of Saitaphernes, and that the fair Parisienne was retorting to the ardent protestations of her male escort with a sceptical *"la tiare! la tiare!"* which may be translated into American as, "Oh, my! but you're an awful jollier!" The week included the three days during which His Majesty Edward VII., King of England and Emperor of India, was the guest of the city of Paris. A little patience and craning of neck enabled one to see him comfortably two or three times, at Vincennes, where the great review took place, at the race-track at Longchamps, and in the open Boulevard. He looked old—very old and very white. Nevertheless, that did not prevent him from doing an amount of labour and undergoing a physical strain which goes far to justifying the English contention that he is the cheapest and the hardest working public servant in the world. They were telling a very pretty little story about him illustrative of his democracy and good nature. It seems that one day when the late Queen Victoria was on the throne he came suddenly upon a number of men whom he knew who had been in animated conversation, and whose abrupt cessation of talk brought on an embarrassing silence. The Prince of Wales asked them what

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they had been discussing. There was an uncomfortable hesitation until one of the party, being an American, and in consequence less reverent and more outspoken, blurted out: "Why, your Royal Highness, we were just discussing whether England would ever become a republic." "Well," replied the Prince, with a laugh, "if it does, and it comes in my lifetime, I know one thing. I'm going to be the first president."

By the Parisians the King was universally voted to be "*très bon garçon,*" which we shall translate into American by saying that they considered him "a hot sport" and "the real thing." The enthusiasm seemed spontaneous and absolutely genuine. The following episode doubtless appears trivial in print, but at the moment it impressed us as being irresistibly comical. The crowds were gathered at the Tuilleries end of the Rue Castiglione awaiting the passage of the carriage bearing the King and the President on their way to the performance of *Autre Danger* at the Comédie Française. A few minutes before the passing of the royal vehicle a butcher boy driving a cart galloped by, assuming the manner of royalty and bowing with imperturbable majesty right and left, to the huge delight of the crowd. Hawkers were about the streets selling for the price of two sous a song entitled *"V'là Mimile! V'là Edouard!"* "Mimile," it will be remembered, is the playful distortion of Émile which the French apply to their President. *"V'là Mimile! V'là Edouard!"* was to be sung to the air of *"Viens Poupoule,"* one of the latest of French musical hits. The courteous and sincerely friendly tone in which the better class of Parisian newspapers discussed the King's visit made very pleasant reading in England, and even the most venomous of the Boulevard sheets were obliged by public opinion to refrain from being blackguardly. There were, however, covert allusions to the Boer War. One paper started a subscription for the purpose of erecting a statue to President Kruger, while another, calling attention to the fact that Edward was both the King of England and the Emperor of India, urged its readers to greet him with lusty shouts of *"Vive l'Empereur!"*

A Stockton Memorial Sketch.

A very interesting feature of Frank R. Stockton's *The Captain's Toll-Gate* is the memorial sketch of the author written by Mrs. Stockton. In the first place, in regard to the present story we learn that, although it is now after his death first published, it was all written and completed by Mr. Stockton himself. In fact, it had been finished before the publication of *Kate Bonnet.* We are told that at a very early age Frank Stockton and his younger brother, John, became ambitious to write. They sent their effusions to various periodicals, with the usual result. At last they decided that editors did not know a good thing when they saw it, and hit upon a brilliant scheme to prove their own judgment. One of them selected an extract from *Paradise Regained* (as being not so well known as *Paradise Lost*) and sent it to an editor with the boy's own name appended, expecting to have it returned with some of the usual disparaging remarks, which they would greatly enjoy. But they were disappointed. The editor printed it in his paper, thereby proving that he did know a good thing, even if he did not know Milton.

It was while the Stocktons were living in Nutley, N. J., that Mrs. Stockton went to New York and procured from an orphan's home a girl whom Mr. Stockton described as "a middle-sized orphan." Her spare time was devoted to reading books, mostly of the blood-curdling variety; and she read them aloud to herself in the kitchen in a fashion which, after being at first amusing, soon became irritating. The Stocktons never knew her real name, although she had three or four very romantic ones she had borrowed from sentimental novels. Mr. Stockton called her Pomona and wrote a paper about her for *Scribner's Monthly,* which he called "Rudder Grange." One paper was all that he had intended to write, but it attracted such attention, that the author went on with the series, that was finally collected in the book. *Rudder Grange* was his first successful venture in a humorous line. A story of his, afterward very popular, had been refused by the editor of a prominent magazine on the ground that the traditions of magazines

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OUR ARTIST MAKES TWO FAREWELL SKETCHES OF MARK TWAIN.

Mr. Clemens has announced his intention of leaving America and making his permanent home in Italy.

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forbade the publication of stories strictly humorous. Even with *Rudder Grange* Mr. Stockton had difficulty in finding a publisher for the book. It was contended that although the papers were well enough for a magazine, a thing of ephemeral nature, the book-reading public would not care for them.

The Lady or the Tiger, the most famous of all his stories, was written to be read before a literary society of which he was a member. It caused so much discussion in the society, that he published it in the *Century Magazine.* Its reception by the public surprised both the editor and the author. In a short time the little tale had made the circuit of the world. Debating societies everywhere seized upon it as a topic; it was translated into all languages; letters were sent to nearly every periodical in the country about it, and public readers were expounding it to their audiences. An English friend told Mr. Stockton that in India he had heard a group of Hindus gravely debating the problem. Readers of THE BOOKMAN will remember that it was the subject of a very amusing conversation between Mr. Stockton and Mr. Kipling during a reception given to the latter by the Authors' Club of New York.

In one way there was a resemblance between Mr. Stockton and Jules Verne. The wildest and most improbable of their conceptions were usually based on something which might be made scientific and practical. With regard to the ingenuity of the machines which figured in some of her husband's stories, Mrs. Stockton says: "No matter how extraordinary might be the work in hand, the machine to accomplish the end was made on strictly scientific principles to accomplish that exact piece of work. It would seem that if he had not been an inventor of plots he might have been an inventor of instruments. This idea is sustained by the fact that he had been a wood engraver only a short time when he invented and patented a double graver which cuts two parallel lines at the same time. It is somewhat strange that more than one of these extraordinary machines has since been exploited by scientists and explorers, without the least suspicion on their part that the enterprising romancer had thought of them first. Notable among these may be named the idea of going to the North Pole under the ice, the one that the centre of the earth is an immense crystal ('Great Stone of Sardis'), and the attempt to manufacture a gun similar to the Peace Compeller in *The Great War Syndicate.*"

Literary Chicago.

The accompanying sketch of "A Literary Event in Chicago," which appears in *Cartoons by McCutcheon,* to which allusion was made last month, recalls a joke by the late Eugene Field at the expense of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, who was to visit Chicago as a guest of the Twentieth Century Club. In his Sharps and Flats column, for days before the arrival of the poet, Field discussed picturesquely, and yet with perfect gravity, certain extraordinary preparations which he claimed were being made. There was to be an enormous banquet. The honoured guest was to be conducted from the railway station by a giant procession, and Field was able to announce authoritatively the following order of march:

Twenty police officers afoot.
The Grand Marshal, horseback, accompanied by ten male members of the Twentieth Century Club, also horseback.
Mr. Stedman in a landau drawn by four horses, two black and two white.
The Twentieth Century Club in carriages.
A brass band afoot.
The Robert Browning Club in Frank Parmelee's 'buses.
The Homer Clubs afoot, preceded by a fife and drum corps, and a real Greek philosopher attired in a tunic.
Another brass band.
A beautiful young woman playing a guitar, symbolising Apollo and his lute, in a car drawn by nine milk-white stallions, impersonating the Muses.
Two hundred Chicago poets afoot.

French Journalism.

The French people, so long conservative and sufficient unto themselves in most things, have of late evinced considerable curiosity about the impressions which their institutions have been making on the rest of the world.

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Last winter M. Frédéric Loliée published in the *Revue Bleue* a series of four articles on European opinion on the French press. These articles consisted in the main part of the responses of a number of leading European journalists and men of letters to M. Loliée's direct question "What do you think of the French press?" introduced and brought into a certain concrete form by M. Loliée. As a whole, the series, though entertaining, was not entirely satisfactory. You felt that each writer was to some extent diplomatically veiling what he really thought. He wanted to convey some idea of his real impressions, but above all he wanted to be polite and complimentary, and as a result the only variety came from the difference of personality of the writers, whose names form an interesting list. From London, Mr. Spender, the editor of the *Westminster Gazette,* expressed his opinion that the ideal newspaper would combine the best French and the best

A Literary Event in Chicago

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English journalism with just a little dash of American to make it modern and up to date. Mr. W. T. Stead politely said that he had found one or two French newspapers, notably the *Temps* and the *Débats,* better informed on English politics than any English newspapers were on French politics. What struck Max Nordau most forcibly in Parisian journalism was the number of individual journalists of great literary talent, and a certain artistic taste which he found lacking in the newspapers of England or America. A Swiss journalist, M. Secrétan, the editor of the *Gazette de Lausanne,* considered that French journalism differed from the journalism of the rest of Europe mainly in that it was less instructive and more entertaining. M. de Blowitz, in a letter which must have been written a very few weeks before his death, found French journalism lacking in comparison with English journalism mainly on account of the relative unimportance of the advertising columns in a news sense. Every good Englishman, he said, reads the advertisements of his newspaper just as he reads his Bible. In reply to M. Loliée's question as to what French daily papers are most esteemed outside of France, M. de Blowitz diplomatically replies that the *Temps* and the *Débats* are the two papers whose authority is the least disputed. A letter from a Russian journalist conveys the information that the French papers best known in Russia are the *Temps,* the *Débats,* the *Figaro,* and the *Matin,* and that the best known French journalists are Hebrard and Calmette.

In all, in the four papers which constituted M. Loliée's series, there were thirty or forty replies expressive of the opinion of every corner of Europe. The letters in themselves were interesting, and it was only after reading them over a second time that one realised how little had really been said. And yet M. Loliée must have been content and the series must have been a successful one; for now, after an interval of less than half a year, he has begun another series endeavouring to show how the French press is regarded in America. After referring optimistically to his former series, M. Loliée objects that it was not complete. It stopped half way, he says. "It is necessary to continue our voyage across the Atlantic. Some of our readers have expressed their astonishment that we were not curious to feel the pulse of American opinion. Was it not in the social atmosphere of the United States of to-day, at the height of its power and wealth, that one would find the press best reflecting the rush and turmoil of modern life? Was it not in America that one could find the most furious love of sensation sought hour after hour in a journalism that was nervous and in a continual ebullition?"

M. Loliée's introduction reads well and promises much. But again we fear that we are going to lay aside the series with a certain disappointment. The first paper deals with the opinion of men in the United States, and on the whole, it can hardly be said that M. Loliée has been wise in his selection. Even although the days of great editors and of one-man newspapers are past, even though we no longer have any such men as the elder Bennett and Henry J. Raymond and Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana and E. L. Godkin, we think it would not have been difficult to have picked out a number of men in various parts of the country whose opinions would have carried weight. M. Loliée need have gone no farther from the office of the *Revue Bleue* than Bougival to have asked for the personal opinion of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who is certainly in a position to know a great deal about and to have well-considered opinions on the subject of French journalism. We should like to have heard Mr. Whitelaw Reid speak for the New York *Tribune;* Mr. Paul Dana or Mr. Chester S. Lord for the New York *Sun;* Mr. Ochs for the New York *Times,* and Mr. Horace White for the New York *Evening Post.* As a matter of fact, Mr. H. J. Wright of the *Commercial Advertiser* is the only editor-in-chief represented in M. Loliée's paper. But the opinion of New York is by no means that of the entire country, and we should like to have heard from Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco as well. Mr. Henry Watterson could have written something that would undoubtedly have been characteristic. The opinion of Mr. W. R. Hearst might or might

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not be valuable, but it would have been interesting. Whereas, M. Loliée bases his paper on the letters written by Mr. Wright, by Mr. Inman Barnard of the New York *Tribune*, by Mr. H. T. Clement of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, and by Mr. Vance Thompson, who writes from the office of the *Cosmopolitan*—a list that is too short to be representative.

Bret Harte's Biography.

Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton's *Life of Bret Harte*, which bears the imprint of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, is the only biography of the author of *The Luck of Roaring Camp* that has as yet been written. That is as much as we can say in its favour, for as a biography it does not impress us as being in any way remarkable. Apart from the interest in Bret Harte the author, Bret Harte the man had a singularly varied and dramatic career. He was in turn expressman, miner, drug clerk, journeyman printer, school-teacher, soldier, editor, and government employé; the foundations of his literary work were based on what he himself had seen of the rough, hard cruel California of the early mining days; but in the biography you never lose sight of the fact that the Bret Harte whom Mr. Pemberton knew was entirely the literary gentleman who had gone to England for repose and to spend the last years of his life. For the events of all but these few later years the biographer was obliged to draw from Harte's own writings, and he did so with a very obvious lack of comprehension. And when it came to the discussion of the subjects of personality and character he was a little over zealous in his endeavour to whitewash; for the real Bret Harte was very human and had some very human failings.

Many distinguished men of letters have contended, with perfect justice, that while their books belong to their readers to be liked or disliked, lauded or assailed, the details of their personal lives are matters with which the general public has no concern. In other words, so long as an author of eminence manages to keep out of the police court, the manner in which he lives, eats, and treats his wife and family is a subject which should interest nobody outside of his own circle of friends. This is very well, but how long is it to hold good after an author's death, and how far is it to influence his biographer? If the biography is to deal exclusively with the man of letters as such, very good; but why drag in irrevelent episodes or phases of character for the simple purpose of apologising for them? At certain periods of his life Bret Harte owed money. Everybody who knew him knew that he owed money, and he suffered discomfort for his extravagance. To these debts the biographer alludes simply for the purpose of making some lame excuses. Thackeray and Dickens were very human men, and even now in literary London you may hear personal anecdotes about them that would not fit in with the Christmas books written by either. In the possession of a gentleman in Philadelphia to-day there are a number of letters written by Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield which show that the feeling on his side was far from being platonic. All sorts of other Thackeray letters are being published; but these, which are documents of real human interest, have been still unread save by a few. But they exist and many people know of their existence. Take Forster's *Life of Dickens*, and turn to the meagre paragraph which alludes vaguely to the domestic infelicities of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens. Here was something which tinged and influenced a good deal of Dickens's life and undoubtedly had some influence on his work. Forster might wisely have ignored it entirely. The mistake was to allude to it in the equivocal way in which he has done.

The Old Corner Book Store.

From bookmen throughout the country there comes a lament that a cherished shrine, the Old Corner Book Store in Boston, is about to be demolished to make way for a modern business building. The destruction of an edifice so hallowed by literary associations seems vandalism of the most flagrant sort, and following closely, as it does, on the razing of the Hancock Tavern and the Boston Museum, has aroused the protests of those who venerate and visit ancient landmarks. If things go on at this rate, soon it can no longer be said

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that Boston's most characteristic feature is the number and historical interest of its buildings. As every one knows, the Old Corner Book Store, erected in 1711, was not only for generations a celebrated publishing house, but was the rendezvous of all that group of brilliant men who gave to Boston her literary fame. The Concord seers and the Cambridge poets fell in here with the Boston guild of letters. Loitering around the counters and exchanging greetings were to be seen Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Agassiz, Holmes, Whittier, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Louisa May Alcott and a host of others. At an old green-curtained desk still in the store, Hawthorne corrected the proofs of *The Scarlet Letter.*

This desk was a favourite with Holmes, who made frequent, and indeed almost daily, use of it. To him the Old Corner Book Store was a fixed habit, and he used it as a sort of club—a place where, dropping in, he was sure to find congenial spirits and a vast array of literature old and new spread out for his delectation. To his enjoyment of the book counters he pays tribute in *The Autocrat.* "I never," he writes, "can go into that famous 'Corner Bookstore' and look over the new books in the rows before me, as I enter the door, without seeing half a dozen which I want to read, or at least to know something about. . . . The titles of many of them interest me. I look into one or two, perhaps. I have sometimes picked up a line or sentence, in these momentary glances between the uncut leaves of a new book, which I have never forgotten." To the quiet of the corner where stood the old green-curtained desk he liked to retire, to sit down for a leisurely turning over of some volume which particularly interested him. And there he frequently wrote letters or made notes of ideas at the moment occurring to him. There, too, his privacy was sometimes invaded by a friend bent on seeing the genial Doctor and knowing of old his hiding-place. So partial was he to the desk that it came to be known in the shop as "the Autocrat's," and has ever since been so spoken of.

It has contained through many years a treasure in the shape of an autograph album called the "Holmes book," which is unique in character. On its title-page, in the writing of the Autocrat, is an inscription to its owner, Mr. Halliday. The remaining pages bear the autographs of the most distinguished authors in this country and Europe, every one of whom has above his or her signature paid tribute to the Autocrat, either in an original sentiment or a quotation from his works. Mr. Halliday, who for more than half a century has been connected with the Old Corner Book Store, has made it a practice through the years to invite all the literary visitors of renown who frequented the shop to sit down at the old green-curtained desk and inscribe a few lines on the pages of the Holmes book. As a consequence, in turning over this interesting collection, one may read not only the Holmes sentiments of our own literary celebrities, but also of such foreigners as Thackeray, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Paul Bourget and many others. Though all the men who gave the Old Corner Book Store its peculiarly distinctive atmosphere have passed away, it has ever remained the haunt of makers and buyers of books who do not need the pictures on the walls of the shining literary lights of the past to remind them what memories the quaint little shop holds.

Emerson's Eulogists.

Few readers of Emerson would know him from those anniversary addresses, which looked so much alike in print—pompous little affairs full of funereal formality, praising him for things he had nothing to do with and admiring those qualities which mattered the least. "Such are the great principles upon which Emerson stood," some one would say, after mentioning several that were as well established as the decalogue and almost as old. One loved Emerson because he taught us that wealth was not everything, and another because he upheld freedom and good citizenship, and a third for founding our common-school system by the pregnant sentence, "We must begin earlier—at school." So great a prophet was he, President Eliot tells us, that the entire Harvard system of college electives was actually in his mind. "You must elect your work," wrote Emerson; "you shall

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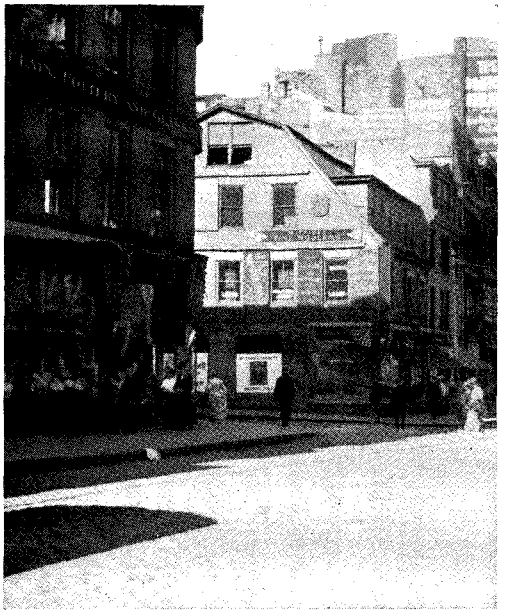
take what your brain can and drop all the rest." In short, about everything that had since happened turned out on this anniversary to be what Emerson had really meant. For our part, we believe that, as a moralist, he plagiarised a good deal from Moses, and as a founder of civilisation, had a fair amount of help, and that when it came to prophecy, it was easier for him than for others, because so many of his sentences were of a kind that any future would fit. A fallible man of letters of high spiritual gifts, a kindler of enthusiasm (of a sort unknown at anniversaries), he attracts by all those qualities that funeral oratory omits.

Emerson and Lord Beaconsfield.

In the various notes that have been published in connection with the Emerson Centenary, we have seen no reference to the fact that Emerson once upon a time consented to be a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, in opposition to Lord Beaconsfield. The invitation to stand came to Emerson from a number of graduates of that University who were bitterly opposed to Lord Beaconsfield's politics, and also to his personality. Of course, there was no chance of Emerson's



THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE.

Shakespeare's House. The Doomed Cottages.

SITE OF THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

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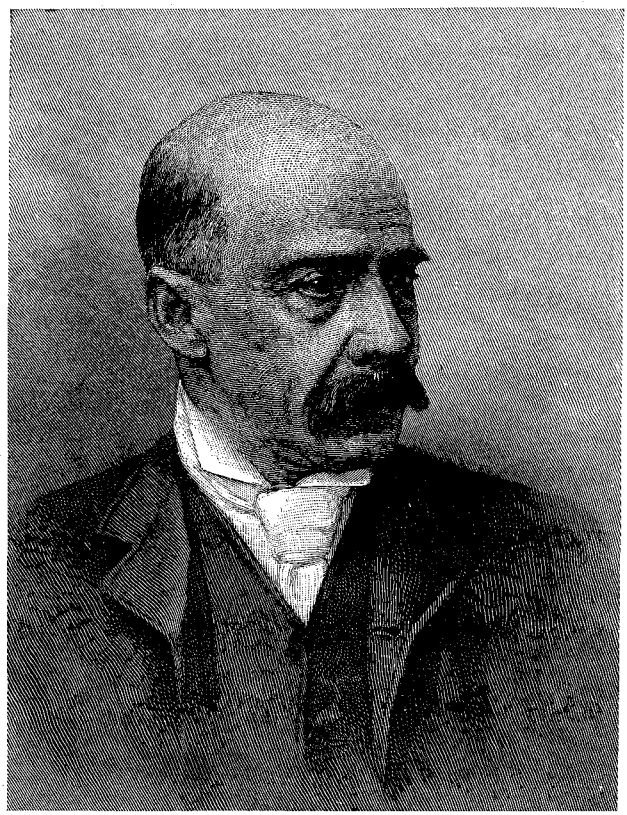
election; but a very lively campaign was carried on by the undergraduates, who had no votes in the election, but who made an unlimited amount of noise and riot over the affair. Each party had a sort of war-song denouncing the candidate of the other faction. The Emerson contingent chanted their lines to the air of the "Soldiers' Chorus" in *Faust*. The first verse ran as follows. We quote from memory:

Down, down
With drivelling Dizzy down!
On him
Let good old Glasgow frown!
Honour the hero of sweet renown,—
Emerson's name and Emerson's fame
With victory crown!

The Disraeli party, which represented the High Tory element, set their verses, oddly enough, to an American air, "Marching Through Georgia." It started off in this way:

Down with savage Ralph, my boys,
And sour his Oversoul,
Go send him to his woods, my boys,
With possums to condole,
He ne'er shall be our Rector while Atlantic billows roll,
And we go marching to victory!



THE LATE PAUL DU CHAILLU.

Emerson received comparatively few votes when the election came, but his undergraduate supporters had the satisfaction of a free fight in the University quad., and everything ended up with innumerable bonfires and broken heads.

Paul du Chaillu.

The late Paul du Chaillu was for some twenty years, perhaps, the most popular writer on adventurous travel; but he was in reality a great deal more than this. He was a very bold explorer and a very exact and

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truthful narrator of the things that he discovered. He penetrated the heart of Africa before any other white man had set foot there, and he had many things to tell which were of genuine scientific value. Just because, however, he had the gift of being interesting, many learned dullards cast doubt upon the reports which he made of his explorations. They treated him as though he were a sort of nineteenth-century Munchausen. His discovery of the pygmies they scouted at, and even his accounts of the gorilla were spoken of as being pure romance. Time and the explorations of other travellers confirmed. Mr. du Chaillu's statements and fully vindicated his veracity; yet the harm had been done, and he never got the credit which he so well deserved. His career illustrates admirably the suspicion with which stupidity is ever prone to regard any form of achievement which is not befogged by uninspired dulness.

Madame Waddington.

The recently published *Letters of a Diplomat's Wife,* by Madame William Waddington, is interesting in many ways, but we should fancy that it might appeal to the greatest number of readers as a sort of practical manual of court etiquette. The book is composed of letters addressed at different times by Madame Waddington to her sister, and they are very naturally full of the intimate, good-natured and comprehensive gossip that one might expect. Madame Waddington was Miss Mary King, the daughter of President Charles King of Columbia College, and was married after her father's death to M. Waddington. M. Waddington was the son of an English merchant residing in France, and was educated both at the French lycées and at an English public school, studying also, if we remember rightly, at Oxford. In personal appearance he was the typical Englishman, bluff, square-shouldered and with mutton-chop whiskers; yet in spite of his English ancestry and training, he was intensely French in his sympathies and a good deal of an Anglophobe. He held many high offices under the French Republic, and visited St. Petersburg, Berlin and London in the capacity of ambassador. His wife accompanied him wherever he went, and therefore had an immense deal of interesting material for her letters to her sister. Men will read the book largely for the sake of the glimpses which it gives of important political personages, such as the Czar, the Emperor William I., Bismarck, Gladstone and Queen Victoria. Ladies will find in it all sorts of curious information with regard to the absolutely correct usage in respect to costumes, etiquette and custom at court functions and diplomatic ceremonies. Just what to wear at each particular reception or levée or presentation, just when to take off your gloves and when to put them on, just when to speak and when to wait until you are spoken to—these and a hundred other small details are set down here with absolute authority. Although Madame Waddington became a thorough Frenchwoman, she retained enough of her American independence to look at all this pageantry with a certain humorous detachment; and this spirit, which runs through the entire book, does much to enhance the pleasure which one receives from it.

MADAME WADDINGTON.

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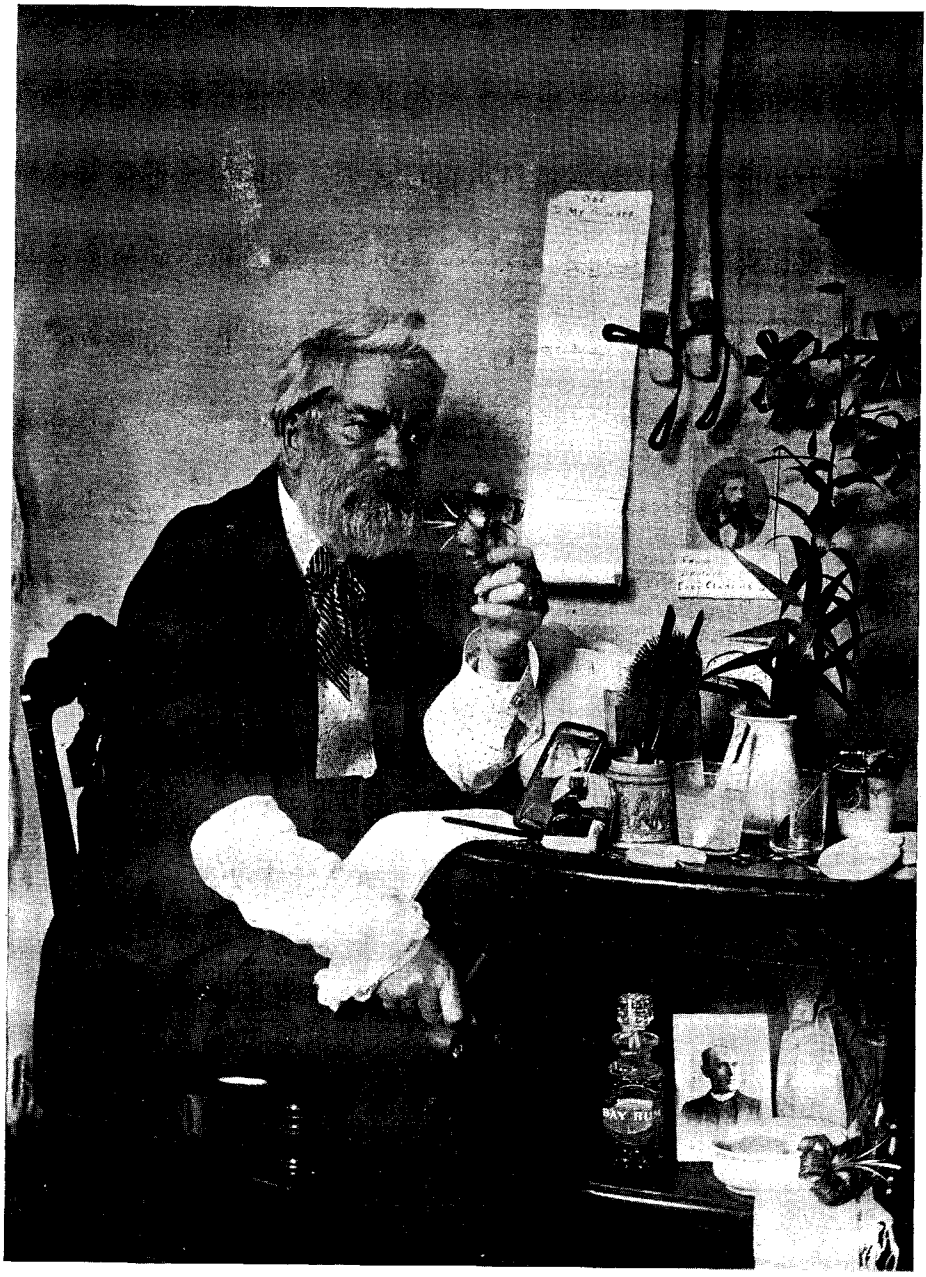
Rostand an Academician.

On June 4, M. Edmond Rostand took his seat as a member of the French Academy. His election as one of the Immortals was exceedingly popular in Paris, and thousands flocked to the Mazarin Palace to see the reception. M. Rostand occupied the stall of his deceased predecessor, Henri de Bornier, which is numbered 13, and of which he happens to be the thirteenth occupant. In his address M. Rostand told



THE LATE MR. R. H. STODDARD IN HIS DEN.

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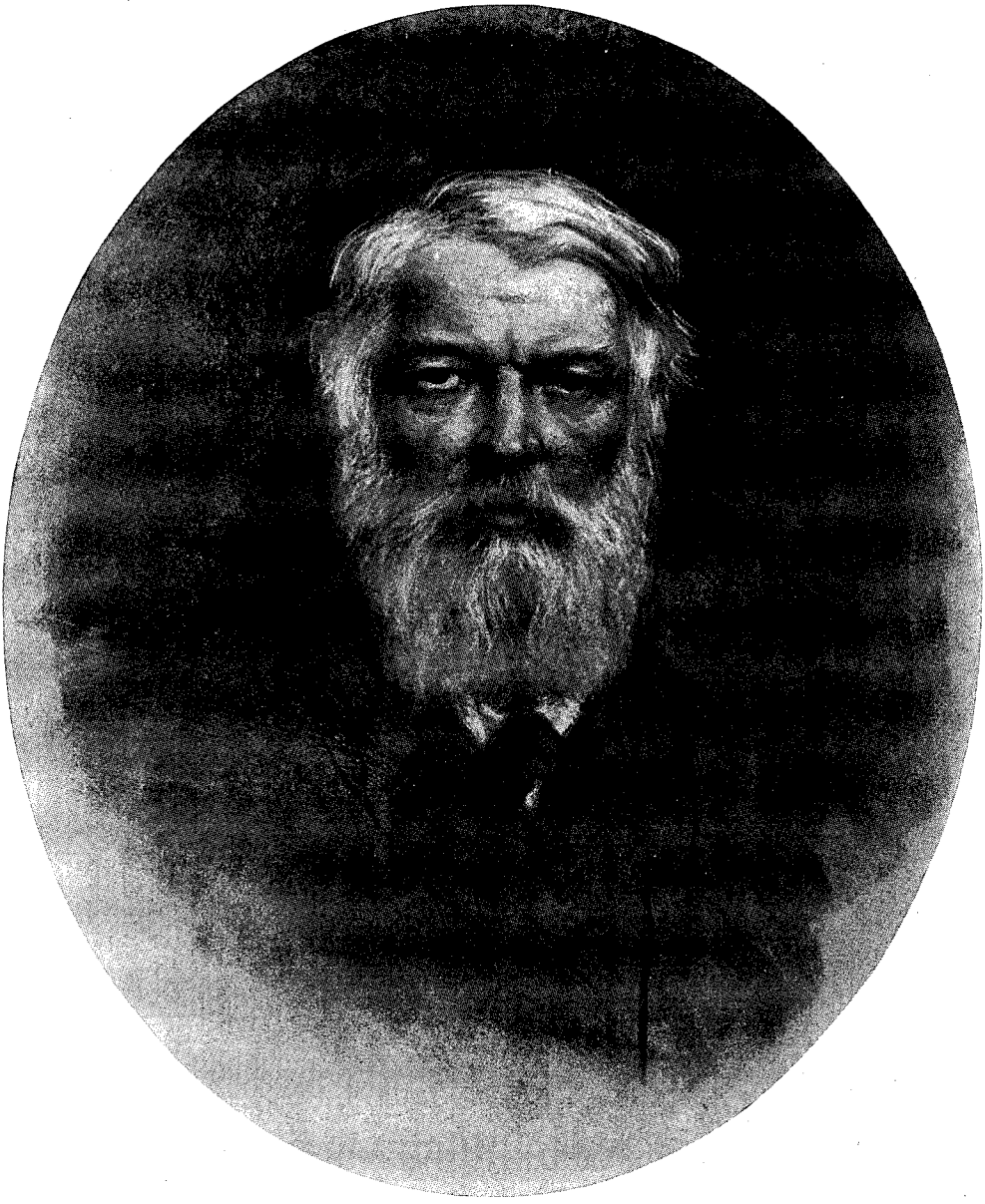

THE LATE RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

From a painting in possession of the Authors' Club.

of his ideas on the subject of the theatre. What these ideas are are partly indicated by the following epigram, which has been since considerably quoted: "One does not write plays for those unhappy persons who remember the author's name when a hero comes upon the stage."

The Age of Romance.

A romantic editor finds in all romantic writing "the common element of strangeness," and thinks our writers fail for lack of the right material. Homer beats them because in his day things were intrinsically more

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CARICATURES OF PARISIAN CHANSONNIÈRES. BY LÉANDRE.

romantic, and a mediæval fabulist had an immense advantage because dragons, lycanthropes, incubi and succubi had not then disappeared from the European fauna. It is the doctrine of Madame Bovary, who detested your common heroes and things as they are in nature, preferring the court of Louis XIV. as she had seen it painted on dinner-plates. She, too, thought the measure of romance was the square of its distance from to-day. "There is little left to us," says the editor, "of the kind of material that went to the making of the old romances, and in the external aspects of our life we have even less to bequeath to those who come after us." Poetry lay around in large blocks in those days, and griffins would eat out of your hand and much of the timber-land was enchanted, so the fancy found everything done for it; but nowadays one cannot be romantic, because there is nothing romantic going on. It is a queer, slothful theory, and a bad thing to say before authors, who are prone enough as it is to lay it all to the material. The lesson of every romantic revival is that the gleaming steel helmet, even when worn with a plume, is essentially no more poetic than the high and shiny silk hat. The stronger the fancy, the less it depends on old clothes, and it is only your fat and lazy author who borrows his ancestor's dreams. The extinction of the hobgoblin is really no excuse. Nor will American literary criticism, once past its present happy girlhood, attribute the failure of fancy to the time of day. Small as the world was, it will say it was still big enough to dream in, and there was some mystery left in it even in 1903.

"How Paris Amuses Itself."

It was about a year or so ago that we had something to say about F. Berkeley Smith's *The Real Latin Quarter*, and the judgment we expressed then might do quite well for his new book, *How Paris Amuses Itself*. It is a pretty good book, and it makes very interesting reading at a time when people are plastering their trunks with "Wanted" and "Hold" labels, negotiating circular letters of credit, and trying to learn all about the Italian Renaissance and the French modern school in the little red guide-books composed under the direction of Herr Karl Baedeker. As Mr. Smith says in his Introduction, it is the small boy who crawls under the circus tent who most keenly enjoys the show, and this was the spirit in which the author evidently approached the material which has given him the opportunity to write these two books. The Paris which he describes is essentially the city of pleasure, of gayety and of lightness of heart. He undoubtedly knows that there are other sides to the picture—the serious Paris, the tragic Paris, the city of Balzacian complexity and gloom, but he has left the writing about these sides to other men. If he talks of Mimi or Pauline or Germaine, he shows them at their best hour and he does not peer too closely at the powder and the rouge. In style and treatment, *How Paris Amuses Itself* is a distinct advance on *The Real Latin Quarter*.

Sainte-Beuve.

A monument has lately been erected in the cemetery of Montparnasse to the memory of the great French critic, Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve. As the centenary of Sainte-Beuve's birth comes next year, it is a little odd that the unveiling of the monument was not postponed until then,

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when public attention will be so generally directed to the work of this very remarkable man. Sainte-Beuve was undoubtedly the greatest critic who ever lived in modern times, and the strength of his criticism lay in the fact that he had a profound and varied knowledge of life, so that his criticism and interpretation have much more than a purely literary interest. They add immensely to our knowledge of humanity itself. Sainte-Beuve died in 1869, and his burial, which took place on the site of the new monument, was witnessed by ten thousand persons. By his own often expressed desire, however, no ceremony of any character took place on this occasion; and, contrary to French custom, no eulogy was pronounced over his remains. As his body was lowered into the grave, a friend of his uttered the words: "Adieu, Sainte-Beuve; adieu, notre ami."

SAINTE-BEUVE IN HIS COSTUME AS AN ACADEMICIAN.

From a drawing by Heim.

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KNEBWORTH HOUSE, STEVENAGE, HERTFORDSHIRE.

The estate descended to Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, after the death of his mother in 1844.

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THE CENTENARY OF BULWER-LYTTON

"A novel!" exclaimed Pisistratus Caxton, when it was suggested to him that he should compose a work of fiction. "But every subject on which novels can be written is pre-occupied. There are novels of low life, novels of high life, military novels, naval novels, novels philosophical, novels religious, novels historical, novels descriptive of India, the Colonies, Ancient Rome and the Egyptian Pyramids. . . ." If "the anachronism," as his father delighted to call Pisistratus, sought in vain for a new field, his failure may be traced as in great part due to the fact that as a novelist he had been preceded by Bulwer-Lytton. Lytton invented stories of all sorts and conditions which, with unusual ease, he placed in various ages and many countries. Indeed, his versatility was remarkable, for he was not only novelist, but poet, playwright, social critic, essayist, editor, and pamphleteer. He also made his mark in Parliament and rose to be Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Derby's first ministry, when another man of letters, Benjamin Disraeli, was Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons; but politics never had the same attraction for him as literature, and it is not as a statesman that he is remembered.

It has always been more or less the fashion to sneer at "Sawedwadgeorgeearlelittnbulwig," and to insist upon the faults—affectation, grandiloquence, inordinate love of apostrophe—rather than to emphasise or even to point out the merits of his work. In addition, it has been his misfortune that his worst books have been most popular. Talk of him to the man in the street and he will speak, not of *The Caxtons* and *My Novel,* but of *Eugene Aram;* not of *The Coming Race* and *The Haunted and the Haunters,* but of *Ernest Maltravers* and *Alice.* Though during his life he was attacked with almost unparalleled bitterness, since his death the critics have left him severely alone. This neglect is unaccountable, for even if his poems have no claim on posterity—as a matter of fact he wrote some really vigorous verse—it is impossible to treat with contempt the author of such works as *The Caxtons, My Novel, Harold, The Last Days of Pompeii, Rienzi, The Last of the Barons, The Coming Race, The Haunted and the Haunters* (which is perhaps the best ghost story ever written by an Englishman), *The Lady of Lyons, Richelieu,* and *Money.*

Lytton began his career as a novelist with *Pelham,* an audacious, impudent and brilliantly witty book, that at once won for him as much renown as *Vivian Grey* (to which tale it bears a strong resemblance) secured for his friend Disraeli. In spite of its many defects, it may be doubted whether the author ever wrote anything more effective. His later works, of course, were more mature; but *Pelham* holds its own with the best of his productions. The story is of the slightest, but, in spite of a marked tendency to exaggeration, the characterisation is really very good. The impertinent but clever dandy Pelham, the erudite and pedantic Vincent, the gourmet Lord Guloseton, are living people whom it is impossible to forget. As is not infrequently the case when a very young man pens a social satire, there is much in the volume that is unreal and much that is unnatural; but the freshness, the love of life, and the absence of conventional restraints atone for all minor defects. *Pelham* was followed by stories which may be catalogued among the Newgate Novels. In these he contrived to out-Ainsworth Ainsworth. Never was there such a charming highwayman as Paul Clifford! Never was there such an agreeable murderer as Eugene Aram! Who would not forgive the learned scholar that trifling peccadillo for which he was subsequently hanged? Surely it was a crying shame to put to death a man so studious and so intellectual for the fault of removing an old fellow who was no use to himself or to any one else? What a delightful, nay, what an ideal lover he was, so moody, so interested, so troubled, so fascinating! How brutal of that low fellow, his accomplice, to blackmail him! What though the anonymous author of *Elizabeth Brownrigge* offered a series of novels in which the

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whole of the Newgate Calendar should be travestied, murder by murder? What though Thackeray wrote *Catherine* "to counteract the injurious influence of some popular fiction of the day, which made heroes of highwaymen and burglars, and created a false sympathy for the vicious and criminal?" These satires were read and, the grim humour undetected, enjoyed nearly as much as the originals which had inspired them. Even now *Eugene Aram* is the most popular of all the works of Lytton. *Night and Morning* and *Lucretia* also treat of crime and criminals, but they are better constructed; the latter especially is a very clever piece of work, and makes some legitimate demands upon the sympathies, for the woman sins for the sake of her child, and from the first is beguiled into the commission of deeds of the darkest hue by a most unconscionable villain, against whose influence not even a pure-minded heroine could prevail. This division of his writings closes with *Ernest Maltravers* and *Alice,* both of which stories contain much false sentiment, a great straining after effect, and a hero who spouts whole periods concerning the beauty of Good and the ugliness of Evil at the time when he is about to seduce the girl who, at the risk of her own, had saved his life. Yet most readers give liberally of their sympathy to Maltravers! Can any author expect great tribute to his powers? Lytton knew the task of his generation as scarcely another author knew it. He gave the readers of his day what they wanted, and they eagerly bought his wares. Indeed, he was so sure of his hold upon the public that, as in the case of *The Caxtons* and *The Coming Race,* he dared sometimes to publish stories anonymously. Unwise as this appeared, from the publisher's point of view, it was never unsuccessful, and the author emerged from each venture with brand-new laurels.

It was the books already mentioned that made Lytton popular, but it is not upon these that his reputation stands. It is as the historical romancer, as the novelist of the supernatural, and as the writer of stories of domestic life among the upper middle classes that he takes his position in the van of the early Victorian novelists of the second rank.

The historical romances were the result of much study. Though they are not to be compared with the masterpieces of Scott, nor with *Esmond,* nor *The Cloister and the Hearth,* nor with *Lorna Doone,* nor even with the much-laboured *Romola,* they are far above those of his contemporaries, Harrison Ainsworth and G. P. R. James, and literally tower over those of the writers of to-day who, almost without exception, have graduated in the "sword and cloak" school. Lytton carefully planned each of his stories on a vast canvas. A great reader, he was careful to choose a sound historical basis, and the authorities have been unable to detect any flaws of moment. The local colour is admirable, and each book presents an excellent picture of the age. In all but *The Last Days of Pompeii* historical characters mingle with those of imagination. It is not an easy task to give the palm to any one of the four. There is the *The Last Days of Pompeii,* a tale of the days when Christianity was slowly undermining the worship of the heathen gods, and in which the chief figure is the blind girl Nydia, whose growth from childhood to maidenhood is skilfully depicted. There is *Rienzi,* the stirring story of the rise and fall of the last of the Tribunes, with the picture of nobles and plebeians struggling for ascendency in the State; and the portraits, besides that of Cola, of his faithful wife Nina, his tender, loving sister Irene, and of the free-lance Walter de Montreal and his son Angelo, who at the last has "the blood of kindred to revenge," and in so doing overthrows the Tribune and restores the Colonnas and Orsinos to their power. And there are the two novels descriptive of old English life, *The Last of the Barons* and *Harold. The Parisians* can scarcely be regarded as an historical novel, for it treats of a time within the memory of the author. Perhaps *Zanoni* has more claim to be so classed, for the period is that of the Reign of Terror, but its chief interest is in its reference to the supernatural. *A Strange Story* also treats of the unknown, as does that admirable work of imagination, *The Coming Race,* a title which gives an index to the contents of the book.

The Caxtons was the first of a series in which Lytton endeavoured to strike out a fresh line. This "domestic novel" is a conspicuous success. At last the au-

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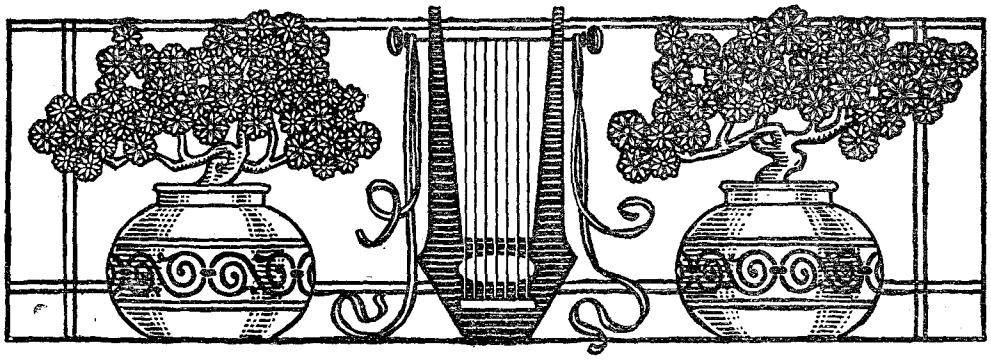
thor had found the right background for his quaint humour and pathos. Austin, the dreamer and the scholar, is a humorist of the first water, and there is much that is pathetic when he tells his wife the story of his life before they met. The battered old soldier, Captain Roland, is almost a tragic figure, with his love for his homestead and his daughter, and his secret grief, caused by the iniquities of his son Herbert. Herbert was not really a bad fellow at heart, and when, after many a false start, he is put on the right road, he shows that he possesses some of the virtues of his father. He dies as Roland would have had him die—on the field of battle in the hour of triumph. There is Mrs. Caxton, the gentle adoring wife; and Lady Ellinor, loving but ambitious. Fanny is but a shadow, but Blanche, "the elf," is a dear, good-hearted child and a delightful woman. There is a large gallery of minor characters, all admirably drawn—Uncle Jack, Sir Sidney Beaudesert, Trevanion himself, and many others. Pisistratus, after the manner of heroes, is a prig; but he is that sort of prig who may be the father of a distinguished man. He is sensible, clever, honourable, tender-hearted; and because he wrote *My Novel* much may be forgiven him. There are many good judges who prefer this later novel, and certainly there is not much to choose between the two. The story is slight, but again the characterisation is excellent. Perhaps the author is at his best when describing life in the country, where reside the Hazeldeans, the Dales, and the Fairfields. But the folk who are to be met with in London are scarcely inferior, and the story of Mr. Digby and Helen is beautifully narrated. But the gem of the collection —the one touch of genius—is the poor student of Machiavelli, the tender-hearted refugee with the diabolic quotations; Riccabocca, the noble and gentle Duke di Serrano. "What will he do with it?" is notable chiefly because of *Gentleman Waife,* and *Kenelm Chillingly* is remembered chiefly because it contains some admirable verses and the description of a fight that is as good as anything of its kind to be found in English fiction.

Lytton had his recognised methods. There is usually the good young man who succeeds, and the bad young man who fails. He employed coincidence as freely, though not so effectively, as Wilkie Collins; and the abduction of an heiress was a favourite device. He overloaded his pages with French and Italian words, and too frequently made use of the lesser known classics; while in his earlier books he interrupted the narrative to introduce the most aggravating apostrophes. But he was an artist to his fingertips, though not a great artist; and his last books, if not in each case his best, were at least the equal of his best. Praise must always be the portion of this literate author for the untiring industry and the unflagging energy he displayed; and because, in spite of almost overwhelming temptation to over-production, he always wrote with care and never put upon a market awaiting his work with open arms a book indifferently written.

Lewis Melville.



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FAMOUS NOVELS AND THEIR CONTEMPORARY CRITICS

V. BULWER'S "LAST DAYS OF POMPEII."

There may be found a strong resemblance between the fame of Bulwer during his lifetime and that of Eugène Sue in France during the time when *Le Juif Errant* and *Les Mystères de Paris* were appearing serially. Bulwer, with Thackeray and Dickens as contemporaries, was for a brief time regarded as the first novelist of England, just as the enthusiasm aroused by Sue's thrilling novels led French readers to rank him once above Balzac and Dumas and George Sand. And the subsequent reputation of each has suffered somewhat unjustly as a direct result of the reaction from a too extravagant first estimate. While we concede that Bulwer was a fine novelist, we do so grudgingly, and we hasten to call attention to his extravagances of plot, the turgidity of his style, and to sneer at the pretentious scholarship with which all his books are smattered. So much are we out of sympathy with a time which spoke of him as "the most accomplished writer of the most accomplished era of English Letters; practising all styles and classes of composition, and eminent in all—novelist, dramatist, poet, historian, moral philosopher, essayist, critic, political pamphleteer—in each superior to all others, and only rivalled in each by himself." These were the words of Ward, the author of *Tremaine*.

Whatever the personality of Bulwer may have been, the present generation has grown to think of him without sympathy, almost with frank dislike. However much one admires his books, one never regards him in the light of a personal friend, as one regards Sir Walter Scott, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë. Dickens was not always the most amiable of men or the most virtuous; Thackeray knew how to be very ill-natured and rude and very often was, but it does not in the least change our feelings, and we like to talk of "the noble Sir Walter" and Thackeray's "good, grey head," and Charlotte Brontë, that "austere little Northern Joan of Arc." On the other hand, few of us are familiar with much that is specific against Bulwer, nevertheless, we have come to think of his personality with a certain inexplicable hostility. Perhaps it is the memory of the man's persistent cultivation of dandyism, not only in dress and manner, but in action and literary style as well, that offends us. For us he is the Sawedwardgeorgebulwiglitton whom Thackeray satirised so boisterously in *The Yellowplush Papers;* the "padded man who wears the stays," as Tennyson called him in his unexpectedly cutting retort to Bulwer's allusion to the poet as "School Miss Alfred":

> And what with spites and what with fears,
> You cannot let a body be:
> It's always ringing in your ears,
> "They call this man as good as *me*."
>
> What profits now to understand
> The merits of a spotless shirt,
> A dapper boot, a little hand,
> If half the little soul is dirt?
>
> *You* talk of tinsel! Why, we see
> The old mark of rouge upon your cheeks.
> *You* prate of Nature! You are he
> That spilt his life about the cliques.
>
> A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame:
> It looks too arrogant a jest—
> The fierce old man—to take his name,
> You bandbox. Off, and let him rest.

Among the contemporary critics of Bulwer there was none who seemed to have appraised him more justly, as we understand his work to-day, than Edgar Allan Poe, whose connection with the *Southern Literary Messenger* began a few months after the publication of the novel which is the subject of the present

NOTE.—The next paper in this series will deal with the contemporary criticism of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*.

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paper. "Bulwer," he once wrote, "is emphatically the man of 'passions.' With an intellect rather well balanced than lofty, he has not full claim to the title of a man of genius. Urged by the burning desire of doing much, he has certainly done something. Elaborate even to a fault, he will never write a bad book, and has once or twice been upon the point of concocting a good one. It is the custom to call him a fine writer, but in doing so we should judge him less by an artistical standard of excellence than by comparison with the drivellers who surround him. To Scott he is altogether inferior, except in that mock and tawdry philosophy which the Caledonian had the discretion to avoid and the courage to contend. In pathos, humour and verisimilitude he is unequal to Dickens, surpassing him only in general knowledge and in the sentiment of art. Of James he is more than an equal at all points. While he could never fall as low as Disraeli has occasionally fallen, neither himself nor any of those whom we have mentioned have ever risen nearly so high as that very gifted and very extraordinary man."

At another time Poe wrote, "Mr. Bulwer, in a sort of freak of literary radicalism, has set up for himself. He scorned to add to the number of those who dressed themselves in the cast-off habiliments of Scott; and study, as at a glass, to make themselves like him, as if ambitious to display their thefts. *He* learned the craft of plagiarism in the Spartan school, where *detection* was the only disgrace. He would not steal, not he, from any but 'the poor man, who had nothing save one little ewe lamb, that lay in his bosom and was unto him as a daughter.' He would imitate none but himself, and draw from no other models. His novels are all echoes of each other. There is hardly a page which might not be known for his, nor a favourite character which is not an exhibition of one of the phases of his *exquisite* self. The variety is between what he imagines himself to be, and what he imagines that he might have been had he been a cavalier of the seventeenth century, or had circumstances made him a highwayman or a murderer. We are aware that he denies all this, and may be unconscious of it; but his identity can no more be mistaken than that of the one-eyed companion of Hogarth's 'idle apprentice.' We are aware, too, that Mr. Bulwer is a member of a certain literary cabal, who aspire to direct the public taste, and bring him all the influence of wealth and fashion and political connection in aid of their pretensions." "We have long learned to reverence the fine intellect of Bulwer," wrote Poe in the *Messenger* for February, 1836. "We take up any production of his pen with a positive certainty that, in reading it, the wildest passions of our nature, the most profound of our thoughts, the brightest visions of our fancy, and the most ennobling and lofty of our aspirations will, in due turn, be enkindled within us. There may be men now living who possess the power of Bulwer, but it is quite evident that very few have made that power so palpably manifest. Indeed, we know of *none*. Viewing him as a novelist, he is unsurpassed by any writer living or dead. Why should we hesitate to say this, feeling, as we do, thoroughly persuaded of its truth? Scott has excelled him in *many* points, and *The Bride of Lammermoor* is a better book than any individual work by the author of *Pelham-Ivanhoe* is, perhaps, equal to any. Descending to particulars, Disraeli has a more delicate (we do not say a *wilder*) imagination. Lady Dacre has written *Ellen Wareham*, a more forcible tale of passion. In some speeches of wit Theodore Hook rivals, and in broad humour our own Paulding surpasses him. The writer of *Godolphin* equals him in energy. Banim is a better sketcher of character. Hope is a richer colourist. Captain Trelawney is as original, Moore is as fanciful, and Horace Smith is as learned. But who is there uniting in one person the imagination, the passion, the humour, the energy, the knowledge of the heart, the artist-like eye, the originality, the fancy and the learning of Edward Lytton Bulwer? In a vivid wit—in profundity and a Gothic massiveness of thought—in style—in a calm certainty and definitiveness of purpose—in industry—and, above all, in the power of controlling and regulating by volition his illimitable faculties of mind, he is unequalled—he is unapproached."

The reader will undoubtedly note some startling contradictions in the above estimates. Nevertheless, Poe was a fine critic.

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This was Poe's opinion of *The Last Days of Pompeii:*

This justly admired work owes what it possesses of attraction for the mass to the stupendousness of its leading event—an event so far from weakened in interest by age, rendered only more thrillingly exciting by the obscurity which years have thrown over its details—to the skill with which the mind of the reader is prepared for this event—to the vigour with which it is depicted—and to the commingling *with this event* human passions wildly affected thereby—passions the sternest of our nature, and common to all character and time. By means so effectual we are hurried over, and observe not, unless with a critical eye, its radical defects and difficulties. The fine perception of Bulwer endured these difficulties as inseparable from the groundwork of his narrative.

That *The Last Days of Pompeii* stirred up somewhat of a tempest and brought against Bulwer the charge of downright literary theft, may be seen by the review of the book which appeared in *The North American Magazine.* This review was from the pen of the editor, Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, who had himself written a poem entitled "The Last Night of Pompeii," which he charged was the direct inspiration of Bulwer's work:

Whilst we have never failed to acknowledge and applaud the brilliant imagination and the eloquent and fascinating style of Mr. E. L. Bulwer, we have never feared to assert that he was a sophist in ethics and a libertine in love, and that *effect* was apparently the only law which influenced his mind or guided his pen. Better disguised, but not less pernicious in principle and evil in action than the Tom Jones and Count Fathom and Zeluco of Fielding, Smollett and Moore, his characters not only exist in, but actually create an atmosphere of impurity which infects the very hearts of his admirers. He invests the seducer with irresistible attractions, and paints the highwayman and the murderer as examples for imitation. But even in the execution of his execrable purposes, he is not original, either in his plots or his sentiments. The old Portuguese Jew, Spinoza, and his disciples, Hobbes, Toland, Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, have abundantly supplied him with infidel arguments; and the profligate courtiers of Charles the Second have contributed their licentious stratagems and impure dialogues to augment the claims and heighten the charms of his coxcombs, libertines and manslayers. Mr. Bulwer has read much, and skillfully appropriated, without acknowledgment, all that has suited his designs. . . . He has artfully clothed the lofty thoughts of others in his own brilliant garb, and enjoyed the renown of a powerful writer and profound thinker when he was little more than an adroit and manœuvring plagiary. . . . As a member of the British Parliament, Mr. Bulwer is accustomed to the creation of laws; and he seems to have made one expressly for his own profit and pleasure, namely, the law of literary lawlessness. We knew that he was well content to demand high prices for his immoral novels from his American publishers, but, until this time, we were not aware that he considered anything but gold worth receiving or plundering from Yankeeland. With his usual tact, he has managed to secure, in no slight degree, from our labours, that which our labours failed utterly to receive from our unlettered countrymen; and it is our present purpose to demand back our own thoughts.

Here Mr. Fairfield quotes from his poem, "The Last Night of Pompeii," published in 1832, and from Bulwer's novel, passages showing the similarity of incident:

Mr. Bulwer is particularly conceited and arrogant with respect to his subject. He asserts that all others have failed in attempting to describe the destruction of Pompeii, and that, therefore, he will stand alone, the intellectual monarch of the ruins. The candid and modest and original gentleman probably forgot "Valerius" and Croly and Milman and Dr. Gray and ourself; but the productions of such persons can be of little consequence to such a Paul Clifford in letters and Mirabeau in morals.

Sir Archibald Alison, in *Blackwood's Magazine,* September, 1845:

There is great talent, much learning and vigorous conception in *The Last Days of Pompeii,* by Bulwer, and the catastrophe with which it concludes is drawn with his very highest powers; but still, it is felt by every class of readers to be uninteresting. We have no acquaintance or association with Roman manners; we know little of their habits, scarce anything of their conversation in private; they stand forth to us in history in a sort of shadowy grandeur, totally distinct from the interest

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of novelist composition. No amount of learning or talent can make the dialogues of Titus and Lucius, or Galleus and Vespasia, interesting to a modern reader.

From the New York *Albion* for November 22, 1834:

The Harpers have just published Mr. Bulwer's last novel, from which we have already made some extracts. . . . The English critics consider that Mr. Bulwer has added to his reputation by this production. As a theme, it is an excellent, but a difficult one—the task of portraying the life, pursuits, pleasures and vices of a people eighteen hundred years ago was not an easy one. On the other hand, an heroic people, with their refinements, their magnificent public buildings, their long line of illustrious ancestry, and, above all, the grand and sublime catastrophe, which in a few minutes hurled a mighty city to destruction and oblivion, is an exciting subject of the first magnitude, and could not fail to bring out all the splendid powers of the author. A writer of passion and imagination could scarcely have a more fruitful subject, and it is generally conceded that Mr. Bulwer has used it to develop one of the most thrilling narratives, and to paint some of the most animating pictures that adorn this species of English literature.

From the *Morning Courier and New York Inquirer,* November 21, 1834:

. . . We have no intention of analysing or criticising the work in this brief notice. . . . It is enough to say that we find in it a succession of admirable pictures, exceedingly varied in character, and connected by a story as interesting in its progress as it is unexpected and exciting in its close; the incidents, the personages and the scenes apparently marked with the minutest classical fidelity, yet perfectly free from pedantry and the formality of classical research. The tale is never overlaid with descriptions, and although it is apparent that facts are adhered to wherever the adherence is requisite to make the story characteristic, there is enough of imaginative power and display in incident, as well as character, to ensure the great desideratum—mastery of the reader's mind and feelings.

The New York *Evening Post* is noncommittal. In its issue for November 20, 1834, it says:

This new work (*The Last Days of Pompeii*) from the pen of Bulwer has just been issued by the Harpers, printed in two duodecimo volumes. If it deserves half the commendations which have been bestowed upon it in the English journals it must be twice as good as any of his previous works.

From the *Athenæum* for September 27, 1834:

From no work of Mr. Bulwer's have we risen with such admiration of his genius as from *The Last Days of Pompeii.* There may be as fine passages, as fine scenes, a finer development of human motives, feelings, passions, in others—but never before, to our thinking, has he shown such an absolute and entire mastery over this subject—such artistic power. This may seem strange, but will be found true, and true, perhaps, for the very reason that makes it seem strange. The manners, the customs, the habits of life which he had now to describe were all foreign to him, therefore he could not draw from his own experience, by which he has ever been, to a limited extent, cabined and shut in. His knowledge of the universal nature of man could alone serve him on this occasion, and nobly has it done so. The unity of interest in this work is also admirable. From the first moment the reader is unconsciously involved in the story, and at last he is swept onward, without power to stay his course, into that whirlpool of passion and of suffering with which it concludes. . . . We can compare this poem (considering prose fiction, as the Germans do, as poetry) only to a fine piece of music—it seems, indeed, to have been written to a spiritual measure, not the less felt because not made apparent in rhyme.

The *American Quarterly Review,* published in Philadelphia, in the course of an article entitled "Novel Writing," in which several books of the day are reviewed, says:

In an article on novel writing it would be inexcusable not to notice specially the works of the inexhaustible Bulwer. There is, perhaps, no other man living who has in the same space of time thrown so much original literature into the book-selling market. Independently of his political tracts, his essays in the magazines, his critiques and his poetry, he has within the last five years added upward of twenty volumes to the romance literature of the language. This demonstrates an energy of exertion, a fecundity of invention and a readiness of execution rarely to be met with; and when taken in connection with the unquestionable excellence of

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several of his works, fairly entitles him to rank as one of the most extraordinary geniuses of the age. He is, undoubtedly, in prose, one of the best of our living writers. . . . As a novelist he is the most popular writer now living; and there is this happy peculiarity attending his career—the more he writes, the better he writes—the three last of his productions in this line, *Eugene Aram, The Pilgrims of the Rhine* and *The Last Days of Pompeii* being as much superior to any of their predecessors as *Ivanhoe* is to *Redgauntlet*. The powers of Scott seem to have been impaired by that continued exertion which evidently strengthens those of Bulwer. There is, however, great scope for the improvement of the latter before he shall produce a work to rival the excellence of *Guy Mannering* or *Ivanhoe*. *The Last Days of Pompeii* is, no doubt, a brilliant production, and deserves, what it will not fail to obtain, an ample share of popular favour; but it does not equal any of the novels of Scott in truth or nature, and that delightful reality that enchains the reader so closely to the pages of the Wizard of the North. . . . We may here remark, that if Mr. Bulwer would deal less in those excesses of passion and of conduct for which the personages of his novels are so notorious, and which are certainly not in accordance with the ordinary experience of life, he would unite more suffrages in his praise as an accurate painter of the manners of men and a just elucidator of the workings of the heart. As it is, every reader must feel that he depicts men, not as they are really to be found in society, but as his imagination fancies them to be when under the influence of some raging star which stimulates their passions to an unnatural excitement, and draws them into a species of madness which unfits them for the common concerns of life. He is so brilliant a painter that it is greatly to be regretted that he should not always paint from nature.

The *Literary and Theological Review*, published in New York by D. Appleton and Company, conducted by Leonard Woods, Jr., in an article printed September, 1834, entitled "Review of the Writings of Bulwer," praises his "keen observation, his shrewdness and his humour," and then says in part:

A glaring and most wicked fault of Bulwer is his predilection for elegant impurities. In fact, he sometimes descends to grossness; but this is not usual. He values his popularity too highly to risk it against such manifest odds. But he is often willing to sacrifice delicacy by giving utterance to a sentiment, or point to an incident, which must inevitably put true modesty to the blush, and he can plead no apology save that the *language* is refined! This is evidently a studied thing with Bulwer. So many instances, so classically worded, could never occur by accident; and there is a hardihood in this deliberate contempt for virtuous feeling perfectly astonishing in a gentleman of education. . . . He is too sagacious an observer of human nature, and too fully acquainted with its propensities and weaknesses, not to know the moral wrong and moral tendency of these vile sentences. And when he, or such as he, gives them currency, the act can be regarded as little better than a cold-blooded and malicious attack on the morals of the age. . . . Nor is this by any means Bulwer's sole offence. . . . We know of no man (and we are not unmindful of Byron) who is so infallibly fortunate and ingenious in recommending such moral delinquencies as in real life would without exception consign their perpetrator to shame—as Mr. Bulwer.

From the *Knickerbocker* for November, 1834:

This latest production of the author of *Pelham* is destined, we believe, to take rank with the best of his works. . . . We may say, indeed, that the romance-reading public have a feast in store for them of no ordinary description. . . . The truth and nature of the local descriptive portions sufficiently evince that *The Last Days of Pompeii* was written upon or near the spot where the ancient city sleeps in adamant; and a thorough knowledge of the history and events of that remote period, and an admirable management of the unities of time and place, will strike the reader as prominent characteristics of the work. The characters, too, and pictures of scenery are drawn with the easy and powerful hand of a master. Indeed, in no one of the Pelham novels is there a more perfect portraiture than that of the lovely heroine, or the dark-hearted, wily Egyptian. . . . The light and graceful conversation in the opening scene at Pompeii between two young Pompeiian cits is interlarded with those full, sententious sentences and periods so peculiar to the *full mind* of the writer. During many of the opening pages an architectural correctness in the description of the dwellings of Pompeii seems too minute, and the dialogues . . . a little tedious. In the occasional verse that is introduced there is much of feeling and poetic fancy. . . .

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In a second review, after the publication of the book in America, the *Knickerbocker* says:

> In a preceding number we gave a notice of this powerful production with reference to its *literary* excellence. . . . We are glad that the character of the volumes enables us to repeat the notice, by referring to a higher quality, and one not often met with in a novel—its *moral* excellence. Bulwer has, with equal severity and justice, been condemned for the immoral tendency of the greater part of his writings; and, whether in consequence of critical admonition or of a change in his own views and feelings, we are glad to find his later works very much amended in this particular. In the present one, especially, he has laboured to recommend, and advantageously exhibit, the principles of the (then new) Christian religion.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

DRAMATISATIONS OF BULWER

Scott translated ready-made plays from German into English. Thackeray wrote an original but unsuccessful play and converted the material into a fairly successful novel. Dickens wrote plays and acted in them, and execrated those who made plays from his books. Bulwer not only wrote plays, but one of his plays was in so large a measure founded on a piece of narrative fiction that, of these four, it may be said of him only, he actually went to the length of making a dramatisation.

In an old collection called *Short Stories* there is a tale entitled "The Bellows Mender of Lyons." Not even the source whence the compiler took this little fiction is given. It is an artificial but ingenious tale of a deception practised on Aurora, the proud daughter of an art dealer in Lyons. She has spurned the attentions of a group of young engravers who had offered her their homage. They determined to have revenge on the arrogant beauty, and at the same time teach her a lesson. For their purpose they induce a bright young artisan, a bellows-mender, to assume the temporary rôle of a rich nobleman at their expense. Aurora is dazzled by his wealth and fascinated by his devotions. He, too, falls a helpless victim of her beauteous charms. His passion carries him to the length of marrying her without making the disclosure which he knows must come. He takes her to his humble home, and the revenge of the conspirators is complete. The narrator summons extenuating circumstances, supplies a handsome competency and ends all happily.

Every one who has read or seen *The Lady of Lyons* will recognize Pauline in Aurora, and Claude Melnotte in the bellows mender. But it cannot be said of Bulwer in this instance, as the great novelists of his period must have believed of the dramatic birds of prey who seized upon their masterpieces, that he spoiled a work of art. He created a work of art, and thereby immortalised a trifle. The little tale of "The Bellows Mender of Lyons" is a fatherless waif, without anything to recommend it except that it inspired the greater author.

After the consideration of the flood of dramatisations of Scott and Dickens, which inundated the stage, the wonder is scarcely that so few of Lord Lytton's long line of novels should have been converted into plays, but so many. There is not one tithe of the human nature in his fiction that is found in Thackeray, yet the latter is all but an unknown quantity as the author of novels which were dramatised. The noble lord's stories are, in the main, too inflexible and artificial for the stage. He possessed the dramatic faculty, as he so ably demonstrated in *Richelieu, The Lady of Lyons, Money,* and the fourth act of *The Sea Captain,* in spite of his failures with *The Duchesse de la Vallière, The Rightful Heir* and *Junius.* Nevertheless he seemed to have prejudged his plots with successful discrimination. When he found himself possessed of dramatic material he converted it into a play, thus forestalling the hack, whom Dickens dreaded. His other plots he spun into bulky novels, and his judgment in not converting them into

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plays has been justified. Many of his books succumbed to the inevitable transformation which was the fashion throughout the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century, though we are apt to date the fad for dramatising novels from *Trilby* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*. These stories were not the inspiration of a new movement, they were merely the leaven of a revival.

Many of Lord Lytton's stories have been dramatised one or more times, but *Eugene Aram* seems to be the only one with a continuously impelling appeal to the maker of plays. *The Last Days of Pompeii* shares stage celebrity with its predecessor, but it is less feasible for dramatic purposes. It is a background, a mere framework for a spectacle.

The English hacks had thoroughly mastered the trick of turning stories into plays, chapters into scenes, and characters into puppets, when Bulwer-Lytton began to shower the market with his novels. They had made Scott's heroes almost as familiar on the stage as in the library. Yet Bulwer's first four books were passed over with complacency before the adaptors gave him their attention. In a less marked degree he had the Great Unknown's experience: the earliest and the latest of his literary productions were less of a temptation to the playwrights than the others. Even after the phenomenal favour which attended the theatrical experiments with some of his later works there was never any reversion to *Falkland, Pelham, The Disowned,* or *Devereux*.

Perhaps it was the flame of favour attending the appearance of *Paul Clifford* which attracted the dramatic moths. This was the first of the Bulwer books to slip the chrysalis woven by the novelist and burst forth a theatrical butterfly. Its wings were, however, neither strong, nor was the colouring brilliant. It fluttered and fell, afterwards making occasional feeble and unsuccessful attempts to rise, but it will probably not be seen or heard of again.

One of the earliest experiments of the Bowery Theatre in the season of 1830-31 was the dramatisation of *Paul Clifford,* given September 28. It could not have been a success, for it was taken off within a week, and I do not find any account of its being revived at this house. The Bowery at this time engaged the services of some of the most notable actors of the period—Holland, Hackett and Gates—but none of them appeared in this play. Mrs. Hamblin played *Lucy Brandon,* and it is probable that she made the dramatisation of *Paul Clifford,* as she did later of other Bulwer books. But I do not find this literally recorded. The first account of a London production of a dramatisation of this story is apparently that which tells of a play on *Paul Clifford,* acted at Convent Garden Theatre, in November, 1835.

Somewhat more successful must have been the Fitzball version put on at the Broadway, January 19, 1852. Mr. Collins was the hero and Julia Gould the Lucy. The play was kept on for three consecutive weeks. A pale spot even in a feeble season was the matinée effort at the Imperial Theatre, London, on April 8, 1882, when *Lucy Brandon* was tried. This proved to be a romantic and poetical drama, in four acts, by Robert Buchanan, and founded on *Paul Clifford.* But "the play was badly constructed, the dialogue was feeble, and the work was devoid of dramatic interest." After these repeated failures Chance Newton and Denham Harrison, two bright Londoners, conceived the idea of making a "musical piece" of the battered material, and their collaboration was produced at the Canterbury, London, November 29, 1897. They achieved a mere sketch, having utilised merely an episode in the novel, as Burnand did in his miniature operatic *Pickwick.*

Eugene Aram was published in 1832. The tragic story at once engaged the dramatists, and subsequent collaboration of skilful adaptors and able actors has confirmed its popularity on the stage in a degree beyond anything else with the Bulwer stamp. One of the first versions was that produced at the Surrey Theatre, London. It was the work of W. T. Moncrieff, the playwright, who some years after incurred Dickens's displeasure, and survives in fame as the original of "the literary gentleman" against whom Nicholas Nickleby vented his splenetic outburst against adaptations. In that very year, 1832, a play on *Eugene Aram* was published, having previously been acted at the Surrey. Doubtless it was Moncrieff's. In the cast were Mrs. West, who

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was a relative of the celebrated George Frederick Cooke, and Dibdin Pitt, an antecedent of Charles Dibdin, the dramatist; gallant Harry M. Pitt and his children, Addison Pitt, Charles Dibdin Pitt and Margaret Dibdin Pitt, playing conspicuously in America to-day.

A dramatisation of this novel was presented June 19, 1832, at the Bowery Theatre. C. W. Taylor was the author, and his play obtained for a fortnight. No other versions secured attention, apparently, until W. G. Wills obtained a production for his work, entitled at first *The Fate of Eugene Aram,* April 19, 1873, at the Lyceum, London, with Henry Irving in the name-part. It was "the only new play in twelve months," so great was its success. It was later condensed to one act and two tableaux for Irving's benefit, July 28, 1883. The most recent exploitation of *Eugene Aram* on the American stage was Paul Kester's drama, written about six years ago, and frequently acted by Walter Whiteside.

An anonymous writer in the *Boston Herald* gives this interesting comparison between one of the earliest and the latest English versions:

> Moncrieff's version and Wills's have little resemblance to each other. In the former Aram is denounced and finally run to earth by the son of the murdered Clarke, who is proved to be a brother of the rich country squire whose daughter the wretched man is about to marry. In Wills's play the heroine is the daughter of the village vicar. In one play he is tried and condemned, and confesses in his cell while waiting the hangman, and the heroine falls dead at his feet as the death knell begins to toll, the hero himself dying on the threshold. In Wills's story, appalled at the sight of his victim's skull, he confesses in the arms of his poor young sweetheart, and dies there just as the officers are about to seize him. Moncrieff makes the cause of the murder the unfortunate man's discontent with fate, his greed for learning and inability to secure the means. In Wills's play a faithless mistress is the primal cause, and the deed is done in anger.

There have been various opinions of Irving's performance of this rôle. Winter, of course, praises it highly, but another critic of conservative and usually safe judgment says:

> There are moments when Irving is admirable, but for the most part he is ridiculously exaggerated in tone, gesture, pose and intention. If such acting as he does in what may be called the dying scene of this play were to be generally accepted, then good-bye to anything like naturalness on the stage! It would not be accepted from anybody but Irving.

Kester, in his version, adhered to the lines of the novel more closely than either Moncrieff or Wills. It was received generally with favour, but its skilful construction and literary scholarship were borne down under the weight of the inevitable gloom of the original story. Martin Harvey acted in Dublin not long ago in an adaptation of this story by Freeman Wills, and entitled *After All.* It has not survived.

In further confirmation of the suggestion made above of Bulwer's judgment of dramatic material, it is interesting to put in evidence the fact that while the novelist was writing *Eugene Aram* he became so impressed with the dramatic value of the story that he set to work on a tragedy upon the same theme, and abandoned the work only after he had completed two acts. This fragment has appeared as an addendum to the novel, and may be read by those curious to follow the genesis of a story.

Shortly after the appearance of *Eugene Aram* Bulwer completed and published *The Last Days of Pompeii,* the fruition of a somewhat lengthy sojourn in Italy. It would be well-nigh impossible to trace and record the dramatic chronology of this work. It has been everything by turns and nothing long: tragedy, historical drama, grand opera, dramatic spectacle and burlesque. But the rôles have engaged the services of a historical list of American players.

The Adelphia was the first theatre to witness the sorrows of Nydia. A version of the Roman story was presented there in 1834, the year of the appearance of the book. The play bill credits it to J. B. Buckstone, a fact of especial interest to American playgoers, for his son, Rowland Buckstone, has for a number of years delighted Mr. Sothern's audiences by his amusing characterisations in support of that actor.

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Less than a year later a version by Miss Louisa Medina was given at the Bowery Theatre. The date was February 9, 1835. The usually reticent Ireland says in his *Records* that this "was put upon the stage with the greatest magnificence, ran without intermission for a month and was frequently revived." The most notable of these revivals were those at the Bowery in 1849, at the Broadway in 1857, and at the American, New Orleans, in 1844. Nydia has been acted at various times by Mrs. Flynn, Miss Wemyss, Mrs. Lizzie Weston Davenport and Mrs. James Wallack, Jr. Hamblin himself was the first Arbaces, and in his support were Ingersoll, C. Thorne, Stevenson, Gates, Collins, Mrs. Thorne and Mrs. Stickney. Our venerable Mrs. Gilbert acted Stratonice at the Bowery in 1849. In later casts may be found such celebrated names as Eytinge, Chanfrau, Duff, J. Wallack, Jr., N. B. Clarke, Mme. Ponisi, Miss Porter, Tuthill and Seymour.

The printed edition of Miss Medina's version does not give the production at the Park, March 25, 1839, among the revivals, but it was probably her popular arrangement which held this stage for several nights, for Hamblin was acting Arbaces at that time and the management was producing other plays of her construction. The chief interest in this representation lay in the appearance of Miss Charlotte Cushman as the Saga of Vesuvius.

John Oxenford made a five-act version of *The Last Days of Pompeii*, which was given at the Queen's, London, January 8, 1872. Several years ago John Fay Palmer toured the smaller interior American cities as Arbaces in a sad second-class representation. Oxenford's version must have attracted some attention, for within five weeks after his production, the Vaudeville Theatre presented a burlesque by R. Reece, entitled *The Very Last Days of Pompeii.*

The opera of *Ione; or, The Last Days of Pompeii,* was first given in America in 1863, when interest in the work actually amounted to "a craze." This can scarcely be said of the interest awakened by the revival by Signor Angelo's Italian Opera Company at the Academy of Music, New York, in October, 1886.

Our dramatic chroniclers are not so specific in their information as to make it quite easy to trace the career of the dramatisation of *Rienzi.* The fact is there were, at least in America, several plays bearing this title. The one best known is that acted by Lawrence Barrett. This was an original play by Miss Russell Mitford, an English woman, and it was first acted at Covent Garden by a company in which were Young, Younge, Cooper, Aitkin, Mrs. Faucit and Miss Phillips. After glancing through its inexpert and uninteresting pages, it is easy to believe that the credit generally given the dramatisations of Bulwer's novel as being the best plays of those bearing the title *Rienzi* was eminently deserved.

The first dramatisation was the work of Jonas B. Phillips, and was given at the Franklin Theatre, New York, April 12, 1836, a year after the appearance of the book, with J. R. Scott as Rienzi, Mrs. Blake as Nina and Miss Fisher as Irene. It survived a fortnight. The 23d of the next month the Bowery Theatre put forward a dramatisation of the same book by Miss Medina. The pictorial element was unprecedentedly magnificent, and Ireland says: "It was triumphantly successful and ran uninterruptedly for a month." February 25, three years later, it was revived at the Park. Hamlin meantime had come over to this theatre, and with him as Rienzi there was no doubt some expectation that the public would return to the shrine of a favourite; but "the play did not prove attractive."

The most celebrated and only surviving adaptation of *Ernest Maltravers* was the work of Miss Louisa Medina. Its production at the National, March 28, 1838, was a great success, and it remained in the repertoire of the theatre for many years. This identical version was performed at the Britannia, London, September 28, 1874. Lester Wallack, in his *Memoirs,* gives an interesting account of how his father came into possession of the play:

> Mr. Tom Hamblin, a very old friend of my father's, came to him one day during his management of the National Theatre and said that he had discovered a remarkable genius. Hamblin had then just married a Miss Medina, a literary lady, and whether it was his wife or himself who had made this great discovery I do not remember; but that

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does not matter. He said: "This is an extraordinary girl; she is the daughter of a dreadful old woman, who is anything but what she should be; but she is herself a charming little creature. The old mother has been able to keep her at school, and the child is a pure, sweet little thing, seventeen years old. My wife has written an adaptation of Bulwer's *Ernest Maltravers,* and here will be a great chance for a sensation if you will bring out the play and engage the girl, who is now under my tuition and my wife's chaperonage. We want to keep her out of this dreadful ditch in which her mother and her associates are floundering; and the mother has given her to us to take care of."

My father answered, "Very well," and he engaged Mr. Hamblin and his *protégée,* having first, of course, read the play. He found that there was a part in it called Richard Darvil, very cleverly adapted and amplified, and that Miss Medina had carried the scene into Italy and had turned him from an English highway robber into a sort of brigand hero, all of which she did to fit my father's romantic style. My father played Richard Darvil, Hamblin played Ernest, C. W. Clarke was, I think, in the cast, and the little prodigy, who was called Miss Missouri, appeared as Alice, and the drama made an enormous hit.

Wallack's recollection is not quite correct. Mr. Clarke was not in this bill, and though the prodigy was afterward known as Miss Missouri, she was announced in the programme of *Ernest Maltravers* merely as "a young lady."

She died during the continuance of this play, and there was scandal and gossip which raised the passions of the people to a high pitch. The run of the play was interrupted, and the charges against Hamblin and Miss Medina, his wife, were of an ugly nature. They were afterward fully exonerated.

Ireland's *Records* is, of course, the main resource for any information about productions on the New York stage during the first half of the last century. Though he has compiled a great deal, his information is often distressingly unsatisfactory. According to his chronicle, April 30, 1838, was "the first night of A. Allen's musical romance of *Leila* at the National Theatre. In enumerating "the new pieces" done in February, 1842, at the New Chatham Theatre, he mentions a play by the name of *Zanoni.* In neither instance does he specify the author of the piece, nor does he indicate whether they were adaptations from the Bulwer romances. It is fair, however, to infer that they were, for the respective dates tally with the exact time when the two stories were published; and not only was this fact suggestive of dramatisation, but it is unlikely that playwrights would have chosen names identical with Bulwer's in two varied instances, just when he published them over his own stories.

In our poverty of English dramatic chronicle there is not at hand any account of a dramatisation of *Night and Morning* for the British theatre-goer. It was seized here with characteristic avidity. At the New Chatham, New York, March 8, 1841, the year of the publication of the novel, a version was hurried onto the stage and held its place for a fortnight. Nearly fifteen years later, January 15, 1855, John Brougham made a five-act version which was given at Wallack's, and seems to have been kept on until the 2d of April. Brougham was the Gawtry, "Mr. Lester" the Philip Beaufort, Blake the Plaskwith, Dyott the Lord Lilburn, Bland the Robert Beaufort, Chippendale the Blackwell, Stoddart the Favare, Rosa Bennett the Fanny, Mrs. Cramer the Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Canover the Mrs. Beaufort. The "Mr. Lester" was none other than Lester Wallack. During his first years on the American stage he was always billed in this way. Alfred Ayers has in manuscript an unacted version of *Night and Morning.* Boucicault wrote a play of this name, which was produced in the early seventies, but it was taken from the French of *La Joie Fait Pleur,* and had nothing to do with Bulwer's story.

The appearance of *The Last of the Barons* drew out the energies of the dramatic hacks, and it was given with a notable cast at the Bowery, April 3, 1843, and remained on the bill for over three weeks. In the cast were C. W. Clarke as Edward IV., James Wallack, Jr., as Warwick, J. R. Scott as Robin Hilyard, James Scott as Adam, Mrs. Preston as Sybil and Mrs. J. B. Booth, Jr., as Graul. Another version, under the title "Warwick, the King Maker," was produced October 1, 1849, at the same theatre with a scarcely less distinguished cast. Among the players were "Mr. Lester,"

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James Wallack, McFarland, John Gilbert, Winans, Miss Wemyss and Mrs. Wallack. A burlesque given at the Strand, London, in 1872, indicates that the play had been conspicuous, if not popular, in England.

This was the last of the Bulwer stories to be put upon the stage with any measure of success. He continued to write for nearly thirty years after the appearance of *The Last of the Barons,* and the product of his maturity embraces some of the most admired of his novels; but they contained little inspiration for the playwright.

The tragedy of *Harold* presented by Lawrence Barrett was a translation from the German. There was, however, a five-act drama, the work of A. Nance, given at the Prince's, Portsmouth, England, March 29, 1875, which seems to have been founded on the Bulwer *Harold.* One of the incidents of Wallack's *Rosedale* was taken from *What Will He Do with It?* Lorimer Stoddart made a dramatisation of this story with Richard Mansfield in view, but it never found its way to the stage. The same experiment was tried by a clergyman who wished Mr. Mansfield to present his drama. Both plays remain unacted.

In looking over the old play-books, one is struck with the fact that, however much the playwrights succumbed to other forms of artificiality, in dramatising Bulwer's novels they were singularly reverent of the unity of place. Scott's and Dickens's novels were put into plays of often as many as nineteen and twenty scenes, and rarely as few as twelve. Most of the plays from Bulwer's books have only one scene to each act. There are, of course, exceptions of gross desultoriness.

Paul Wilstach.

THE BUTTERFLY

Ere the dawning of the bright light came by birthtime on the hill,
All the starshine and the night light filled me, stilled me at its will.
Through my wings I felt the white light lift me, sift me, fold and thrill.

Broke night's fetters and went roaming, I, freed of encircling dark,
Swept the emerald waters foaming, found the fount of dawn's red spark,
Brushed white breasts of breakers homing, where shook sobs for none to hark;

Met the mystery of the morning, knew the rapture of the light—
Never word or note gave warning of the mad eclipse of night.
One was I with the soundless scorning of its majesty and might.

Mothered by the star and dew time, fathered by their hushes, I
Winged me into primrose true time, wrought for naught saving to fly
Through this strange and finite rue time, striving, trembling, toward the sky.

Follow! But seek not to hold me. While Time's golden wave shall roll
Hand of love cannot enfold me; come too nigh and death my dole;
I, the vision all untold thee, secret I, of Beauty's soul!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE.

By

Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part Fifth.—From Appomattox through the French Commune.

NOTE.—*Two more papers will bring this series to a close. The article in the August number is to cover history from the end of the Franco-Prussian war until the election of Mr. Cleveland to the American Presidency in 1884. It will tell of the late Thomas Nast and the Tweed Ring; the candidacy of Horace Greeley in 1872; the Hayes-Tilden election in 1876; the Turko-Russian war of 1878; the American election of 1880; the Egyptian troubles of 1882, and the bitter and venomous struggle waged by the Republican and Democratic parties in 1884. The September article will treat of events between 1884 and 1901, among other things touching on the various American elections, the war between China and Japan, the invasion of China by the Allies; the Cuban struggle for independence; the Spanish-American war, and the Philippine question; the Dreyfus affair, and the battle for supremacy in the Transvaal. From the time of the present paper to the end of the century political caricature widens in scope and interest. In America especially, the establishment of Puck in 1877 and of Judge in 1881 were events of importance which tended to bring American caricature to the high point it had reached at the end of the century.*

In looking over the historical and political caricature of the nineteenth century, one very naturally finds several different methods of treatment and subdivision suggesting themselves. First, there is the obvious method of chronological order, which is being followed in the present series of papers, and which commended itself as being at once the simplest and the most comprehensive. It is the one method by which the history of the century may be regarded as the annals of a family of nations—a grotesque family of ill-assorted quadrupeds and still more curious bipeds, stepping forth two by two from the pages of comic art as from the threshold of some modern Noah's ark—Britannia and the British lion, Columbia and Uncle Sam, India and the Bengal tiger, French Liberty and the imperial eagle. It is the one method which focuses the attention upon the

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inter-relation, the significant groupings of these symbolic figures, and disregards their individual and isolated actions. What the Russian bear, the British lion, are doing in the seclusion of their respective caves is of vastly less interest than the spectacle of the entire royal menagerie of Europe uniting in an effort to hold Napoleon at bay. In other words, this method enables us to pass lightly over questions of purely national interest and home policy—the Corn Laws of England, the tariff issues in the United States—and to keep the eye centred upon the really big dramas of history, played upon an international stage. It subordinates caricature itself to the sequence of great events and great personages. It is the Emperor Napoleon, his reign and his wars, and not the English caricaturist Gillray; it is Louis Philippe, the bourgeois king, and not Philipon and Daumier, who form the centre of interest. In other words, from the present point of view, the caricature itself is not so much the object looked at as it is a powerful and clairvoyant lens through which we may behold past history in the curiously distorted form in which it was mirrored back by contemporary public opinion.

Other methods, however, might be used effectively, each offering some special advantage of its own. For instance, the whole history of the nineteenth century might be divided, so to speak, geographically. The separate history of each nation might have been followed down in turn—the changing fortunes of England, typified by John Bull; of Russia in the guise of the bear; of the United States under the forms of the swarthy, smooth-faced Jonathan of early days, and the pleasanter Uncle Sam of recent times; and of France, typified at different times as an eagle, as a Gallic cock, as an angry goddess, and as a plump, pleasant-faced woman in a tri-coloured petticoat. Again, if it were desirable to emphasise the development of comic art rather than its influence in history, one might group the separate divisions of the subject around certain schools of caricature, dealing first with Gillray, Rowlandson, and their fellows among the allied Continental nations; passing thence to the caricaturists of 1830, and thence carrying the sequence through Leech, Cham, Tenniel, Nast, down to the caricaturists who in the closing years of the century developed the scope of caricature to a hitherto unparalleled extent. Still again, the history of the century in caricature might be traced along from some peculiarity, greatly exaggerated, of some great man to another personal peculiarity of some other great man; leaping from the tri-cornered hat of the Emperor Napoleon to the great nose of the Iron Duke, then on to the toupet and pear-shaped countenance of Louis Philippe, the emaciation of Abraham Lincoln, the grandpa's hat of the Harrison administration, the forehead curl of Disraeli, the collar of Gladstone, the turned-up moustaches of the Emperor William, and the prominent teeth of Mr. Roosevelt. This feature of caricature seems important enough to justify a brief digression. It forms one of the foundation stones of the art, second only in importance to the conventionalised symbols of the different nations. From the latter the cartoonist builds up the century's history as recorded in its great events. From the former he traces that history as recorded in the personality of its great men.

The cartoons in which these different peculiarities of personal appearance are emphasised cover the whole range of caricature, and the whole gamut of public opinion which inspired it. Here we may find every degree of malice, from the fierce goggle eyes and diabolical expression which Gillray introduced into his portraits of the hated Bonaparte down to the harmless exaggeration of the collar points by which Furniss good-naturedly satirised the appearance of Mr. Gladstone. Again, in this respect caricature varies much, because all the great men of the century did not offer to the caricaturists the same opportunities in the matter of unusual features or personal eccentricities.

The authentic portraits and contemporary descriptions of the first Napoleon show us that he was a man whose appearance was marred by no particular eccentricity of feature, and that the cartoons of which he is the principal subject are largely allegorical, or inspired by the artist's intensity of hatred. One German caricaturist, by a subtle distortion and a lengthening of the cheeks and chin, introduced a resemblance to a rapacious wolf while preserving something of the real likeness. But in the goggle-eyed

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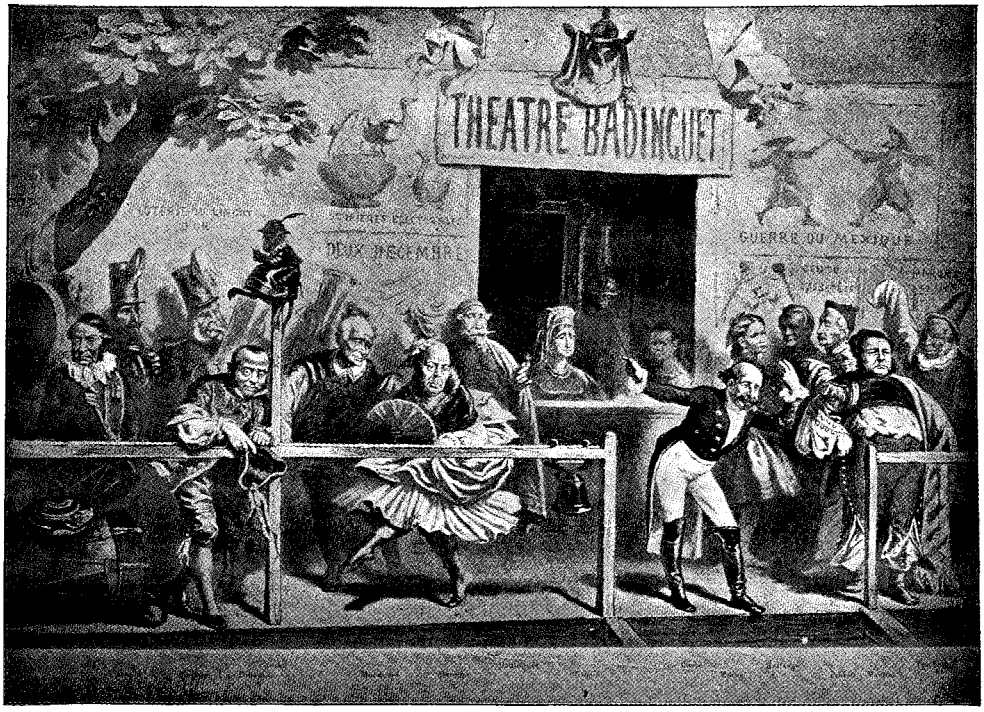
monsters of Gillray there is nothing save the hat and the uniform which suggests the real Napoleon. It was a sort of incarnation of Beelzebub which Gillray wished to draw and did draw, a monstrosity designed to rouse the superstitious hatred of the ignorant and lower classes of England, and to excite the nation to a warlike frenzy. The caricature aimed at Bonaparte's great rival, the conqueror of Waterloo, was produced in more peaceful times, was the work of his own countryman, was based mainly on exaggerated significance which may almost be said to have led to the revolution of 1848 and the establishment of the Second Republic. From the rich material offered by our War of Secession the caricaturists drew little more than the long, gaunt figure and the scraggy beard of Lincoln and the cigar of General Grant. The possibilities of this cigar as they probably would have been brought out by an artist like Daumier have been suggested in a previous paper. It was the goatee of Louis Napoleon that was



THE SHOW OF THE NAPOLEONIC MOUNTEBANKS. FROM A CARICATURE BY HADOL.

(For full description, see page 492.)

party differences, and, naturally enough, it was in the main good-natured and kindly. Wellington in caricature may be summed up by saying, that it was all simply an exaggeration of the size of his nose. The *poire* drawn into resemblance of the countenance of Louis Philippe was originally innocent enough, and had it been entirely ignored by the monarch and his ministers, would probably have had no political effect, and in the course of a few years been entirely forgotten. But being taken seriously and characterised as seditious, it acquired an exaggerated to give a point to most of the cartoons in which he was a figure, although during the days of his power there were countless caricatures which drew suggestions from the misadventures of his early life, his alleged experiences as a waiter in New York and a policeman in London, his escape from prison in the clothes of the workman Badinguet (a name which his political enemies applied to him very freely), and the fiasco at Strasburg. No men of their time were more freely caricatured than Disraeli in England and Thiers in France, for no

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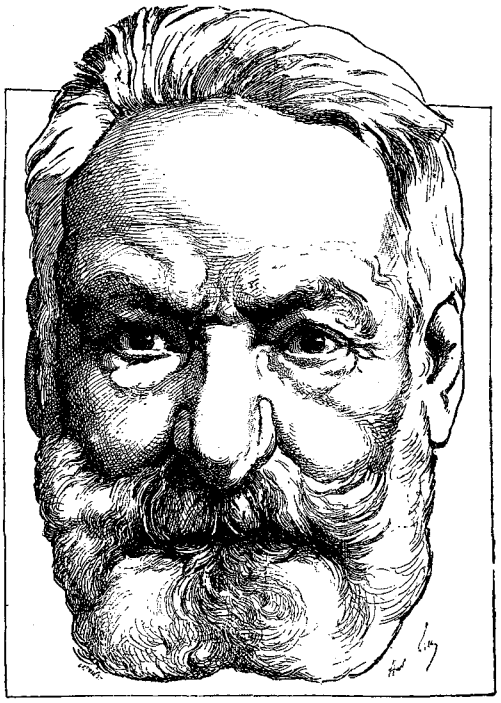
THE MAN WHO LAUGHS. BY ANDRÉ GILL.

men offered more to the caricaturist, Disraeli being at once a Jew and the most exquisite of affected dandies, and Thiers being, with the exception of Louis Blanc, the smallest man of note in France. In one cartoon in *Punch,* Disraeli was figured as presiding over "Fagin's Political School." In another he was represented as a hideous Oriental peri fluttering about the gates of Paradise. Thiers's large head and diminutive stature are subjects of countless cartoons, in which he is shown emerging from a wine glass or concealed in a waistcoat pocket, although *Punch* once humorously depicted him as Gulliver bound down by the Liliputians.

If one were to attempt to draw a broad general distinction between French and English caricature throughout the century, it would be along the line of English superiority in the matter of satirising great events, French superiority in satirising great men. The English cartoonists triumphed in the art of crowded canvases and effective groupings; the French in seizing upon the salient feature of face or form, and by a grotesque distortion, a malicious quirk, fixing upon their luckless subject a brand of ridicule that refused to be forgotten. Although the fashion of embodying fairly recognisable portraits of prominent statesmen in caricatures became general in England early in the century, for a long time the effect was marred by their lack of facial expression. From situations of all sorts, ranging from high comedy to deadly peril and poignant suffering, the familiar features of British statesmen look forth placid, unconcerned, with the fixed, impersonal stare of puppets in a Punch-and-Judy show. No French artist ever threw away his opportunities in such a foolish, spendthrift manner. Even where the smooth, regular features of some especially characterless face gave little or nothing for a satiric pencil to seize upon, a Daumier or a Gill would manufacture a ludicrous effect through the familiar device of a giant's head on a dwarf's body, or the absurdly distorted reflection of a cylindrical mirror. But by the time that hostilities broke out between France and Prussia facial caricature had become an important factor in the British school of satire, as exemplified in the weekly pages of *Punch.*

This was very natural, because the history of these years was largely a history of individuals. During the years between the close of the Civil War and the outbreak of war between France and Prus-



THE MAN WHO THINKS. BY ANDRÉ GILL.

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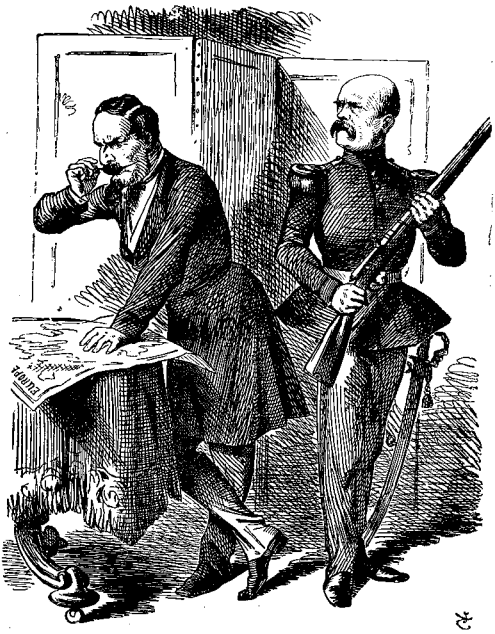
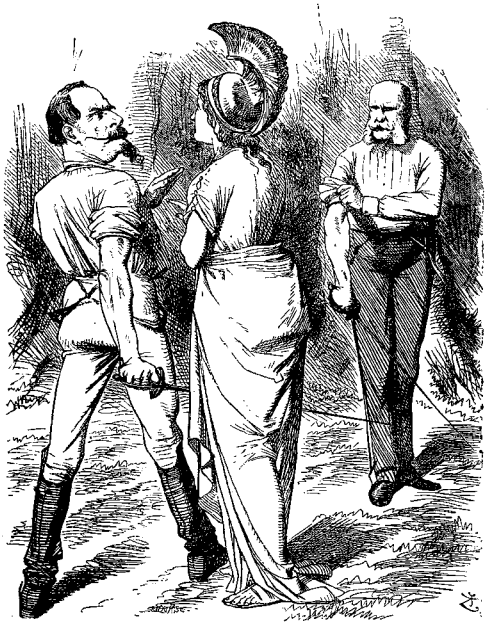
sia the three dominant personages in European political caricature were the French Emperor, Prince Bismarck and Benjamin Disraeli. Since 1848, Louis Napoleon had been the most widely caricatured man in Europe; and the outcome of the War of 1866 had raised Bismarck as the pilot of the Prussian ship of state to an importance second only to Napoleon himself. The caricature of which Disraeli was the subject was necessarily much narrower in its scope, and confined to a great extent to England. It was not until the century's eighth decade that he received full recognition at the hands of the Continental caricaturists, and his prominence in the cartoons preceding the Franco-Prussian War was due to the prestige of *Punch,* and to the opportunity which his own peculiar personality and striking appearance offered to the caricaturists. It was not long after the fall of Richmond and the end of the war that the agitation over the claims of the United States against England on account of the damage done by the warship *Alabama,* a question which was not settled until a number of years later, began. The two powers for a time could not agree on any scheme of arbitration, and the condition of affairs in the autumn of 1865 was summed up by Tenniel in *Punch,* in a cartoon entitled "The Disputed Account," in which the United States and England are represented as two haggling women and Madame Britannia is haughtily saying: "Claim for damages against me? Nonsense, Columbia! Don't be mean over money matters." But England, as well as America, had other matters besides the *Alabama* claims to disturb her and to keep busy the pencils of her cartoonists. Besides purely political issues at home, there were the Jamaica troubles and Fenianism; and the French Emperor was very urgent that stronger extradition treaties should be established between the two countries. This last was cleverly hit off by *Punch* in a cartoon which pictures Britannia showing Napoleon the Third a portrait of himself as he appeared in 1848 and saying: "That, Sire, is the portrait of a gentleman whom I should have had to give up to the French Government had I always translated 'extradition' as your Majesty's lawyers now wish." The agitation over the Jamaica troubles died out, the threatened Fenian invasion of Canada came to nothing, Louis Napoleon withdrew the French troops from Mexico, and the eyes of Europe were directed toward the war cloud hovering over Prussia and Austria. Early in June, 1866, there was



RIVAL ARBITERS.

Napoleon and Bismarck at the time of the Austro-Prussian War. By Tenniel in *Punch.*



A DUEL TO THE DEATH. BY TENNIEL IN "PUNCH."

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A TEMPEST IN A GLASS OF WATER. BY GILL.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE." BY GILL.

THE PRESIDENT OF RHODES. BY DAUMIER.

THE EGEREAN NYMPH. BY DAUMIER.

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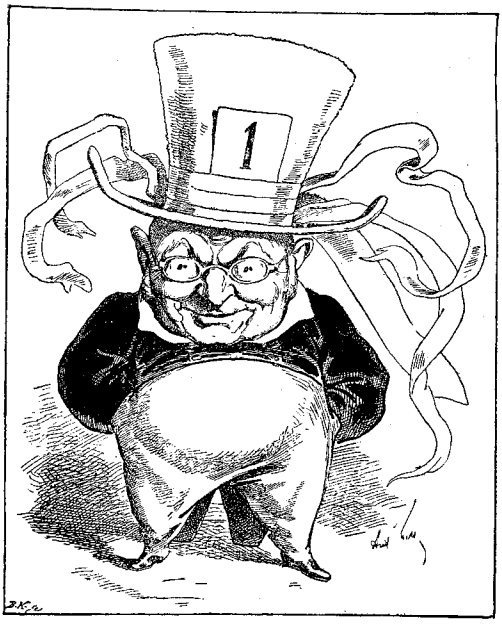
THE SITUATION. BY GILL.

ACHILLES IN RETREAT. BY GILL.



THE FIRST CONSCRIPT OF FRANCE. BY GILL.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA. BY GILL.

THIERS IN CARICATURE.

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a cessation of diplomatic relations between the two countries, followed immediately by a declaration of war on the part of Prussia, whose armies straightway entered Saxony and Hanover. The attitude of England and France toward the belligerents was the subject of *Punch's* cartoon that week. It was called "Honesty and Policy," and shows Britannia and Napoleon discussing the situation, while in the background the Prussian King and the Austrian Emperor are shaking their fists in each other's faces.

Britannia confides regretfully to Napoleon: "Well, I've done my best. If they will smash each other, they must." And the French Emperor says in a gleeful aside: "And some one may pick up the pieces!" The same figure of speech is further developed in a later cartoon which appeared in August, during the negotiations for peace. Napoleon III., in the guise of a ragpicker, is being warned off the Königstrasse by Bismarck: "Pardon, mon ami, but we really can't allow you to pick up anything here;" and "Nep. the Chiffonnier" rejoins: "Pray, don't mention it, M'sieu! It's not of the slightest consequence."

ANDRÉ GILL.

LE MARQUIS AUX TALONS ROUGES. BY WILLETTE.

The Marquis de Galliffet will be remembered as the French Minister of War during the second Dreyfus trial. It was Willette's famous cartoon of Queen Victoria which stirred up so much ill feeling during the Boer War.

After the battle of Sadowa, Austria accepted readily the offer of the French Emperor to bring about the suspension of hostilities, the Emperor of Austria agreeing to cede Venetia, which was handed over to France as a preliminary to its cession to Italy. Tenniel pictured this event in a cartoon showing Napoleon acting as the temporary keeper of the Lion of St. Mark's. Bismarck was now becoming a conspicuous figure in European politics, and his rivalry to Napoleon is shown in a *Punch* cartoon entitled "Rival Arbiters," which appeared about this time.

The growing spirit of discontent in France during the year or two immediately preceding the Franco-Prussian War was made the subject of some excellent *Punch* cartoons. One of these called "Easing the Curb" appeared in July, 1869. The imperial rule was gradually becoming unpopular, and the opposition gaining in strength and boldness. The Emperor found it prudent to announce that it was his intention to grant to the French Chamber a considerable extension of power. In "Easing the Curb," *Punch* depicts France as a force drawing the

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imperial carriage. Within are the Empress and the Prince Imperial, looking apprehensive. Napoleon is standing at the horse's head, calling out: "Have no fear, my dears. I shall just drop ze curb a leetel." In another cartoon a few months later, Napoleon the Third is shown wearing the crown of King John, and surrounded by a group of persistent barons, signing a magna charta for France.

In the pages of *Punch* from July, 1870, until the spring of 1871 one may follow very closely the history of the Franco-Prussian War and of the Commune. The first of the cartoons on this subject, published just before the declaration of war, is entitled "A Duel to the Death." In it the King of Prussia and the French Emperor are shown as duellists, sword in hand, while Britannia is endeavouring to act as mediator. "Pray stand back, madam," says Napoleon, "You mean well, but this is an old family quarrel and we must fight it out." *Punch* seemed to have an early premonition of what the result of the war would be, for before any decisive battle had been fought it published a striking cartoon entitled "A Vision on the Way," representing the shade of the great Napoleon confronting the Emperor and his son on the warpath and bidding them "Beware!" The departure of the Prince Imperial to the front is made the subject of a very pretty and pathetic cartoon called "Two Mothers." It shows the Empress bidding farewell

PRUSSIA INTRODUCING THE NEW NATIONAL ASSEMBLY TO FRANCE. BY DAUMIER IN "CHARIVARI."

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"THIS HAS KILLED THAT." BY DAUMIER IN "CHARIVARI."

to her son, while France as another weeping mother is saying: "Ah, madame, a sure happiness for *you,* sooner or later; but there were dear sons of *mine* whom I shall never see again."

After the unimportant engagement at Saarbrück disaster began falling thick and fast on the French arms, and soon we find *Punch* taking up again the idea of the two monarchs as rival duellists. By this time the duel has been decided. Louis Napoleon, sorely wounded and with broken sword, is leaning against a tree. "You have fought gallantly, sir," says the King. "May I not hear you say you have had enough?" To which the Emperor replies: "I have been deceived about my strength. I have no choice." With Sedan, the downfall of the Empire and the establishment of the Republic, France ceased to be typified under the form of Louis Napoleon. Henceforth she became an angry, blazing-eyed woman, calling upon her sons to rise and repel the advance of the invader. The cartoon in *Punch* commemorating September 4, 1870, when the Emperor was formally deposed and a Provisional Government of National Defence established under the Presidency of General Trochu, with Gambetta, Favre and Jules Ferry among its leading members, shows her standing erect by the side of a cannon, the imperial insignia trampled beneath her feet, wav-

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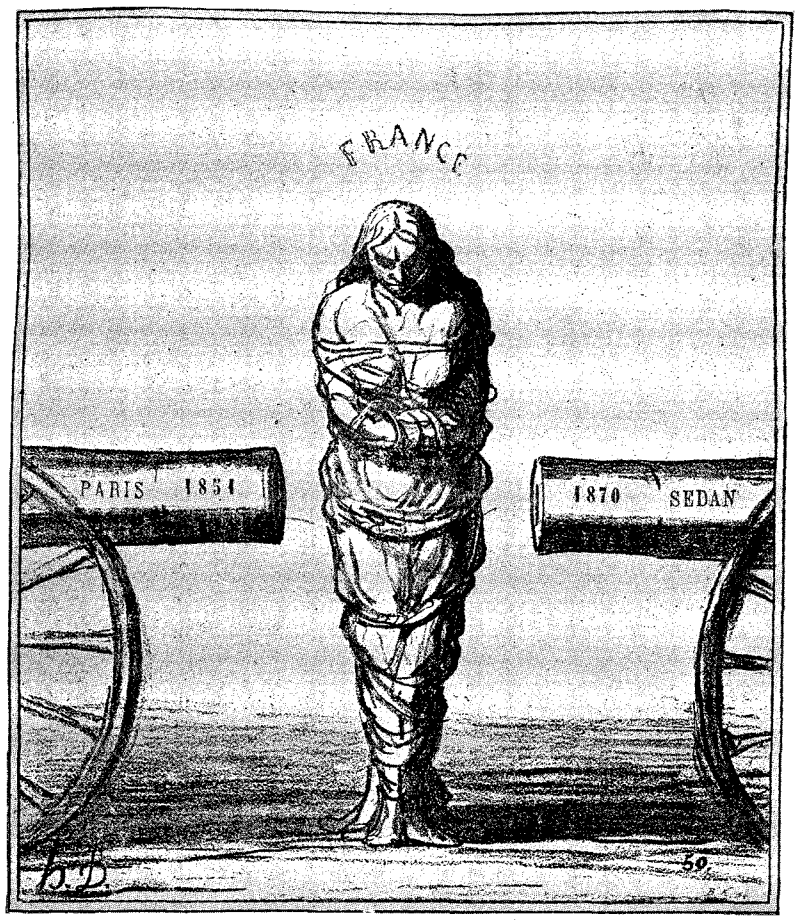
ing aloft the flag of the Republic and shouting from the "Marseillaise":

> Aux armes, citoyens,
> Formez vos bataillons!

The announcement that the German royal headquarters was to be removed to Versailles and that the palace of Louis XIV. was to shelter the Prussian King surrounded by his conquering armies drew from Tenniel the cartoon in which he showed the German monarch seated at his table in the palace studying the map of Paris, while in the background are the ghosts of Louis XIV. and the great Napoleon. The ghost of the Grand Monarque is asking sadly: "Is this the end of 'all the glories'?" The sufferings of Paris during the siege are summed up in a cartoon entitled "Germany's Ally," in which the figure of Famine is laying its cold, gaunt hand on the head of the unhappy woman typifying the stricken city. The beginning of the bombardment was commemorated in a cartoon entitled "Her Baptism of Fire," showing the grim and bloody results of the falling of the first shells. The whole tone of *Punch* after the downfall of the Emperor shows a growing sympathy on the part of the English people toward France, and the feeling in England that Germany, guided by the iron hand of Bismarck, was exacting a cruel and unjust penalty entirely out of proportion. This belief that the terms demanded by the Germans were harsh and excessive is shown in the *Punch* cartoon "Excessive Bail," where Justice, after listening to Bismarck's arguments, says that she cannot "sanction a demand for exorbitant securities."



THE HISTORY OF A REIGN. BY DAUMIER IN "CHARIVARI."

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French caricature during "the terrible year" which saw Gravelotte, Sedan and the downfall of the Empire was necessarily sombre and utterly lacking in French gayety. It was not until the tragic days of the Siege and the Commune that the

TROCHU—1870.

former strict censorship of the French press was relaxed and the floodgates were suddenly opened for a veritable inundation of cartoons. M. Armand Dayot, in his admirable pictorial history of this epoch, which has already been frequently cited in these articles, says in this connection: "It has been said with infinite justice that when art is absent from caricature nothing remains but vulgarity." In proof of this, one needs only to glance through the albums containing the countless cartoons that appeared during the Siege, and more especially during the Commune. Aside from those signed by Daumier, Cham, André Gill and a few other less famous artists, they are unclean compositions, without design or wit, odious in colour, the gross stupidity of their legends rivalling their lamentable poverty of execution." But under the leadership of Daumier, the small group of artists who infused their genius into the weekly pages of *Charivari,* made these tragic months one of the famous periods in the annals of French caricature. Of the earlier generation, the irrepressible group whose mordant irony had hastened the downfall of Louis Philippe, Daumier alone survived and was still there to chronicle by his pencil the disasters which befell France with a talent as great as he had possessed thirty-odd years before when engaged in his light-hearted and malicious campaign against the august person of Louis Philippe. Then there were the illustrious "Cham" (Comte de Noë), and André Gill, a caricaturist of striking wit, Hadol, De Bertall, De Pilopel, Faustin, Draner and a number of others not so well known. But above all it was Daumier who, after twenty years of the Empire, during which his pencil had been politically idle, returned in his old age to the fray with all the vigour of the best days of *La Caricature.*

Yet to those whose sympathies were with France during the struggle of 1870-71 there is a distinct pathos in the change that is seen in the later work of Daumier, —not a personal pathos, but a pathos due to the changed condition of the country which it reflects. The old dauntless audacity, the trenchant sarcasm, the mocking, light-hearted laughter, is gone. In its place is the haunting bitterness of an old man, under the burden of an impotent wrath—a man who, for all that he dips his pencil in pure vitriol, cannot do justice to the nightmare visions that beset him. There is no better commentary upon the pervading feeling of helpless anger and outraged national pride of this epoch than in these haunting designs of

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THE DIAGNOSIS.

"A bad *régime* during ten years. All your trouble comes from that. You will soon become convalescent, with a good constitution and fewer leeches."

"Oh, no! Prussia has not completely slain her. It is not yet time to go to her aid." By Cham in *Charivari*.

HER BAPTISM OF FIRE. BY TENNIEL IN "PUNCH."

FRANCE, SEPTEMBER 4, 1870.

"Aux armes, citoyens,
Formez vos bataillons."

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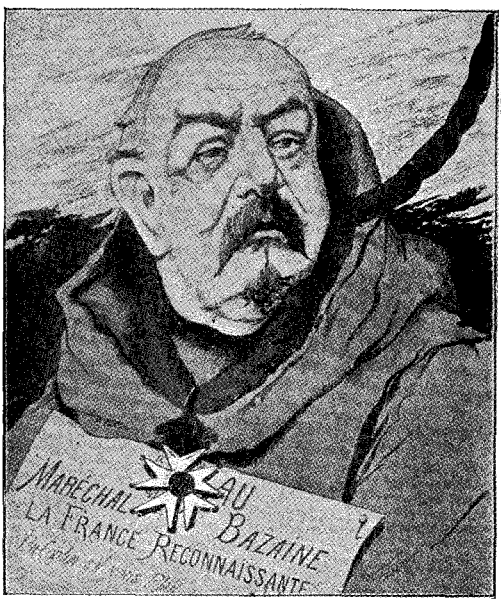
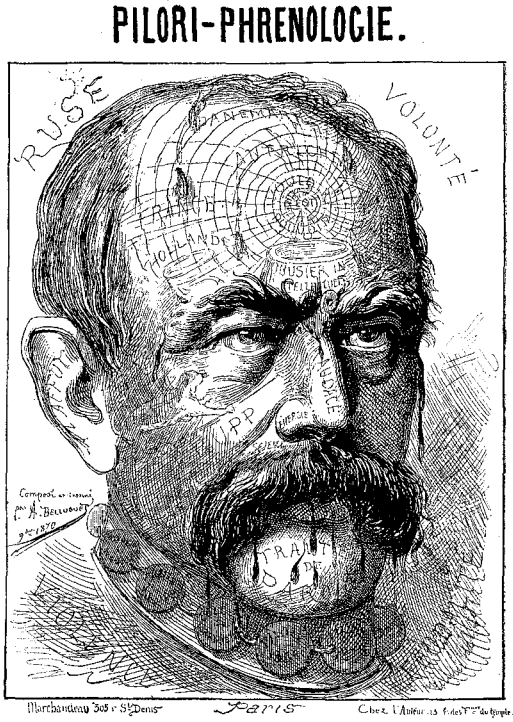


BAZAINE. BY FAUSTIN.

Daumier's. They are the work of a man tremulous with feverish indignation, weird and ghastly conceptions, such as might have emanated from the cauldron of Macbeth's witches. The backgrounds are filled in with solid black, like a funeral pall; and from out the darkness the features of Bismarck, of Von Moltke, of William I., leer malevolently, distorted into hideous, ghoulish figures, vampires feasting upon the ruin they have wrought. French liberty in the guise of a wan, emaciated, despairing figure, the personification of wronged and outraged womanhood, haunts Daumier's pages. At one time she is standing bound and gagged, between the gaping muzzles of two cannon marked, respectively, "Paris, 1851," and "Sedan, 1870," and underneath the laconic legend, "Histoire d'un Règne."

Another cartoon shows France as a female Prometheus bound to the rock, her vitals being torn by the Germanic vulture. A number of these cartoons, all of which appeared in *Le Charivari*, treat bitterly of the disastrous results of the twenty years during which Louis Napoleon was the Emperor of the French. The sketch called "This Has Killed That" has allusion to the popular ballot which elected the Prince-President to the throne. A gaunt, angry female figure is pointing with one hand to the ballot-box, in which repose the "Oui's" which made Louis Napoleon an Emperor, and with the other to the corpses on the battlefield where the sun of his empire finally sets. "This," she cries, "has killed that." The same idea suggested a somewhat similar cartoon, in which a French peasant gazing at the shell-battered ruins of his humble home exclaims in the peasant's ungrammatical *patois:* "And it was for this that I voted 'Yes.'" Still more grim and ominous is the cartoon showing a huge mouse-trap with three holes. The mouse-trap represents the Plebiscite. Two of the holes, marked, respectively, "1851" and "1870," have been sprung, and each has caught the throat of a victim. The third, however, still yawns open warningly, with the date not completely filled in.

Still another cartoon, thoroughly characteristic of Daumier's later manner, is "The Dream of Bismarck," one which



BISMARCK THE FIRST.

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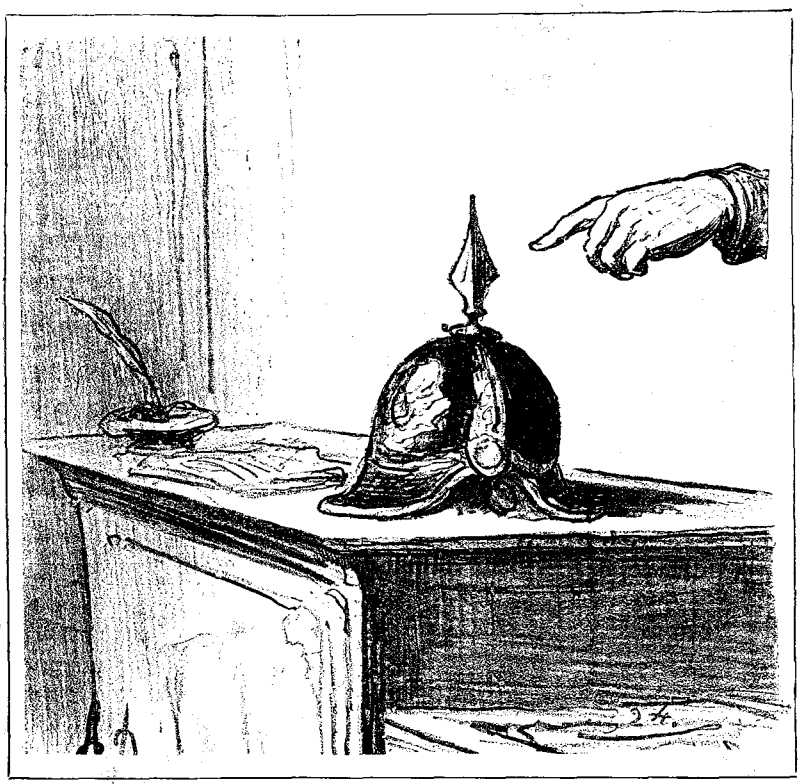
touches upon the idea which has been used allegorically in connection with every great conqueror whose wake is marked by the strewn corpses of fallen thousands. In it Bismarck, frightfully haggard and ghastly of countenance, is sleeping in his chair, while at his side is the grim figure of Death bearing a huge sickle and pointing out over the bloody battlefield.

Of the younger group of cartoonists none is more closely connected with the events of the *année terrible* than "Cham," he never became a really great caricaturist. It was the humorous side of life, even of the tragedies of life, that appealed to him, and he reflected it back with an incisive drollery which was irresistible. He was one of the most rapid and industrious of workers, and found in the events of *l'année terrible* the inspiration of a vast number of cartoons. The looting propensities of the Prussians were satirised in a sketch showing two Prussian officers looking greedily at a clock on the mantel-



NEW DESIGN FOR A HAND BELL PROPOSED BY "CHARIVARI" FOR THE PURPOSE OF REMINDING THE ASSEMBLY THAT PRUSSIAN TROOPS STILL HOLD FRENCH TERRITORY. BY DAUMIER.

the Comte de Noë. The name Noë, it will be remembered, is French for Noah, just as Cham is the French equivalent of Ham, second son of the patriarch of Scripture. The Comte de Noë was also second son of his father, hence the appropriateness of his pseudonym. As a caricaturist, Cham was animated by no such seriousness of purpose as formed the inspiration of Daumier; and this was why

piece in a French château. "Let us take the clock." "But peace has already been signed." "No matter. Don't you see the clock is slow?" The German acquisition of the Rhenish provinces is summed up in a picture which shows a German officer attaching to his leg a chain, at the end of which is a huge ball marked Alsace. The siege having turned every Parisian into a nominal sol-

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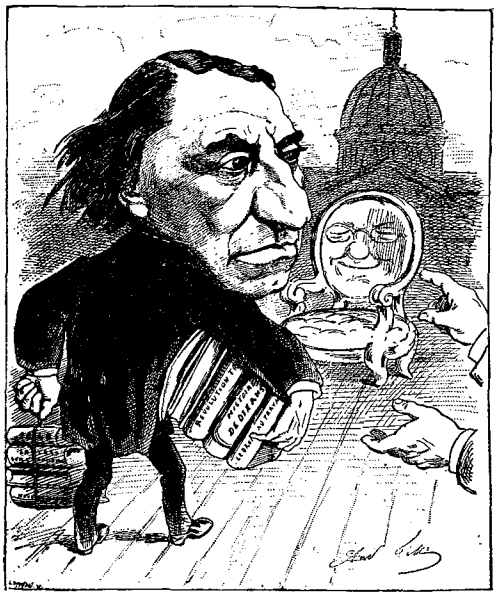

LOUIS BLANC.

dier, this condition of affairs is hit off by Cham in a cartoon underneath which is written: "Everybody being soldiers, the officers will have the right to put through the paces any one whom they meet in the streets." The sketch shows a cook in the usual culinary costume, and bearing on his head a flat basket filled with kettles and pans, marking time at the command of an officer. The attitude of England during the war seemed to the caricaturist perfidious, after the practical aid which France had rendered Albion in the Crimea. Cham hits this off by representing the two nations as women, Britannia looking ironically at prostrate France and saying: "Oh, no! Prussia has not yet entirely killed her! So it is not yet time to go to her aid."

The statesmen and warriors of that period were very happily caricatured in a series of cartoons, most of which appeared in *L'Éclipse*. Gill excelled in his caricature of individual men rather than in the caricature of events or groups. His real name was Louis Alexandre Gosset. He was born at Landouzy-li-Ville, October 19, 1840, and died in Paris, December 29, 1885. Thiers, Gambetta, Louis Blanc. all the men of the time, were hit off by his pencil. His method in most cases consisted of the grotesque exaggeration of the subject's head at the expense of the body. He was especially happy in his caricature of Thiers, whose diminutive size, as well as his great importance, made him a favourite subject for the cartoonist. Thiers as Hamlet soliloquising, "To be or not to be"; Thiers as "The Man Who Laughs"; the head of Thiers peering over the rim of a glass, "A tempest in a glass of water"; Thiers as the first conscript of France; Thiers as Achilles in retreat—all these and countless others are from the pencil of Gill.

A striking satirical sketch by Hadol, entitled *La Parade,* sums up all the buffooneries of the Second Empire. In it the Duc de Morny as the barking showman is violently inviting the populace to enter and inspect the wonders of the Théâtre Badinguet. Badinguet, as said before, was the name of the workman in whose clothes Louis Napoleon was said to have escaped from his imprisonment at Ham; and throughout the Second Empire it was the name by which the Parisians maliciously alluded to the Emperor. Behind De Morny in the cartoon are the Emperor and Empress, seated at the cashier's desk at the entrance of the theatre to take in the money of the dupes whom De Morny can persuade to enter. To the right and left, in grotesque attire, are the actors of the

Germany: "Farewell, Madame, and if——"
France: "Ha! We shall meet again!"

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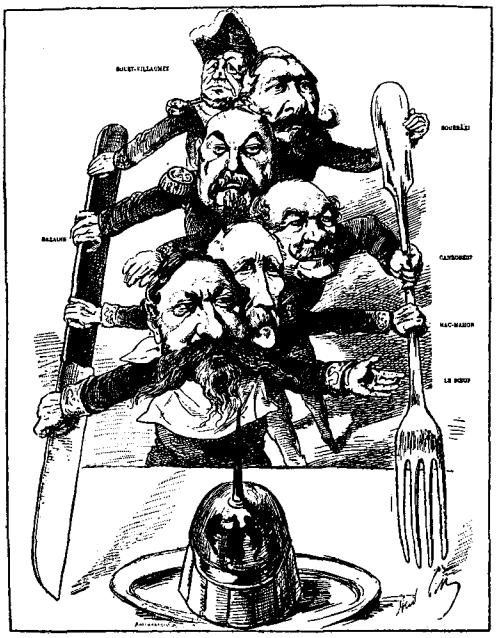

"LET US EAT THE PRUSSIAN." BY ANDRÉ GILL.

SOUVENIRS AND REGRETS. BY ARANDA.

PRUSSIA ANNEXES ALSACE. BY CHAM IN "CHARIVARI."

"Adieu!"
"No, 'au revoir.' Visits must be returned."
By Cham.

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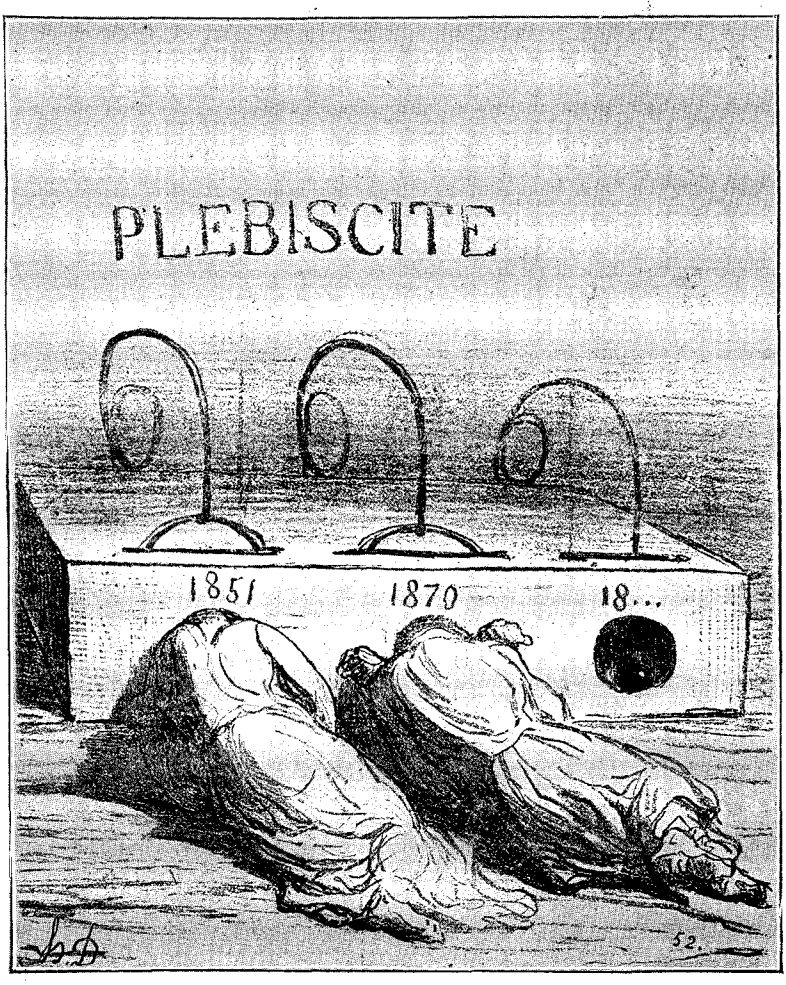
show, representing the various statesmen and soldiers whose names were connected with the reign.

Popular hatred of Marshal Bazaine after the surrender of Metz, based on the prevalent belief that he had sold the city and the army under his command to the Germans, finds pictorial expression in the grim cartoon by Faustin, reproduced here. The artist has cunningly drawn into the features of the Marshal an expression of unutterable craft and treachery. Round his neck there has been flung what at the first glance seems like a decoration of honour, an impression strengthened by the cross and inscription on his breast. But as you look more closely, you perceive that this decoration is suspended from the noose of the hangman's rope, and that the words "Au Maréchal Bazaine — La France Reconnoissante" have another and a deeper significance. The defender of the city of Paris, General Trochu, was genially caricatured by André Gill in *L'Éclipse* as a *blanchisseuse* industriously ironing out the dirty linen of France. However great his popularity was at the time, Trochu has by no means escaped subsequent criticism. To him the resistance of Paris seemed nothing but "an heroic folly," and he had no hesitation about proclaiming his opinion.



THE MOUSE-TRAP AND ITS VICTIMS. BY DAUMIER IN "CHARIVARI."

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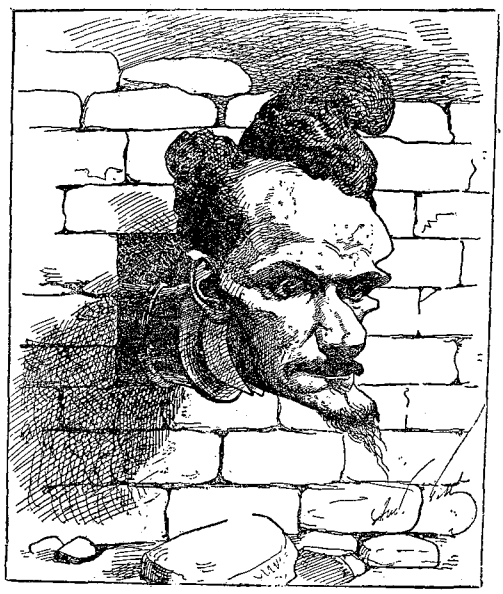
Another exceedingly happy caricature by André Gill was that representing Henri Rochefort, the implacable enemy of Louis Napoleon, as a member of the government of the National Defence. Here Rochefort's head is shown peering out of the mouth of a cannon projecting through a hole in the city's fortifications.



(To be continued.)

BAEDEKER AND THE MODERN GUIDE-BOOK*

The appearance of the fourteenth edition of Baedeker's "Southern Italy" offers a convenient occasion for a brief consideration of the life of this author and publisher and of certain necessary qualities of the modern guide-book. The materials for a survey of this nature are within easy reach: the one hundredth anniversary of Baedeker's birth called forth a flood of articles in the German press, from which the following biographical data have been gathered, while any trip across the ocean gives an experimental basis for many theories about guide-books in general.

It must be clearly understood that the books under consideration are for the average traveller. He who has special knowledge, and therefore special wants, must look for aid elsewhere. The guide-book, as we commonly understand it, is rightly intended for the use of the great body of travellers, and has certain neces-

*Italy. Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker. Third Part: Southern Italy and Sicily. Fourteenth Revised Edition. Leipsic: Karl Baedeker.

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sary limitations on that account. As we now have it, it is an evolution, of course. The travellers of many centuries have had their need of information for the journey supplied in a more or less satisfactory way. The compiler of the first guide-book is, therefore, lost to us in the mists of antiquity.

Among the worthy modern successors of this great unknown, Karl Baedeker certainly takes high rank. He was born at Essen, November 3, 1801. His independent business began with the establishlishing of a small book-shop at Coblenz in the year 1827. After the German manner, he had, however, already served a sort of apprenticeship at Heidelberg and Berlin, and had attained to that degree of book learning which the attendance at university lectures represents. He was, therefore, a man of culture, with a natural taste for travel, which had already led to wanderings in Germany and Austria before he began to publish guide-books. His first venture in the new career which was to make his name famous was the purchase of a handbook for the Rhine journey from Mayence to Cologne. This was first issued in 1828, and Baedeker himself edited the third edition, which appeared in 1839. In the same year his guide to Holland and Belgium was published, and was followed in 1842 by his handbook for Germany and Austria.

These books are said to show clearly Baedeker's evolution: the first in the old style, adorned with illustrations and poetical extracts and freighted with descriptions, and the personal opinions of the compiler; the second with a stronger admixture of the practical and less of the personal; the third quite frankly modelled after Murray, whose influence may also be traced in the other two, and renouncing explicitly all attempt to anticipate the emotions of the traveller by wordy descriptions. There is, therefore, no injustice in calling Baedeker an emended Murray. Even in external appearance and in their red covers (adopted in 1842) these German guides show clearly their English prototype. But the differences between Murray and Baedeker also made their appearance in 1842, finding expression in that year in the preface of the handbook for Germany and Austria, and they grew more pronounced with each new edition or new volume. To Baedeker are therefore due those added characteristics which have given the guide-books appearing under his name their great vogue and have made them in reality international.

It is unnecessary to trace here in detail the gradual development of Baedeker's enterprise. When he died, in 1859, a series of nine volumes was already in existence. His guide to Italy, which he had himself compiled, and that to London, the fruit of the long residence of one of his sons in England, appeared soon after his death, and so belong to the original series. The extension of the business since that time may be shown by the simple statement that there are now twenty-six volumes in German and only a slightly smaller number in English and French. The international character of the whole series is clearly revealed in the fact that some of the volumes have a larger sale in the French or English than in the German edition.

The French and English versions of the guide-books have all made their appearance since Baedeker's death. In 1860 an unauthorised French translation of the handbook to Paris was issued, and this led the firm to prepare and publish, in 1865, its own translation. From this enforced beginning, the whole long list of French and English versions has come. It is not strictly accurate to call these editions translations. They are rather new versions based upon the German original with many minor changes to suit the real or fancied needs, tastes and prejudices of the French and English. A striking illustration of this fact came under my own observation in a chance examination of the three editions of the guide to Paris of about 1880, where there is a passing allusion to the burning of the palace of St. Cloud in the Franco-Prussian War. The changes from the statement of the German version were not of a character to lessen the sale of the French edition in Paris. Nevertheless, most of the variations in the different versions are both wise and necessary, and have done their part to make the guides really international.

The chief features of the series were fully established in Baedeker's lifetime. His successors have followed in the lines laid down by him. However, a great change has necessarily been made in the manner of compilation. Baedeker's ideal

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was that of personal acquaintance with everything described in his handbooks and personal responsibility for all statements. Such a procedure was practicable in a short series, but the increase in the number of the guide-books necessitated a change. Now each book is the work of many minds.

The ideal guide-book is, of course, still to be created, for the process of evolution has not yet ended; but certain features as exemplified in Baedeker and the best of his rivals may be regarded as fixed. Such a book must, first of all, be honest. We must feel that its judgment about hotels (to take an example on a very low plane), though possibly mistaken, is at least sincere, and that no advertisement is lurking disguised in its pages. All statements about facts must be accurate, and be based on the personal observation and experiences of the compilers. As a consequence, every guide-book should be frequently rewritten. Tastes change, circumstances change, new routes are discovered, new works of art are created, or additional layers of an old civilisation are exhumed; in short, what may be called the centre of gravity of the book shifts and a fresh compilation becomes necessary.

Not the least important feature must be the complete separation of the guide-book from the description of travel or the work on art. The past erred grievously in this respect, and there are still some who complain that their pet interests in art or music are scantily treated in the guide-books which travellers usually buy. Nevertheless, a mixture of these elements is of evil. The guide-book is for use on the spot. When it says "on the right is this and on the left is that," it says enough. The book of travel and the work on art doubtless minister to higher intellectual needs, but before the object described, at the first visit, they are a danger, for they hamper and control the imagination. The guide-book should take us to the spot, tell us what objects are to be seen there and the necessary data about them, and then leave the rest to our eyes and our imaginations. Of course, this applies only to the first visit, but then the guide is intended precisely for this first visit. It may be laid down as an axiom that to the degree a guide-book is interesting reading away from the object described and before you have visited it, to that degree it fails of its purpose.

On the other hand, it is necessary for the traveller to know what objects and places are generally considered especially noteworthy. He does not need to be told why and how they are admired. At least, that is not the function of the guide-book. Here is the justification of Baedeker's asterisks or any other simple system of marking objects and views of especial interest and importance. It is easier to make fun of such a system than to do without it.

An amusing change in Baedeker's handbook for Northern Italy may serve to point a moral. In the edition of 1879 a certain palace in Florence is marked with an asterisk for our admiration and is ascribed to Raphael, Michael Angelo, or Palladio. In the last edition the asterisk is removed; the palace is ascribed to Mariotto di Zanobi Folfi, and is dismissed as a florid Renaissance structure. While this is very troublesome to the conscientious traveller trying to do his duty by both Baedeker and Florence, it nevertheless unintentionally serves as a useful lesson in the making of guide-books.

If it were possible, the compilers of such books should have tried every hotel and gone over every route. They should have personal acquaintance with every object mentioned, and should know accurately the opinions of all the best critics and connoisseurs of their times, and show the consensus of the best opinion by some simple device. Then, they should have no literary yearnings and be content to mention only facts, and all the necessary facts, in the simplest way. And lastly, they should have no imagination, or should at least reserve theirs for their private use. Different editions of their guide-books would doubtless bid different generations of tourists admire different things, but for the brief time of their existence they would be perfect in their way.

Charles Harris.

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TWO MEN

Nothing had happened—nothing at all. She said it over and over again to herself, as if to persuade herself that it was true. But it *was* nothing—nothing at all.

She lay back on the steamer chair that was her favourite resting-place, perched high up in the little piazza just outside her bedroom. She closed her eyes wearily to think it all over, while the muffled roar of the breakers coming across the bay reiterated the tiresome phrase—that nothing, nothing at all had happened. She tried to collect her thoughts and discover just what had taken place—this nothing. She had gone to the dinner—her husband had insisted on her going without him—she had met Hobart again, they had chatted during the dinner, in a conventionally superficial way, and then again in a more personal, intimate way on the piazza after the coffee. And he had escorted her home—while the maid who had called for her walked slightly behind. At parting he had looked into her eyes, said "Good-night"—told her how pleasant it had been to meet her again, and had asked permission to call some other time, and—and that was all. As she had told herself for the twentieth time, nothing had really happened at all.

And yet she felt curiously stirred, curiously restless. She could not deny, far down in her consciousness, that something *had* happened — that in some strange, subtle way everything had happened, that all was changed.

Well, what was changed? And what was she going to do now? And why? The deep, regular breathing of her sleeping husband came to her from the closed shutters on her left—the room adjoining hers. Ah, her husband! If he had only been different! How many women, she wondered, had excused themselves thus? Here she was battling with the most serious resolution she had ever struggled with—yes, more serious than that other she had taken a few weeks before—and there he was sleeping as calmly a stone's throw away as if she had never existed. That typified their relation. Or if she had been blessed with a child! She smiled a little, wry smile at the staleness of the excuse—always excuses.

She stared for a while out over across the bay, and almost fancied she could see the dancing white foam beyond the sentinel dunes. Making a great effort, she determined to fight off her growing sluggishness, her longing to drift, determined resolutely to begin from the very beginning, and think it all out for herself.

When she had come down from town, she had been so sure of herself, so absolutely convinced that she was right, and that nothing could alter her determination. She had agreed to everything, and Harriman had remained in town to arrange some business matters, and she had planned to be domestic for a few weeks, and then they were to sail quietly away for Europe and begin life all over again. There was to be no scandal, they had gone all over it so often, she was determined to spare her husband's pride—his one vulnerable point—she was to go off to the Massachusetts coast to pay a visit to her sister, and he was to sail for a year's stay in Europe, being over-worked by that last public building he had erected in Tacoma. Her husband would receive a letter, explaining it as quietly as possible, and no one would know until the divorce was granted. Divorces can be arranged so quietly, if one knows the ropes, and has the will and the wherewithal to cheat the reporter. Of course, there would be some talk—she had made up her mind there would be some—but she knew she could rely on her husband to do it with as neat dispatch as if he were arranging a contest for a cup. Yes, he would spare her, because it would be sparing his name. *His name!* Yes, she said to herself, dreamily, that was really all he had ever given her. There had been times in the past when she had wondered if it would have made any difference had she been a poor girl and had owed a great deal to him. Would gratitude have been a bond? But she had not had even the luxury of that sentiment. This beautiful Long Island home had always been hers, and she had loved every nook and cranny of it long before she had ever met him, while he, even now, cared for it only for the sport of racing fast boats, or now and then going off on a cruise with a jolly

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stag party and plenty of cold bottles on board.

She had come down four weeks ago with the thought of Harriman stirring her strangely as she went about the place he had loved with her. They had been the most perfect companions the summer before. She had never met a man that so completely gave himself up to the fascination of lower Long Island—even as she had done. He was constantly pointing out to her the beauty of some great white sail silently gliding over what was apparently a green meadow—for the little inlets on which the boats sailed all day long slipped in and out among irregular patches of high swamp grass—or of the sky swept by great white cloud-wings as of angels, or of the sea, ever alike and yet ever changing. They never tired of the racy air—union of brine and pine—the spicy, bestirring air of lower Long Island. They had glided into this intimacy of thought and feeling as innocently as those pure white sails glided before the wind.

Then all at once there had been a shuddering awakening, brought about by some light word spoken by a woman who thought the worst and thought none the less of them—perhaps a little more—for it. The purity of the white sails was gone. They could not bear the usual attitude of the gay set, somehow they were of different calibre, and so they had talked it all over again and again, until at last the following spring had brought its solution—a decision not lightly taken on either side.

She smiled now, alone in the darkness—how well she had conned every argument—they were young, were both their lives to be sacrificed to an ill-considered act of a mere girl? Her husband did not need her, his valet was of infinitely more importance to him, perhaps his horses came next, and then his yacht, and then possibly she—or possibly another—she had long since ceased to care.

How they had protested again and again—Harriman and she—that they were made for each other! They were sympathetic, looked on life and nature from the same vantage point, enjoyed everything together, ah! *how* they enjoyed! Made for one another? Why, they *were* one, more united than ever husband and wife had been. Their union would not be a mere yielding to passion—she felt she could not endure *that*—of course not—it would be a union of intellect, heart, soul—everything. How they had delighted in justifying themselves to each other! How sure they had been that *their* wrong-doing would be different from that of any other couple in all the centuries that had gone before! *This special instance—this one case*—(ah, how we all love to deceive ourselves!) Wrong-doing! why it was right-doing! They were the blithest of sinners, the most conscious of well-doers the sun shone on.

So for the past four weeks she had lived in a dream—eaten, slept, talked, driven as usual, but awake only to the one great fact that faced her. There were powerful memories stirring her at every turn of the drive—every irregular inlet, every odour had brought Harriman vividly before her. She was going to him—the struggle was over, another week to be dreamed through and she would be his till death parted them.

Till death parted them—she had heard that before—somewhere from the dim past those solemn words rose with a strange accusation. Why did such thoughts persist to-night? Why bring up again all those harrowing doubts? She had not decided lightly; she was entering into this new relation far more prayerfully, far more earnestly than ten years before as a mere child she had entered into marriage.

Till death—yes, this step *must* be final. Its finality, its steadfastness, was what separated it from mere—mere—ah! she could not say it. Yet—suddenly she sprang up and paced the little piazza—yes, something had happened after all. That was what had happened, the first shock of doubt had come to her. Doubt—not of him, no, no, she believed in him. He worshipped her, and what was more, he honoured her. Of course no other woman would ever believe it, but he honoured her for the very sacrifice she was about to make for him. He honoured her that she was not the type to deceive her husband. He knew all that the step meant to her. She was positive that his love for her was that clean, honest love which lasts after a woman's hair turns grey. She knew the glow would sweep into his great blue eyes, ten—yes twenty

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—years from then at the sight of her, just as they did now.

But doubt none the less—and worse, doubt of herself! It had come! She should be thankful, at least, that it had not come too late. The tragedy of doubt afterward—that would have killed her by inches. Better far the doubt now. And how had that doubt entered her Eden? A pair of mocking black eyes answered her. Her hand felt again the slight pressure of an hour ago. She shivered and drew her golf cape closely about her, and turned her head and took some of the rough collar between her teeth. "I won't believe it—I can't. I won't!" she murmured, as she bit savagely at the woolly wrap.

It was all so absurd—positively childish! What had Hobart done? Nothing whatever. He had said nothing at any time that a man may not say to a woman in the same social standing. What had aroused that sudden consciousness, that unexpected spark, as of stone striking stone, flung straight from eye to eye? The slightest tightening of the good-night clasp of the hand, the sharp, quickened breath, and it was all over. She would have thought nothing of it a few years ago. Pshaw! it was nothing. Her anomalous position had sharpened her intuitions, she was morbid and overstrung, perhaps, she scolded herself, she was even growing absurd. And yet the next instant she was telling herself that a contented wife can afford a quickening breath, a flash of sympathy, whatever may be called that subtle, elusive sex-consciousness, but a woman who was on the brink of leaving her lawful husband for another man?—There was a sudden glimpse of possibilities—a great chasm seemed to open before her—a black defile. Horrible! she covered her face with her hands.

Half an hour later, her one thought was how to tell him. She never could bring herself to confess the truth—to reveal to him the spectre that had arisen between him and her. She knew he would take it all as a lack of trust in him. Ah, how that would hurt! He would think she held him as other men, light wooers of the passing moment. But even that was better than to confess it was herself she mistrusted. How she would fall in his eyes! It must be the other, hurt as it would. She rose wearily, and went to her desk. After all, it had come about that it was not to her husband that the difficult letter was to be written.

She wrote rapidly and nervously scanned one note after another, before tearing it up in passionate disgust. In all, she destroyed four. Then a sudden inspiration came to her—at least a temporary way out of the difficulty:

DEAR MR. HARRIMAN: I have suddenly decided not to pay that visit to my sister, as I had intended to do next week. So I shall remain at Summertime, where we shall be glad to welcome you at any time.

When he came, as she knew he would, there was very little explanation. She had quivered in imagination before the pain in his eyes, the reality could not hurt worse. She implored him to believe that she still trusted him—loved him? Of course, as she always would continue to do. But she could not do it—she was not as courageous as she had thought herself—that was all. He knew it was not all, but he bowed before her decision as he must.

The day before he sailed, they sat talking conventionally in the little summer house overlooking the bay. Thither came Hobart. She rose politely, introduced the two men, continued to chat in her musical, low voice. The two men felt a frigidity beneath all her vivacity—there was a sense of strain, of a holding-in of some powerful emotion. No one could have named it—yet all three felt its influence.

To Harriman even her voice had changed, hardened as if the muscles in the throat were held in a vice. By a strange intuition he realised that this newcomer had played some part in her decision. Hobart only felt in some vague way that she would never respond to him again as he had felt her respond that one night. He glowered at Harriman and cursed his coming below his breath. The two men watched each other closely, dangerous lights came and went in their eyes. She chatted on without daring to stop, and here and there the men threw in a polite interjection or two. They were club men of the twentieth century. Had they been savages, they would have flown at each other's throats.

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"Howdy!" rang out her husband's voice, as, cool and calm in his white yachting suit, he approached with a hand out for either man: "Stay to dinner?"

But neither man accepted. At the gate one man took the road to the left, the other the road to the right. Yet neither man really understood.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

THE DIFFIDENCE OF PRINT

The behaviour of newspapers came up for discussion again last month, and as usual no notice was taken of the reader's chief complaint. You might think from the criticism of newspapers that it was all a matter of tall headlines, slander and sensation. Start a reform movement, and that is the sort of thing it aims at. But why not own up? Our main grudge is against the most respectable. What if the people you met talked like a newspaper—never made an admission or saw but one side, never retracted except on compulsion or paused in the praise of themselves? Suppose their cause is a good one, do you like them for licking its boots? Consider that awful thing they call "the policy." There is nothing more amazing to the reader than the way a mind can be wrapped in a "policy." Many a decorous newspaper is edited by a moral papoose. In private life "the policy" would make you talk in epitaphs of last year's opinions, hook your fancy to a foregone conclusion, turn your mind into a bare card catalogue of the things you used to think. But being a man and not a newspaper, you can blame a workingman to-day and a capitalist to-morrow. Rules are good, but an exception is no sacrilege, and there is no fact on earth that a grown man need hide from and no cause in Heaven that is worth his cheating for. So it might be with newspapers, but they seem by nature secretive. Are you for Our President? Behold, we are at his feet. Are you against him, kind reader? Here, then, are ten more Philippine atrocities of which nine rest on no evidence, but we count them in for the good of the cause. Do the facts seem against us this morning? Then here goes for "Rug-weaving in Armenia," or, "Does a College Education Pay?" We trust it will not be suspected that we are dodging the point. Here is the forlorn little editor, so afraid of things as they are that he is doomed for months to total irrelevancy; and there is the praiser of corporations who dares not stop; and this is Mr. Pecksniff's paper with the luxuriant moral and the little meannesses that destroy the vines. The types are familiar in every large city. Where are the people who like them? Yet they are clean and respectable, and, like most of our pet aversions, are safely within the law. Criticism in private takes these lines. Public criticism—the kind that comes from the pulpit or is engrossed in resolutions—aims only at what is gross and palpable. It blames the license of the press, when our main grievance is its strange constraints and silences. In spite of the great improvement in the news columns, the comment that gives personal character has in the past fifteen years grown so feeble that many talk of giving it up altogether and leaving us alone with the reporters.

It is a loss to American letters. No matter how well news is gathered or how accurately told, the time will never come when we are content with bare narration. Those frank and inspiriting little newspaper essays were about the best things Americans ever did with their pen, but what with the death of some men and the deliquescence of others, they are now on the level with mere books. It is not a matter of premises or principles or morals in the conventional degree. We are friendly and inquisitive little animals, and the man is the main thing, after all, and there is never a moment when we would not rather meet a real one than look at a panorama of world politics or see a gas-tank explode. The newest thing in the world is a new way of looking at an old one, and the greatest thing that ever hap-

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pened is what somebody happened to think. People read newspapers more for company than for guidance; and their criticism is nine-tenths epicurean. Virtue is safe, but the mind feels lonesome in most things that we read. A reformer never seems to miss anything not mentioned in a moral code, but it is not so with the rest of us. Here we read: "Another saddening proof of the havoc the war spirit has wrought among us is afforded by the shocking scandals in the Jonesville post-office. 'War is hell,' says Burke. It was indeed to be expected that the poison would spread from the heart to the members. The government that sanctions a selfish and unholy war cannot avoid the logical consequences, and from rapine and torture in the Philippines it is an easy step to knavery at home. 'Corrupt the morality at the centre,' said Milton, 'and the devil will ramp on the perimeter.' The return of the proconsul laden with booty affords his fellow-citizen no safer example than he did in the days of Tacitus, and the warning that Sallust sounded to the venal city soon to perish (*mature perituram*) might well have been meant for us." Academic and in a sense conscientious, but where is the man on the premises? Or again, let the poor old Job of a public hearken unto the son of Barachel the Buzite: "Once more with characteristic vigour and common sense President Roosevelt has utterly confounded the assailants of the Administration and vindicated the honour of the nation. Not a shred remains of the charges against the army or the government. No one can now doubt that the headquarters of the Philippine revolt were in Boston, and fresh reports from Manila daily confirm the belief that but for treachery in this country the insurrection would not have lasted a day. President Roosevelt is not the man to shirk responsibility. As he said in his address to the Yale students, 'What this country needs is men that can bite.' Wise, statesmanlike and courageous, he has the people with him. 'Breathe hard,' said he at the Seattle Young Ladies' Seminary, waving a Rough Rider flag, 'play hard, rest hard, work hard; up and at it, no matter what it is.' Nothing could better express his own spirit and that of the American people." This is the way men divide in print, but there is nothing like it in nature. Nobody's private opinions ever take this form. It is the monochrome of party and the stage necessity of debate, the twang of the pen and the hypocrisy of the ink-bottle which make the difference between men and editors. It is not an affair of the heart.

Men are never so prim and starchy, so deeply dyed and terribly committed in real life. Many an honest fellow-being, full of earnest whims and pleasing foibles, variegated, complex, alive and charming, goes down into print as into a sarcophagus, and when you mourn his loss thinks you are trifling with the sound moral sentiment engraved on the tomb. Perhaps it comes from hearing so much about bringing things "to the bar of public opinion" and all that. Perhaps it is due to an embarrassed sense of the presence of Tom, Dick and Harry. Lowell's theory of it was that the soul had done something in a pre-existent state it was now ashamed of. But the basis of criticism is negative—not the sins committed but the pleasures withheld—and the pleasure of being talked to as an equal is the main thing the readers miss. Suppose somebody does misunderstand, or a few fat gentlemen fall by the wayside or a spinster or two is frightened away, is the thing so grave? Must one feel as pompous as Cicero? Will his country come to him in a dream and say, "Marcus Tullius, what *are* you doing?" Let the great mind go crashing forth; the casualties will be surprisingly small. That is the proper advice to give to any American writer. The question before the man is what to do in his neutral intervals in the holidays of his virtues and the pauses of his sin, for there are days and days when the moral character needs nothing done to it and the politics are all in place, when life may be merely lived and the country merely looked at, a time of secular cravings, a permissibly mundane time, the days of the devil's siesta, the reformer's Saturday nights. But an editor seldom knows such intervals, for human nature is a different thing from print. Pen in hand, he believes we do all our thinking in majorities, enjoy by popular consent, make friends on principle, doubts if there is even the larva of an imagination or a latent power of pleasant dreams, or a tender side toward any mental temptation in this exceedingly business-like land.

Frank Moore Colby.

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THE GUERDON OF DESIRE

O thou unknown companion of my soul,
I reach my yearning empty arms to thee
Across the dark! Wilt thou not come to me
Now when I call, Belovèd; though the whole
Wide universe of suns and seasons roll
Between thy world and mine? What is to be
Between our souls through all eternity
Is graven deep on God's unending scroll.

The days are long, Belovèd; but I know
That thou wilt come to me when I can say—
Though dizzy with pent passion's overflow:—
"God of the Masters, if it be the way
All mighty souls must travel, I will go
Unloved and lone until the Judgment Day!"

Elsa Barker.

IN ARCADY.

By Hamilton W. Mabie.

II.

THE LYRE OF APOLLO.

It was mid-June and the world was in flower. The delicate promise of April, when the pipes of the Faun echoed in the depths of woods faintly touched with the tenderest green, was fulfilled in a mass and ripeness of foliage which had parted with none of its freshness, but had become like a sea of moving and whispering greenness. The delicious heat of the early summer evoked a vagrant and elusive fragrance from the young grasses starred with flowers. The morning songs, which made the break of day throb with an ecstasy of melody, were caught up again and again through the long, tranquil hours by careless singers, happy in some hidden place in the meadows or sheltered within the edges of the wood; and with these sudden bursts of hidden music, there came the cool breath of the dawn into the sultry noon. The world was folded in a dream of heat; not arid, blasting, palpitating; but caressing, vitalising, liberating. The earth, loved of the sun, was no longer coy and half afraid; she had given herself wholly, and in the glad surrender the beauty that lay hidden in her heart had clothed her like a garment. In the fulfilment of her life a sudden bliss had dissolved her passionless coldness into the life-giving warmth of universal fertility.

So deep was the current of life which flowed through the world and so full and sweeping the tide, that the youth, whom it seemed to overtake in the heart of the

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pines, was half intoxicated by the delicious draughts held to his lips, and was in an ecstasy of wonder and mystery and joy. He had known the world well since that early spring morning years before when he had come upon the Faun, and the two had gone together, eager feet keeping time to the vagrant music of the pipes, to the secret places where the wild things live and are not afraid. From that hour in his boyhood he had known bird and beast so well that he came and went among them even as one of them, and his voice brought no terror and his shadow no sudden fear as he wandered, glad and friendly, through the heart of the forest. For half a decade he had had the freedom of the field and the wood, and had lived like a child of nature in the joy and strength of the life that is one with the health and beauty of the hills and stars.

Again and again he had seemed to hear, borne on the air of some still afternoon, the faint music of the pipes of the Faun, but he had never again met that ancient dweller in the woods face to face. Nor had he needed to; for the fresh delight, the instinctive joy in the life of things, the free play of muscle, the complete surrender to the sight or sound or pleasure of the moment, had been his in full measure; and he had lived the life of the senses in glad unconsciousness. And the years had gone by and left no mark on him, save the hardening of muscle, the filling out of limb, the waxing strength, the growing exhilaration of youth and freedom and infinite capacity for action and pleasure swiftly coming to clear consciousness.

Through the long years of boyhood Nature lay mirrored in his senses without blur or mist, and the images of her manifold wonder and beauty had sunk into the depths of his being. He had lived in the moving world that lay about him, stirred into incessant action by its constant appeal to his energy, caught up and carried forward for days together in a joyful rush of play; led hither and thither in endless quest of little mysteries of sight and sound which teased and baffled him; absorbed into complete self-forgetfulness by the vast continent where his lot was cast, which called him with a thousand voices to exploration and discovery.

Of late, however, there had come a touch of pain in his careless joy; a sense of mystery which disturbed and perplexed him; a consciousness of something strange and alien to the wild, free life he had been living. He no longer felt at home in the woods, and it seemed to him as if the old intimacy with the creatures that lived there had been chilled. He was no longer free-minded and free-hearted. He had lived until this hour in the world without him; now the world within was rising into view; he was coming to the knowledge of himself. And that knowledge was fraught with pain, as is all knowledge that penetrates to a man's soul and becomes part of him. As a child he had known only one world; now another world was rising into view, vexed with mists, obscured by shadows; a strange, mysterious, undiscovered country, full of enchantments, but elusive and baffling.

The world he knew seemed to contradict and fall apart from the world which was slowly disclosing itself to him, like a planet wheeling out of storm and mist into an ordered sphere. Every morning brought him the joy of discovery and the pain of "moving about in worlds not realised." The old order of his life had suddenly vanished; the sense of familiarity, of intimate living, of home-keeping and home-loving habit, had passed with it, and the youth awoke to find himself in a new world, without bound or horizon, through which no paths ran to wonted places of rest and use.

In such a mood, exhilarated and depressed, full of mounting life, but with the touch of pain on his spirit, the youth had found the murmur of the pines soothing and restful; like a cool hand laid on a hot forehead. Again and again, in these confused and perplexing months, he had fled to their silence and shade as to a retreat in the heart of old and dear things.

As he came across the fields on this radiant morning all the springs of joy were once more rising in him; the young summer touched him through every sense, and his soul rushed out to meet her in a passion of devotion and self-surrender. The pain was stilled, the sense of loneliness had vanished; and in their place had come a sudden consciousness of new intimacies forming themselves with incredible swiftness, a deep sense of a unity between his spirit and the heart of things of which

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the old familiarity had been but a faint prophecy. Over the undiscovered country of his own soul the mists were melting, the clouds rolling up into the blue and dissolving in infinite depths of tenderest sky, mountain ranges were defining their outlines against the sky, and the "light that never was, on sea or land" was swiftly unveiling a harmony and unity of world with world which was itself a new and higher beauty than had dawned before on the vision of youth.

The stillness of the summer lay in the heart of the wood, and only the gentle swaying and whispering of the pines, caressed by the lightest of moving airs, made one aware that something stirred in the vast and shining silence of the sky. It seemed to the youth, when he had entered the inner sanctuary of the wood, as if the spirit of things were touching invisible chords so softly that they vibrated almost without sound. He recalled the pipes of the Faun, so clear, piercing, distinct, tuned to the simplest pleasures of the senses, with the feeling that he had heard them echoing through the wood in some other life; so remote, detached and alien were they to the richer mood, the deeper emotion, the mounting passion, of the time and place. He heard them as one hears a clear, far cry which lies in the ear, but calls to nothing in one's spirit and sets no echoes flying in one's soul.

And while he hung upon the silence, with the faint, shrill notes of the pipes making old music in his memory, suddenly, as from some deeper retreat, some more ancient sanctuary, there rose upon the hushed air a melody that laid a finger on his lips and a hand on his heart and flooded the innermost recesses of his being. Stricken with sudden silence, mute under the spell of a music which left no thought unspoken and no experience unexpressed, he hung on the thrilling notes as if all the wonder and beauty and mystery of the world and the soul had found speech at last, and out of the innermost heart of things life flowed in a tumultuous, free and joyous rush of sound.

The pipes of the Faun had spoken to him of the joy of living, of the delight of motion, of the pleasure of the eye and ear, of the manifold murmur and happiness of living creatures when the sun makes the fields glad and the woods are full of nesting birds. It was a music which lay in the ear, clear and distinct, without modulation or mystery or any touch of that rich and baffling complexity of motive which comes with the rise into sound of those hidden and secret forces which feed the roots of life and nourish all beauty at the sources of being; the music of clear skies, of grain moving with the wind in long billows across the fields, of softly swaying forests, of rivers flowing in quiet fulness, of birds on the wing and creatures of many kinds living their lives in glad unison; and of a boy's happiness in the sight and sound of all these things.

But the music upon which the youth hung, mute and motionless in the shadow of the pines, did not rest in the ear, nor weave its melody out of familiar airs heard a thousand times in idle or busy hours; it flowed resistless and compelling into the secret places of the soul, and all the deep and far harmonies of which he dreamed when the mystery of the parts blending into one infinite whole subdued him were caught up in it and moved together in a flood of fathomless sweetness. In this rich harmony of the full, pulsating life of things the earlier song of the play of life over the surface of the world was but a slender rivulet lost in a wide and all-embracing tide. Those far pipings of the Faun made the merry, light-hearted music of the world as it lay mirrored in the senses; these later and penetrating tones made the music of the world as it sunk deep into the imagination and touched the soul of the youth. The prelusive notes of discovery were caught up and mingled with the sublime music of revelation; the world which flashed in the sun was the blossom and fruit of the fathomless life hidden in the heart of things, and this mysterious and flooding life was at one with the life that had come to knowledge and consciousness in his spirit

The gods make the music to which youth moves with eager feet, and if the youth had thrown off the spell that held him mute and motionless in the heart of the pines he would have seen a face which was long the light of a world which has sunk below the horizon, but from which the artists and poets still draw their inspiration, and to which those who make the images of beauty have always gone to test the perfection of the work of

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their hands; a face of noble and ineffable beauty; the features expressive of perfect symmetry and of the finest individuality; the eyes unshadowed by pain, luminous, tender, glowing; the great shape so divinely fashioned that strength was lost in beauty and beauty became the highest form of strength.

A long way the god had come and manifold had been his wanderings; but wherever he went the music of high heaven went with him. When he watched the herds in shepherd's guise, the sound of the strings touched by his hand had not only led the flocks, docile and happy, but so filled them with life that they had grown as flocks had never grown before. Healer and protector, bringer of light and health, the splendour of his face was the poetry of the world, the glance of his eye its prophecy, the trembling of the strings at his touch its music. He was the master of all living things and of the flash and charm of the soul of Nature caught for a moment in the shimmer of leaves and the shining of water.

But it was the diviner beauty, moving out of sight to ultimate ends, which gave his face its majesty of repose and depth of loveliness. For him there were no shadows; in his ear no discords sounded; for in him the brightness of the sky was prisoned and his hand made the music of the spheres. He saw the roots of things; he heard the grasses growing in the darkness of the earth; he marked the rising and falling of the tide of life in all the invisible channels in which it ebbs and flows; in his mind all things were revealed in their divine order, and beginning and end were shown in radiant progression.

And because all things were revealed to him and the order of creation moved about him in unbroken unity he was the interpreter of this hidden harmony to men, the inspirer of all song, the maker of all visions, the master of the mystery of the world. In him fact and power and thought were blended and harmonised in the creative imagination, and from him flowed the stream of creative energy.

And while the youth hung on the throbbing of the unseen lyre the hidden order of the world was revealed to him, and he too heard the vast, inarticulate murmur of life ascending from form to form in the depths where the forces that mould the mountain summits and colour the light that shines on them, that fashion the flower with delicate skill and drive forth the blast that blights it, forever build and destroy that they may rebuild on broader foundations and on a nobler plan.

And the meaning of the world grew clear; for the youth understood his own spirit, and in that knowledge the confusions vanished while the mystery deepened; and the splendour fell on his heart so that it was a pain, and the melody of it seemed too great for his spirit.

(*To be concluded.*)

MY LOVE

I dare not ask you for your love—
The stars I cannot reach above.
I will not dream that you love me,
I only pray: May I love thee?

Alison M. Lederer.

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EIGHT BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

M. Hanotaux's "Contemporary France."*

M. Gabriel Hanotaux has undertaken to narrate the history of contemporary France from February, 1871, to the end of the year 1900. The first volume, which is now before us, carries the narrative to the 24th of May, 1873. It therefore comprises, among other events of importance, the *régime* of M. Thiers, the conclusion of the war with Germany, the period of the Commune and the termination of the German occupation of French territory.

The interest of this book lies in the fact that it presents us with a discussion of certain topics of interest which have hitherto been treated, for the most part, by writers other than Frenchmen. It gives us, therefore, the French point of view as held by an author who possesses in a high degree the judicial temperament and the training of a professional historian. When the Franco-Prussian War broke out, M. Hanotaux was too young to be a mature observer of contemporary events. It is due to this circumstance, no doubt, that in his treatise a few minor errors are found; but it is also to this fact that we must in part ascribe the composure and serenity with which the author discusses matters upon which many Frenchmen bring to bear the resources of rhetoric rather than the dictates of pure reason.

Out of the *embarras de richesse* which this volume lays before us it is impossible for the reviewer to select all the features which deserve both comment and commendation. Among these, however, may be noted the lucidity with which M. Hanotaux shows that, although Napoleon III. pronounced the famous dictum that the Empire meant peace, the logic of events and the circumstances of his rule made it certain that the Empire in reality meant war. What actually gave the Third Napoleon his throne was the striking contrast between the glory of the Napoleonic legend and the inglorious incompetency of Louis Philippe. Under this *bourgeois* king the prestige of France sank low indeed. As our author expresses it:

> In Belgium there had not been the courage to accept a throne; in the Egyptian affair there had been a withdrawal in face of the coalition of Europe. The head had been bowed in the affair of Pritchard. The finest army in Europe exhausted itself in the conquest of Algeria, a heritage of the Restoration. In one word, the Government of July without allies, without a programme, consigned the enthusiasm of France to a regimen of disillusion.

What France expected from a Napoleon was the exact opposite of all this. It demanded splendour, military triumphs and glory; for, to quote Lamartine, "France was bored." Moreover, Napoleon's doctrine of "complete nationalities" urged him on to military action. To the desire for enhanced prestige was due the alliance with England in the Crimean War. To the doctrine of complete nationalities was due the Italian War of 1859. But the German War of 1870 involved the admission of an error. The principle of complete nationalities had raised a spectre on the Rhine which threatened another and a still more vital principle—that of the balance of power upon the Continent of Europe.

M. Hanotaux is of the opinion that, in spite of the inefficiency of the French staff and the preparedness of the German forces, the early disasters of July and August, 1870, were by no means necessarily fatal. Even after the Prussians were

*Contemporary France. By Gabriel Hanotaux. Vol. I. (1870-73.) With portraits. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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sweeping over Eastern France in triumph there was still a chance:

Around Metz, France had a still formidable army and at Châlons forces wanting perhaps in cohesion, but which could be counted on. It was necessary to assemble these troops under Paris in order to cover the capital. The Regency opposed this measure of safety. At Paris the return of the beaten Emperor was dreaded. MacMahon hesitated. Was he to follow his own inspiration, retreat toward the Seine, or should he obey the directions of the political power, march to the northeast in order to effect his junction with Bazaine? A telegram from Marshal Bazaine, announcing Montmédy as his objective, decided him. He no longer thought of anything but going to the rescue of his colleague. The union of the two forces would have been formidable. But the Prussian armies outstripped MacMahon. Instead of joining Bazaine, the army of Châlons engulfed itself in the funnel of Sedan, where, after an heroic resistance, it was annihilated.

Some of the portraits which are drawn by M. Hanotaux are very good indeed. Among them is the sketch of M. Thiers, that redoubtable little man "fresh, smart, clothed in his maroon frock-coat, the white, crest-like tuft on the top of his head, his round eyes behind his spectacles"—a vain, pliant, irritable creature, yet brilliant in his talk, sagacious in judgment, and abounding in excellent reasons for everything that he saw fit to do.

He liked speaking in aphorisms; to those who reproached him with showing himself too much the hail-fellow to his adversaries, he said: "Reconnoissances are made only in the enemy's country." Here is another stroke, related by an eye-witness: "The evening of the discussion on the bishops' petition, at the reception at the Presidency, an acid-tongued Orleanist was saying in a group that M. Thiers had tricked his former friends, and that, in spite of his protestations, he aspired to the dictatorship. M. Thiers heard, drew near, and addressing the malcontent said to him: 'My good friend, one day King Louis Philippe wanted to make me join a ministerial combination which did not suit me. I held my ground; the King insisted: "You would like to make me believe," said Louis Philippe, sarcastically, "that you do not care for office?" I was a bit annoyed, and I replied to the King: "Sir, on all the occasions when your Majesty has told me that you only accepted the burden of the crown in desperation, I have always believed you."'"

The greatest single act that M. Thiers performed for France was the liberation of the territory which Germany held as security for the vast sum which France had been compelled to pay. He had the rare courage to allow the Germans to make a triumphal entry into Paris, since by this momentary humiliation he retained heroic Belfort within the French frontiers; and he spared no effort to hasten the evacuation of Champagne and the other districts which the Germans held. His constant maxim was: "First of all, the enemy out of France!" So long, indeed, as German troops were quartered on French soil, France hardly was in full possession of confidence in her own existence and in her future. There was a very definite peril in prolonging the German occupation. Many times unpleasant incidents occurred which seemed to threaten actual bloodshed. On one occasion, Bismarck telegraphed to Jules Favre that some French troops had through error entered a district reserved for the Germans, and with his usual brusqueness said that unless they were instantly withdrawn they would be attacked before the ending of the day. This message was received at eight o'clock in the evening, and the French detachments were withdrawn only half an hour before the stroke of midnight. Had a single shot been fired, France would have been plunged once more into new hostilities. Again, French prowlers shot at German troops, and local juries of their fellow-countrymen acquitted them. At once the Germans proclaimed martial law in the departments which they occupied, and thereafter they tried offenders by military law and promptly shot them. Every day of the occupation, therefore, involved infinite danger, and when Thiers succeeded in paying the three billion francs which constituted the war indemnity, he had saved his country from a peril that cannot be exaggerated.

M. Hanotaux speaks of Bismarck with much reticence, yet what he says is worth repeating:

This is not the place to pass judgment on Prince Bismarck. His powerful physiognomy

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exercised a kind of hypnotism on the generation of his contemporaries. His acts are but little discussed, because distance of time is still wanting to measure their results. However, one can even now note that his political genius was incomplete, powerful though it was. Entirely devoted to the political game, there are some sentiments which he refused to take into account. His principal instrument was force; his motto from the beginning was *sanguine et ferro*.

His realism took the surrounding humanitarianism by surprise; the militarism by which he was sometimes swayed got the better of the general inclination to parliamentary institutions. He obtained successes which broke the order of ideas and sentiments dominant in Europe at the time when he lived. He acted in a revolutionary spirit. But a revolutionary in reaction, he deposited in the very heart of his work the germ of weakness inherent in works of violence, insufficiently balanced.

Prince Bismarck has often been compared with Cardinal Richelieu. The latter, refined, aristocratic, impassioned for all manifestations of human greatness, developed France in the direction of her national genius, while the other, a hard task-master to his own country, turned it aside from its path and has, for a long time perhaps, put it out of conceit with the elevated and sentimental ideal inherent in the ancient and traditional aspirations of that noble Germanic race.

The translator of this book, Mr. J. C. Tarver, has done his work on the whole quite well, though scarcely after the fashion which one would have expected from the student and biographer of Flaubert.

Harry Thurston Peck.

II.

Frank Danby's "Pigs in Clover."*

The Cad in Fiction might serve as a theme for quite an extensive literary monograph. Thackeray may have been the first English novelist to recognise the possibilities of the type, but he by no means exhausted the subject. His cads are, for the most part, of the rather obvious British type; his Fokers and his Barnes Newcomes are all of purely native stock, and once the type is recognised they can under any given circumstances be depended upon to exhibit a certain definite degree of caddishness. A far more interesting type is that in which there enters a certain alien strain, a latent mongrel taint of Eastern blood, Semitic or Hindu or Negroid—a taint which in the exceptional instance shows itself in far more subtle ways than a mere extravagance of dress, an Oriental love of strong scents and flamboyant colours. Mr. Anthony Hope's *Quisanté* is still remembered as an interesting study of this type, showing how a strain of the Portuguese Jew may crop out unexpectedly in a third or fourth generation. Quisanté himself is a man possessing that certain indefinable something that appeals to women; a man whom even his fellow-men usually take to be a gentleman, but he has a certain twist in his moral nature, an opulent flow of language, that at times sweeps him off his own feet and involves him, through the mere love of hearing himself talk, in a series of picturesque and wholly unnecessary falsehoods that in the end undermine the affection even of the woman who has dedicated her life to him.

An analogous type of character, drawn more pitilessly and with greater sureness of touch, forms the centre of interest in the strong novel with a flippant and rather misleading title that bears upon its title-page the signature of "Frank Danby." If it were not an open secret that the author is a woman of Jewish origin, one would guess her sex in spite of the masculine pen-name and the well-sustained virility of style, not only by her subtle presentment of certain half-tones in feminine character, but more particularly by the continual surprises that one meets with in the shape of shrewd analyses of men's nature—miraculous flashes of observation which a man necessarily recognises as true, but which none but a woman would have thought of recording. This is not the first book in which "Frank Danby" has analysed the English Jew with a merciless frankness that verges upon malice. It is quite obvious that here again she has intended the main argument of the story to lie in a broad racial problem, the eligibility of the modern Jew to be received on a footing of social equality. At least she proclaims this

*Pigs in Clover. By Frank Danby. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

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purpose in her title, suggesting, as she does, the pushing droves of unsavoury and unwelcome intruders eager for a feast upon the forbidden social clover. Having in mind a clear and definite story to tell, she has undertaken to tell it on a very big scale, and at times one feels that she herself was a little bit self-conscious, a little bit overwhelmed by the weight of her subject. In these days it is not easy to draw a hard-and-fast line between realism and psychology. Yet, as a mere matter of artistic unity, the psychological writer who contents himself with a smaller canvas will produce a proportionately stronger piece of work. The realist, the man who intentionally touches upon the material surface of things, may make his picture as broad as he pleases, may crowd it with figures from all paths of life, may present humanity in battalions and in regiments. But the author whose special province is to probe down into the mysteries of the human heart, and the interest of whose picture centres in the dingy back parlour of a London lodging-house, gains nothing by sketching a map of the entire British Empire over the margins of his canvas.

"Frank Danby" theorises a great deal about the modern Jew. Practically her story contains just two types, the full-blooded Hebrew, self-made multi-millionaire, proud of his success, conscious of his social shortcomings, and good-naturedly amused at the pointed snubs that he receives; and the mongrel type, the "veneered cad in a golden frame," who almost passes for a gentleman, who betrays his origin to the casual stranger only by the slight burr of his "r," and who keeps the full knowledge of his social and moral obliquity concealed from those nearest and dearest to him almost until the last. There is something thoroughly artistic about the way in which we are introduced to Karl Althaus, South African millionaire, and his adopted brother Louis, in the full noontide of their prosperity, and then are permitted to catch one fleeting glimpse of their origin. It is as though a curtain were drawn aside for an instant from some grim, ghastly, lurid picture, and then allowed to fall back into place almost before the spectator realises the significance of what he has seen. One remembers only the squalid chamber in the wretched Kosher provision shop near Houndsditch; the fat, repulsive old Jewess with a greasy black fringe above her forehead, paralysed, helpless on her bed, dead already excepting for the haunting pathos of her questioning eyes; the miserable Polish Jew, her husband, not satisfied with having drained her like a human leech of her last penny and her last ounce of strength, but heaping upon her the crowning insult, the final degradation of bringing in another woman, a girl from the London streets, to share their poverty and wretchedness. And finally, that crowning, indescribable scene, the haunting atmosphere of death, a dying Jewess, a dying English girl, a new-born child, and Karl Althaus, a lad of twelve, solemnly promising to be a brother and a protector to that child throughout its life. And in this glimpse of their origin we get the secret of the lifelong difference between these two men. Karl, coarse, vulgar, unscrupulous, nevertheless had his own definite moral standard. As a boy he might steal, but never beg; he might lie, but never break his promise. Louis was first, last and always a cad, and the great distinguishing feature of a cad is not that he has a lower standard than other men, but that in certain directions he has no moral standard at all.

There is a great deal in the book which the author might have left out—questions of racial antagonism, of imperialism in South Africa, of Cecil Rhodes and his Cape-to-Cairo schemes. The readers to whom this book will really appeal, and who will find its vital interest in the life history of just one man and one woman, would have sacrificed all the rest without a protest. The same story might have been told in a dozen different ways with a dozen different sets of facts, and would have worked out to exactly the same conclusion. As a matter of fact, the essential details of the story are as follows: In all South Africa there is no richer vein of ore than "the Geldenrief," and in it centres Karl's scheme for a colossal fortune. But the richest part of the vein dips down under the farm of one Piet de Groot, a pig-headed old Boer, who cares nothing for gold mines and will not sell. This farm is his home, his family burial lot; his father and grandfather lie beneath its sod, and no Englishman shall have it. But Piet is old and ill. His wife, Joan, is a

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young Englishwoman, with a clear, virile brain and an essentially feminine temperament. She lives estranged from him, but sooner or later she will inherit the farm. All these facts Karl very well knows. He knows also that a crisis is imminent; that any day a political bombshell like the Jameson Raid may bring the Transvaal, and the Geldenrief with it, under English control. Meanwhile there are two things which an unscrupulous man could do. If he were a man possessed of that rare and indefinable compelling power, he might get Piet's wife, Joan, into a position where she would be at his mercy. If, like Karl, he had in England a powerful friend such as Lord Heyward—and especially if he was in possession of the shameful secret about Lord Heyward's daughter, he might exert a subtle influence through the British Parliament upon England's foreign policy. Karl Althaus, being neither a seducer nor a blackmailer of women, missed both opportunities. Louis, being an adept in both arts, missed neither.

A great deal has been written about the mysterious attraction of sex, that indefinable spell which the particular man may exert over the particular woman. The idea, however, has been elaborated and analysed by "Frank Danby" in a way which seems to leave nothing further to be added. She says:

> There is a mystery known to all who know men and women, to all who have insight into, sympathy with, or understanding of, their fellow-travellers, but it is blank and incomprehensible to the Pharisees, and to all who would read and run at the same time. This is a mystery that fills the divorce courts, mocks the incredulous, and sets at nought all creeds and convictions. It is that a certain something, subtle, sweet, and rare, not a perfume, not a touch, but an echo of both, light, elusive, or pervading, is the special property of some loose-living men, a property that is beyond the reach of analysis, but recognisable in the freemasonry of the passions by all who have realised its existence. It is as the candle to the moth, as the rose to the butterfly, as the magnet to the steel. It is a surface lure of sex, it is an all-compelling whisper, almost it seems that to hear it is to obey. But some ears are deaf to it, some few dull ears.

This is the paragraph that serves as an introduction to the chapters detailing the conquest of Joan de Groot by Louis Althaus—chapters wonderful in their discernment and merciless frankness, chapters which probably portray more nearly than any other contemporary novel the English equivalent of a Bel Ami. To Louis, Joan's attraction was not wholly a matter of self-interest. It was not merely that she was a means to an end, a stepping-stone to the possession of the Geldenrief, thereby enabling him to steal a march upon his brother Karl. He had not been ten minutes in her presence before he had realised that "her bright, illusive womanhood was shy and wild, and he wanted it, as men want always to bring down wild things." And as for Joan, in spite of her clear, level little brain, the virile brain that had made her quite a personage in the South African colony, and had produced a much-discussed novel called *The Kaffir and His Keeper*—she knew within those ten minutes "that she was lonely, and that love, the love of which she read, of which she wrote, had been nothing but a pulseless word, colder than print. Her loneliness shuddered through her and then was gone, and the low voice with its burred 'r's' filled its place."

The elaboration of this drama is a bit of rare literary art. The history of his conquest, his deliberate, persistent effort to bring down a "wild thing" is narrated with a probing insistence, a consummate knowledge in which not a single word rings false. "He blotted out thought and gave her sensation in its stead; she vibrated at his touch as violin strings at the hand of a musician;" and again, "always he met her moods half way. If she did not care for him *in every way*, if she was not as sure as he was that life meant nothing for either of them apart, then she was right. He would not take her in a mood. She must come to him, because she wanted him as he wanted her. He was an artist in his rôle." The best test of the truth of the picture is that one sees so clearly beforehand just what the inevitable outcome will be. A "dream voyage" to England, a brief month or two of paradise in a cottage near Bushey, and then the true character of Louis is gradually disclosed: the smallness of his moral stature, his abyssmal selfishness. Joan remains the woman of moods that she has

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always been, and he wearies of meeting these moods half way. She is a woman who will defer dinner for half an hour in order to gaze at a sunset, not realising that he is hungry, impatient and fuming inwardly, and when the belated meal is ready, she has not had the tact to guard against the inevitable steak coming on burned, cold and utterly unpalatable. Manlike, Louis ceases to come to Bushey even on Sunday. "Instead, Joan went to him in London. She had to meet him at unfrequented eating houses, at small hotels, where in private rooms, stiff with obtrusive velvet furniture, horrible with long pauses between the courses, with the leering waiter knocking ostentatiously before he entered, the glamour of love began to fall before her blue eyes and the reality of it to lurk hideously in the background of her drugged mind." It is a temptation to linger out of all proportion over these chapters. In bulk they form a mere fraction of the volume. But they are simply luminous with comprehension of a situation so piteously common in real life, and which so few novelists have ever succeeded in transplanting bodily into the pages of fiction. Take, for instance, the intuition shown in a paragraph like this:

> She learned to cry in those days, when she was telling herself how happy she was; she cried silently, long, often. But she was gay when she was with Louis, because to be dull with him would mean that she was not happy with him; not to be happy with him would mean that she reproached him, and Louis could not bear reproaches. In her eyes, at least, he must be perfect. He gave her to understand this.

If Joan could only have realised it, the succession of petty quarrels, of wilful misunderstandings, of groundless reproaches that perplexed and distressed her, were the one thing which held Louis to her. They were the daily condiment that added a zest to a passion which had almost lost its savour. But there came a time, a crisis, that was in bitter earnest.

It was a memorable scene, the night when these two come together, each in possession of a momentous secret. She with the knowledge that a long treasured hope has at last grown into a certainty, a knowledge that has for the first time justified her in praying that Piet de Groot may die; and woman-like, she fancies that Louis will understand and share her joy. The secret that he brings is the news that Piet de Groot is already dead; but this is a secret which he has no intention of sharing with Joan. First of all, he must get her signature to a full and absolute release of her interest in the Geldenrief, and in thinking that he can obtain this, he shows how little he understands Joan's character. In her passions she may be weak, but in the right and wrong of money matters she has a remarkably clear and level brain. She has wronged her husband enough already. Never through her act shall his wishes in regard to the property be disregarded. So in spite of her dread of the inevitable "scene" which must ensue with Louis, she has the strength to deny him, to argue with him, to hold him off. Within an hour after he has left her planning to renew the attack she learns the truth: that her husband is dead, that Louis knew it, that his interest in her first, last and always has centred in the Geldenrief. She knows her own pitiful weakness, that if not to-day, then to-morrow or the day after, at a pleading word from him, at the soft sound of those familiar burred "r's" she will sign the paper as he asks. So she burns her ships behind her. She seeks a lawyer, executes a paper relinquishing all rights in her husband's property, posts it to South Africa, and disappears into the obscurity of East London. It is here, months later, that Karl Althaus finds her destitute, a pitiful wreck of her former self, without a strong enough grip upon life even to mourn for the child that was born dead. It is from her lips that Karl learns of the share that Louis, the adopted brother, who owed all his prosperity and wealth to Karl, had had in her misery:

> "I left him. He didn't leave me, he didn't desert me, don't think it, Karl. He was disappointed in me. I didn't want to be a drag on him. I knew he was dependent upon you. I knew he wasn't rich——"
>
> "What!" he shouted, screamed it almost. No one had ever seen Karl Althaus like this before. He had risen from his seat, his face was purple; but still he saw her, terrified, white.
>
> "Go on! Go on! *He wasn't rich*——"
>
> "Karl!"
>
> "I'm beside myself. Don't mind me—he

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wasn't rich, you say. For God's sake, get on! Oh, my God, don't tell me he left you without money! Oh, my God, the thing I've reared!"

Karl marries her. At least he gives her the shelter of his name, demanding from her nothing, accepting nothing beyond the privilege of restoring her to her former position in the world's esteem and to her own self-respect. Yet his very generosity, his unvarying consideration, his careful attempt at concealment of his own feelings, make her life a daily punishment. "Karl's eyes, which seemed to her pleading eyes; Karl's wishes, which she thought she read there; Karl's hand on her shoulder, all outraged her; for in her life there was, there could be, but one man." There is the keynote; she was the type of woman in whose life there could be but one man. The author might have written Finis after these words, instead of forcing us to follow the story through the bitterness of its inevitable end. The world is a small place; never smaller than when it contains two people who by all the laws of justice and equity ought never to meet again. It was a foregone conclusion that sooner or later Joan and Louis would meet, and that when they met he would be weak enough and cruel enough to try to lure her back, if only to gratify a poor, contemptible vanity in his own power of pleasing. And if Joan once heard the soft tone of his voice, with that unforgettable foreign burr of the "r," she would have no power to deny. But once already in a similar crisis Joan had had the strength of her weakness. She had burned her ships behind her. In relinquishing the Geldenrief, she had committed financial suicide. This time it would not be a question of pounds and shillings, but of Karl's honour and her own self-respect, and what a woman like Joan would do in such a crisis it was quite unnecessary for the author to set down as she has done in the cold black and white of the printed page.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

III.

Mr. Page's "Gordon Keith."*

Thomas Nelson Page has long been numbered among the serious collectors of material from which in time shall come the hundred-volumed Epic of America. He has been hitherto the accepted chronicler of the South, the land he knows and loves, and it is something of a disappointment to find him in his latest, most ambitious work so far afield from regions he had made his own. For Mr. Page has turned his back on Dixie, dialect and darkies, and forsaken specialty for general practice.

With every confidence in his ability to some day write a full-fledged romance, it must be admitted that the author has not attained perfection at a bound. The grip of the Short Story habit is still strong upon him; the glamour of the rounded episode. He is too apt to give undue significance to minor people and incidents that have but little bearing on his tale. And the result is often a diverted interest, and in the end an overcrowded stage, which can be cleared only through a most alarming death-rate. But Mr. Page's episodes are always entertaining, sometimes exciting, and thrilling more than once. His style is ever finished and agreeable, none the less so for infrequent, all unconscious lapses into local idiom. His sentiment is never mawkish and his drama, if at times a trifle "melo," is always wholesome.

The American novel in this year of grace is still—like heaven—all about us, and—like heaven—it has many mansions. And Mr. Page's story has a mansion for its motive power—the fine old Southern country seat of "Elphinstone," where the Keiths lived for generations in almost feudal state, and which was lost to them as a sad sequel to the Civil War. In spite of every effort to adapt himself to new conditions during the days of reconstruction, the elder Keith, soldier, diplomat and gentleman of the old school, was at length obliged to accept from Northern hands the overseership of broad acres once his own. And this he did without loss of dignity, while his son Gordon went into the world determined to regain the family property.

> Gordon Keith was the son of a gentleman. And this fact, like the cat the honest miller left to his son, was his only patrimony. . . . He carried it with him as a devoted Romanist wears a sacred scapulary next to his heart.

It is with the career of Keith the

*Gordon Keith. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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younger that the story deals. And the reader will find him an attractive fellow, manly, honest, chivalrous and hot-blooded. He becomes by turns a civil engineer, a schoolmaster, the driver of a mountain stage coach, and a financier, all phases which a strenuous young American having his way to make might well pass through; and his adventures, though occasionally irrelevant, give Mr. Page an opportunity for some capital descriptive writing.

It is when the action of his story changes to the North that we miss something of the charm of Mr. Page's earlier work. We feel that he has gone back too far for his model; back to the old three-volume days, in fact, when plot and counter complication interlaced and made a tangle which the reader had a right to see unwound. But the author has not shirked responsibilities; he has kept his weaving well in hand and leaves not a single strand at loose ends.

An attempt to follow Gordon Keith's adventures here would be unjust, for they are written in five hundred pages, and these are none too many. Moreover, Mr. Page's many admirers will be glad to follow them for themselves. The book, though not a great one, is by no means little. And if

> We miss the old plantations,
> The friends and the relations,

we have at least to thank its author for a worth-while story.

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

IV.

The Autobiography of a Thief."*

"Scotland Yard" is of the opinion that a pickpocket does not count for much as a criminal specialist. A representative of the "Yard" said, not long ago: "We meet American detectives, every now and then, and when we get to talking about thieves that we know, they seem to think that because a man can pick a pocket he is a remarkable person. We don't pay much attention to that class of people on this side. We pick them up when we need them, but we don't think it worth while to lose much time in wondering about their alleged skill as criminals. When an American detective can think of nothing else to say about a thief, whom he knows, he says: 'Well, anyhow, he is a good dip.' When that is all that can be said about a thief over here, the fact is simply noted down for future reference."

The hero in Mr. Hutchins Hapgood's new book, *The Autobiography of a Thief,* admits that he was a pickpocket. He also says that he was a burglar. That he failed to burgle with any remarkable success is evident from his own story. To be a "great" burglar requires ability such as "Light-Fingered Jim" did not possess. With the assistance of Mr. Hapgood, however, he has been able to make the story of his life interesting. Compared with other autobiographies of a similar kind, "Light-Fingered Jim's" account of himself is in many ways superior. Langdon W. Moore, a "greater" thief than "Jim" ever thought of being, put on paper what he was pleased to call his reminiscences. They were entertaining and instructive, but Moore omitted to tell all that he knew. Austin Bidwell, the Bank of England thief, as he was often called, also wrote his life, after he had served twenty years in an English prison. Like Moore, he probably forgot to tell much that might have been more interesting than that which he saw fit to publish.

"Light-Fingered Jim" may not have given to Mr. Hapgood all the details of his adventuresome career, but his "record," as written by Mr. Hapgood, is more completely laid bare than in either of the other books referred to. It is not such a big "record" as had Moore and Bidwell, but this fact does not make it any the less worth knowing. Its frankness constitutes its distinction. When it comes to things that "Jim" has no reluctance in speaking about, the story is told with a love for truth and fact such as few men or women would like to expose. It is not impossible that "Jim's" Irish imagination has made some incidents seem more picturesque and amus-

*The Autobiography of a Thief. Edited by Hutchins Hapgood. New York: Fox, Duffield and Company.

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ing than they actually were; but a man whom the State has allowed to become a morphine fiend while in the State's custody as a felon, should be permitted certain luxuries of the imagination.

The story of the man as a "hop" victim constitutes for the present reviewer the most illuminating part of the book. Here is a man who fought the State as a thief for twenty years. The State won out in the struggle at least three times, and was able to put the thief behind prison bars. The life in "Stir" became very irksome. It was natural that the thief should do his utmost to relieve the monotony. What did the State do? Through its prison representatives and employés, it said to "Jim": "For a consideration we will furnish you with drugs which will help you to dream that you are not shut up." The thief was very anxious to have such dreams; "consideration" was found and delivered. Gradually, the drugs and the fretting about being shut in when the drugs failed to come fast enough, preyed upon the thief's nerves until he was declared insane and sent to the madhouse. The taxpayer was not let into the game at all; the State and "Jim" played it out between them. Recently, in one of the public prints, revelations of a similar character were published; they pertained to one of the madhouses in which "Jim" did some of his "time." The revelations showed that the taxpayer assists in a penological system which not only fails to reform the prisoner, but which also does its utmost to make him a raving maniac. In "Jim's" book there is hardly a statement which indicates that the reformative theory of punishment receives recognition in the prisons of New York State. Revenge, pure and simple, is what "Jim" learned that society meant when it shut him up for his wrong-doing. It may be that he puts things strongly sometimes, but the spirit of the truth, at least, is plain in every chapter of the book. No man could imagine a long story such as "Jim" has told to Mr. Hapgood, and, at the end, have the story sound like the real thing. That, in general, it is the real thing, is the feeling the reader has, after he has finished with *The Autobiography of a Thief*. It is not a pleasant book; it is anything but a book such as "the young person" should receive as a birthday gift. It *is* a book, however, which the man anxious to keep track of life in this country should read and ponder over.

Mr. Hapgood's part of the work seems well done. He has tried to let "Jim" tell his story in his own way. There are passages that do not always fit in with certain others, which are obviously "Jim's;" but it is possible that some of the long words and finished sentences are as much "Jim's" as Mr. Hapgood's. It is pathetic to read in the Postscript that "Jim" has been unable to get a foothold as a wage-earner since his return to decent living; but he, at least, has this consoling fact to encourage him—he has honestly tried to show that a thief's life is not worth while.

Josiah Flynt.

V.

"The Story of an East Side Family."*

Often while studying those vast, complex, crowded pictures that French realism has painted of Paris life,—sombre, repellent pictures like *L'Assommoir* and *Le Ventre de Paris*,—the question will arise why no one has yet been found who could paint the same sort of pictures of the teeming life in New York, the noise and bustle and confusion of the great markets, the crowded, stifling tenements of the East Side. There have been plenty of attempts at stories of the slums, but they are all fragmentary, abortive, and, for the most part, fundamentally dishonest in their exaggeration of the work of reform accomplished by the city missions and the college settlements. At intervals, so rare as to be noteworthy, one comes across a really encouraging attempt, such as this new story by Mrs. Betts, which narrowly misses being a work of a high order. What strikes one in this volume is its obvious sincerity, frank courage and clear knowledge of existing conditions. It is marred by a certain personal note that

*The Story of an East Side Family. By Lillian W. Betts. New York: Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

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will creep in, a sympathetic tone which is not quite sentimentality, and which nevertheless suggests the sound of a voice speaking through tears. On the whole, Mrs. Betts seems under no delusions as to the hopelessness of wholesale reform, but she does let her obvious interest in mission work lead her astray in the individual case. She sees that seed falling by the wayside and on stony ground will sometimes take root; and here and there in her story she has magnified these straggling seedlings into vigorous growth, bearing fruit a thousand-fold. But for the most part she has shown herself remarkably clear-sighted. The picture she paints is not a pleasant one; squalid, unhealthy tenements, an atmosphere reeking with stale beer, sodden, unkempt men and women, querulous voices rising and falling in angry tones, while the easy-going policeman just around the corner wonders how soon he will be forced to leave his seat on the lid of the grocer's coal bin and make a pretence at interfering.

The Story of an East Side Family is the name that Mrs. Betts has chosen to give her book. It is really a story of a dozen different families, the various threads being interwoven with no small amount of skill, resulting in a very effective impression of the motley, crowded life of the tenement district. The centre of interest, however, really lies in one couple, Jack and Mary. Somewhere in the book Jack's surname is mentioned, but the reader does not remember it; neither did Jack himself, for that matter; and that was why he constantly got into disgrace during the few weeks of schooling that constituted his whole education. Jack's first bit of real luck came when his big brother-in-law summarily kicked him out of his home in a flying curve that landed him in a huddled heap at the foot of the tenement stairs. Henceforth he grew up in the gutter, sleeping in barrels, boxes, empty hallways, earning a precarious living in a hundred ways known only to boys of the street. At nineteen, on his lucky days he helped to peddle coal and wood, his one stock in trade being his hoarse, raucous voice, that he had learned to pitch above the din of city streets, and that already had sown in his throat the seed of future trouble. Mary was Jack's only friend from childhood up, as poverty-stricken, as neglected and usually as hungry as himself. Moreover, she was burdened with a drunken mother, whose only intervals of sobriety were those of enforced absence on the Island. One night Mary and Jack compare notes. She has had nothing to eat since last night's supper. He has had nothing since yesterday's breakfast. Suddenly he makes a proposition: "We can't be no worse off togedder than we is now. Let's get married." Their honeymoon begins in an empty hall bedroom over a German grocery store, the kindly grocer donating a broken-down table and two empty soap boxes as the sole furniture.

> In five minutes Jack and Mary were sitting on the boxes in the dusky room. Jack looked about with a proud air of ownership. When docks, covered carts and open hallways have been one's only home for years, a hall bedroom, furnished with a table and two soap boxes, on one of which sits the wife you love, becomes palatial. As they sit in the dusky room, the love-light shining in their faces, although it is so dark they cannot see each other, there is a knock at the door and a scurrying through the hall. Jack opened the door to find a number of parcels. He gathered them up and put them on the table. A bottle and a candle were on top. Jack lighted the candle and put it in the bottle; and when he opened the bundles of bread and cheese and butter, he looked at them for a moment speechless. His honest blue eyes filled with tears. Mary rose and stole softly around the table, slipping her hand through his arm and leaning her cheek against his sleeve.
>
> Jack looked down at the brown head, and, putting his head down on it, he murmured: "The duffer!" That was Jack's "God bless him!"

Such was the foundation of the particular East Side family that Mrs. Betts takes as her centre of interest. She follows the fluctuations of their fortunes faithfully and minutely to the end of their lives, and while she shows the upward progress that can be gained through sobriety, industry and a certain inborn shrewdness, she shows also that for human beings handicapped at the outset as this couple were handicapped the game of life is in the long run necessarily a losing game.

F. T. C.

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VI.

Mr. Pier's "The Triumph."*

The Triumph may remind some persons that a big title is a dangerous thing. When we meet Neal Robeson aboard the train home-bound, with his doctor's diploma, so to speak, in his pocket and his recollection conjuring visions of the old place and people, warmed by the title of the book, imagination forecasts for us a picturesque struggle and victory. Whether or not Neal's later accomplishments have the requisite glamour, or just what constitutes the "triumph," each reader will decide for himself; for myself, I own to wishing that the author had been satisfied to ask less on the cover for his straightforward and thoroughly entertaining story.

Mr. Pier will be remembered pleasantly by a considerable number, and with anticipation by a critical view for *The Sentimentalists,* a semi-political novel which introduced some clever study in temperaments in the environment of Boston and the Middle West. Perhaps his new book has not all the subtlety of its immediate predecessor, nor the maturity of thought and expression which might have been expected to develop in the two years which have intervened; none the less, it shows invention, enthusiasm and a sympathetic attitude toward what lies below the surface of things. Its popularity is further insured by its trick of keeping provokingly uncertain until the last what will happen to the three persons who interest us at the very beginning. Indeed, to the credit of Mr. Pier's ability to invest characters with individuality, it must be added that we see too little of one of the chief figures in the book. There was a capital story in the person and doings of Lindsay Neville, the courageous political reformer and candidate for mayor of the near-by town who here too often is a presence rather than an actuality. With Neville constantly in the tail of one's eye, a little resentment is felt at the obtrusion of Braddish, who savours of the stock villain, and of his curiously complaisant accomplice McBride, competent though these be to test the metal of Eleanor Craig, and finally to put her in that jeopardy which is opportunity for the affection and valour of her admirers.

The Triumph is a story of the Pennsylvania oil fields, and a very good picture in miniature it is of some phases of the operation of opening up an oil well. But before that it is a story of two ambitious, clean and capable young Americans. There is nothing very remarkable related about either of these men—though we understand that Lindsay Neville has capacities quite out of the common—but they win their way equally into liking and respect. Eleanor Craig, the young chatelaine of a small estate, to which she pluckily clings with only a small brother for company, brings them into rivalry. Then come the apparent discovery of oil on the Craig property, the appearance on the scene of Braddish, eager for revenge on Neal for having twice balked him in his brutal designs, and—the stage is set for the exciting developments which have their issue in a fight between all hands that brings to a dramatic close the rivalry of Neal and Lindsay. It is this part of Mr. Pier's book which will have liveliest interest for the majority of readers and which should give him large popularity, for it will afford satisfaction to every one who has a liking for suspense and danger and the defeat of the evil-doer. It shows the author to be properly appreciative of the picturesque, and possessed besides of a capital gift for narrative.

But there are better things in the novel. The little glimpses into the life, habits and relations of its people lend to it more permanent charm, and indicate that Mr. Pier's finest opportunity lies in the interpretation of character. Of itself, there is nothing particularly striking in the conception of the old country doctor who sees the shadow of death at his feet, yet pridefully refuses to give over his practice among the people he has known all his years; perhaps there is little more that is suggestive in the idea of a pensioned veteran whose reputation for bravery rests on a secret cowardice which at the crucial moment forced him to maim himself rather than face the fire of the enemy. But of these elements and of the diversions of a little circle of country folk Mr. Pier has made some pictures which linger in the memory. The chapter devoted to

*The Triumph. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

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the celebration of "Peter Casey Day," in honour of the one man in the neighbourhood who died for his flag in the Civil War, has humour, and more than humour, in it; the descriptions of Sally Packer's party and of the athletic exhibition which Neal conducted at the school-house, and of the contest of wits at Blanchard's store, bear no trace of affectation, and need no adventitious aid of plot to give them interest. They are very close to real life. Several of the less important figures in the book are done with scarcely less cleverness. Mr. Pier should tell us more about people with whom he is plainly on such friendly terms.

Churchill Williams.

VII.

Mrs. Banks's "'Round Anvil Rock."*

A year has passed since Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks's *Oldfield* made its appearance. That quaint Kentucky story, fragrant with the spirit of gentle romance, was welcomed by a large audience of readers wearied of the wordy subtleties of the psychological novel. Almost all the American critics gave the book pleasant greetings, but it was left to the conservative English press to compare the work to the immortal *Cranford*. London was charmed with the peaceful pastoral village in the Pennyroyal region, where life suggested "mittens and lavender." Everywhere *Oldfield* went in England it left in its wake a trail of smiles and tears.

Mrs. Banks's new book, *'Round Anvil Rock,* is a tale of pioneer life in southern Kentucky. The plot is centred about a simple love-story. Ruth, a waif of the Wilderness Road, watched over and practically adopted by the notorious outlaw Philip Alston, is the chief character on a stage made brilliant by many famous Kentuckians. The author is a student of her native State's history, and she is indubitably successful in making her people seem alive and real. This was primarily the cause of *Oldfield's* popularity, and there is no line of demarcation between the two books. In *'Round Anvil Rock* we meet a dashing Andrew Jackson and an inspired Peter Cartwright moving along the Wilderness Road—lights in the dim Kentucky forest.

'Round Anvil Rock is, first of all, a tale of a primitive country. The descriptions of nature ofttimes make us feel the ambient plains of loneliness which encompassed the lives of these early settlers. Several passages are fraught with strength and tinctured with fine feeling. A night ride taken by Ruth's young foster-brother to prove his manliness is well done:

> The courage and calmness which he had found in himself under this test, heartened him and made him the more determined to control his wandering fancy. Looking now neither to the right nor the left, he pressed on through the clearing toward the buffalo track in the border of the forest which would lead him into the Wilderness Road. Sternly setting his thoughts on the errand that was taking him to the salt-works, he began to think of the place in which they were situated, and to wonder why so bare, so brown, and so desolate a spot should have been called Green Lick. There was no greenness about it, and not the slightest sign that there ever had been any verdure, although it still lay in the very heart of an almost tropical forest. It must surely have been as it was now since time immemorial. Myriads of wild beasts coming and going through numberless centuries to drink the salt water, had trodden the earth around it as hard as iron, and had worn it down far below the surface of the surrounding country. The boy had seen it often, but always by daylight, and never alone, so that he noted many things now which he had not observed before. The huge bison must have gone over that well-beaten track one by one, to judge by its narrowness. He could see it dimly, running into the clearing like a black line beginning far off between the bordering trees; but as he looked, the darkness deepened, the mists thickened, and a look of unreality came over familiar objects. And then through the wavering gloom there suddenly towered a great dark mass topped by something which rose against the wild dimness like a colossal blacksmith's anvil. It might have been Vulcan's own forge, so strange and fabulous a thing it seemed! The boy's heart leaped with his pony's leap. His imagination spread its swift wings ere he could think; but in another instant he reminded himself. This was not an awful apparition, but a real thing, wondrous and unaccountable enough in its

*'Round Anvil Rock. By Nancy Huston Banks. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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reality. It was Anvil Rock—a great, solitary rock rising abruptly from the rockless loam of a level country, and lifting its single peak, rudely shaped like a blacksmith's anvil, straight up toward the clouds.

Tender little Miss Judy, the real heroine of *Oldfield,* has a successor in *'Round Anvil Rock* in the person of Miss Penelope. This half-sister of the Judge has few of the lovable qualities of her prototype, but is delightfully humorous. Her squabbles with lazy Widow Broadnax, the own sister of the Judge, are touches of genuine art. A strong character is that of Father Orin, the priest in the Wilderness. His old horse Toby has been exalted almost to the dignity of a personality. The parts of the book which are sure to appeal to all lovers of the South are the glimpses of Kentucky customs in the early antebellum days:

Those old-time country fiddlers—all of them, black or white—how wonderful they were! They have always been the wonder and the despair of all musicians who have played by rule and note. The very way that the country fiddler held his fiddle against his chest and never against his shoulder like the trained musician! The very way that the country fiddler grasped his bow, firmly and squarely in the middle, and never lightly at the end like a trained musician! The very way that he let go and went off and kept on—the amazing, inimitable spirit, the gayety, the rhythm, the swing! No trained musician ever heard the music of the country fiddler without wondering at its power, and longing in vain to know the secret of its charm. It would be worth a good deal to know where and how they learned the tunes that they played. Possibly these were handed down by ear from one to another; some perhaps have never been pent up in notes, and others may have been given to the note reader under other names than those by which the country fiddlers knew them. This is said to have been the case with "Old Zip Coon," and the names of many of them would seem to prove that they belonged to the time and the country. But there is a delightful uncertainty about the origin and the history of almost all of them—about "Leather Breeches" and "Sugar in the Gourd" and "Wagoner" and "Cotton-eyed Joe," and so on through a long list.

Mrs. Banks's second effort could be called a blend of an old-fashioned love-story and a historical study. One could wish at times that the action were less detailed. The book belongs distinctly to the romantic school and is a worthy follower of *Oldfield.*

W. Jay Mills.

VIII.

Miss Powell's "The House on the Hudson."*

Some one has described this book as a glorified dime novel; but such comment need not be considered as necessarily unfavourable. If a dime novel be glorified enough, it becomes a romance which well deserves to live. Pretty nearly all the best stories of the elder Dumas are glorified dime novels; yet they will be read for at least another century or two. As a matter of fact, however, this book by Miss Powell has no particular likeness to a dime novel. Its earlier chapters suggest the usual modern story of English life, and the rest of the book is, in its own peculiar way, the literary congener of *Jane Eyre.* There are all sorts of things to criticise, both in the plan and in the execution. The first part of the book has little or no relation to what follows. The house on the Hudson no more suggests to you a house on the Hudson than it does a house in New South Wales. The heroine is almost impossible in her abnormal trustfulness and freedom from suspicion. The love-story is devoid of any interest whatever. After saying all this, the question naturally arises: What is there left in the book to praise?

The answer to this question is very simple. The author, without any consistent or symmetrical plot and with only a rudimentary technique, has, nevertheless, an instinctive gift for creating certain very definite impressions. The impression which she creates most strongly in this story is an indefinable, yet pervasive, feeling of dread which fastens on the reader from the very moment when he becomes aware that the house on the Hudson contains within its walls a mystery, a nameless horror, a vague, haunting suggestion of guilt and terror and remorse. This is why we have singled out

*The House on the Hudson. By Frances Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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the book for notice; because in spite of everything which the practised critic can say against it, it does contain a spark of genuine creativeness and that instinctive efficiency which is born within the artist's brain. As the tale draws all its interest from the mystery that we have mentioned, it would be quite unfair for us to tell the story here. Suffice it to say that here is a story which will hold the reader to the close, and which has certain qualities about it that will blind him to its defects until he shall have finished reading it.

R. P.

THE SHERRODS

By George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER X.

THE CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

It was six weeks before Jud had saved enough money to make the rather expensive trip to Glenville. In that time he found many experiences, novel and soul-trying. The busy city clashed against the rough edges of this unsophisticated youth and quickly wore them off. By the time he was ready to board the train for a two days' stay with Justine he had acquired what it had taken other men years to learn. Keen and quick-witted, he easily fell into the ways of strangers, putting forward as good a foot as any country-bred boy who ever went to Chicago.

The newspaper on which he was employed recognised his worth, and at the end of the month he was pleased beyond all expression to find a twenty-dollar gold piece in his envelope instead of a ten and a five. The chief artist told him his salary would improve correspondingly with his work. Still, he realised that twenty dollars a week was but little more than it required to keep him "going" in this spendthrift metropolis. The men he met were good fellows and they spent money with the freedom customary among newspaper workers. Jud did not spend his foolishly, yet he found he could save but little. He did not touch liquor; the other boys in the office did. His friend, the chief artist, advised him to save what money he could, but to avoid as much as possible the danger of being called a "cheap skate." He was told to be anything but stingy.

The young artist would gladly have eaten at lunch counters and slept in the lowliest of flats if he could have followed his own inclinations. But how could he let the other boys spend money on expensive meals without responding as liberally? It was with joy, then, that he welcomed the increase, and besides it proved to him that there was promise of greater advancement and that at no far distant day he could bring Justine to the city.

He took a bright twenty-dollar gold piece to her on that first and long-expected visit. She met him at the station. All the way out to the little cottage he beamed with the pleasure and pride of possessing such love as came to him from this glowing girl. He forgot to compare her with the visions of loveliness he had become accustomed to seeing in the city. So overjoyed was he that he did not notice her simple garments, her sunburnt hands, her brown face. To him she was the most beautiful of all beings—the most perfect, the most to be desired.

"Jud, dear, I am so happy I could die," she whispered as they entered the cottage door after the drive home. He took her

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in his arms and held her for neither knew how long.

"Are you so glad to see me, sweetheart?" he asked tenderly.

"Glad? If you had not come to-day I should have gone to Chicago to-night. I could not have waited another day. Oh, it is so good to have you here, it is so good to be in your arms. You don't know how I have longed for you, Jud—you don't know how lonely I have been all these years."

"Years! It has been but a month and a half," he said, smiling.

"But each day has been a year. Have they not seemed long to you?" she cried, chilled by the fear that they had been mere days to him when they had been such ages to her.

"My nights were years, Justine. My days were short; it was in the nights that I had time to think, and then I felt I should go wild with homesickness. You will never know how often I was tempted to get up out of bed and come back to you. I hope to God it won't be long till I can have you up there with me. I can't go through many such months as the last one; I'd die, Justine, honest I would."

"It won't be long, I know. You are getting on so nicely and you'll be able soon to take me with you. Maybe this winter?" She asked the question, eagerly, dubiously.

"This winter? Good heavens, if I can't have you up there this winter, what's the use of trying to do anything? I want you right away, but I know I can't do it for a month or two—"

"Don't hope too strongly, dear. You must not count on it. I don't believe you can do it so soon—no, not for six months," she said, again the loving adviser.

"You don't know me," he cried. "I can do it!"

"I hope you can, Jud, but—but, I am afraid—"

"Afraid? Don't you believe in me?"

"Don't say that, please. I am afraid you won't be ready to have me up there as a—a—"

"A what, sweetheart?"

"A very heavy burden."

"Burden! Justine, you will lift the greatest burden I will have to carry—my spirits. I need you and I'll have you if I starve myself."

"When you are ready, Jud, I'll go with you. You can tell when the time comes. I'll starve with you, if needs be."

That night they received callers in the firelit front room. The whole community knew that he was at home, and everybody came to sate legitimate curiosity. Some talked, others joked, a few stared, until at length the township was satisfied and hurried home to bed. For days the people talked of the change they had observed in Jud—not so much in respect to his clothes as to his advanced ideas. "Aleck" Cranby was authority for the statement that Sherrod was engaged in "drawin' picters fer a dictionary. Thet's how he knows so all-fired much."

The young artist's brief stay at home was the most blissful period in his life and in hers. They were separated only for moments. When the time came for him to go away he went with a cheerier heart and he left a happier one behind. In their last kiss there was the promise that he would return in a month, and there was, back of all, the conviction that she would go with him to Chicago within six months. On the train, however, he allowed gloomy thoughts to drive away the optimism that contact with Justine had inspired. He realised that every dollar he possessed in the world was in his pocket, and he had just six dollars and thirty cents. At such a rate, how much could he accumulate in six short months?

Back on the little farm there was a level-headed thinker who was counting on a year instead of six months, and who was racking her brains for means with which to help him in the struggle. One good crop would be a godsend.

For several weeks Jud observed the strictest economy. When next he went to the farm for a visit it was with sixty dollars. Most of this he gave to Justine, who hid it in a bureau drawer. Winter was on in full blast now, and he did not forget to purchase a warm coat for her, besides heavy dress-goods, underwear and many little necessities. Thanksgiving saw her dressed in better clothes than she had known since those almost forgotten days of affluence before the mining swindle. Jud himself was not too warmly clad. He refused to buy clothes for himself until he had supplied Justine with all she needed. His suit was old but neat, his shoes were new, his hat was

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passable, but his overcoat was pitiful in its old age.

The night after his return from the farm he had a few good friends in his room to eat the apples, cakes and nuts which his wife had given him at home. It was a novel feast for the Chicago boys. Ned Draper, a dramatic critic, had money in the new suit of clothes which graced his person, and he sent out for wine, beer and cigars. The crowd made merry until two o'clock, but not one drop of liquor passed Jud's lips.

"Sherrod, where did you get that overcoat I saw you wearing to-day?" asked Draper in friendly banter. Jud flushed but answered steadily: "In Glenville."

"The glorious metropolis of Clay Township — the city of our youth," laughed Hennessy, the police reporter.

"You ought to pension it and give it a pair of crutches," went on Draper. "It has seen service enough and it's certainly infirm. I'll swear, I don't see how it manages to hang alone."

"It's the best I can afford," cried the owner resentfully.

"Aw, what are you givin' us? You're getting twenty a week and you're to have thirty by Christmas—if you're good, you know—and I would blow myself for some clothes. Hang it, old man, I mean it for your own good. People will think more of you if you spruce up and make a showing. Those clothes of yours don't fit and they're worn out. You don't know what a difference it will make in your game if you make a flash with yourself. It gets people thinking you're a peach when you may be a regular stiff. Go blow yourself for some clothes, and the next time you chase down to Glenville to see that girl she'll break her neck to marry you before you can get out of town. On the level, now, old man, I'm giving it to you straight. Tog up a bit. It doesn't cost a mint and it does help. I'll leave it to the crowd."

"The crowd" supported Draper, and Jud could but see the wisdom in their advice, although his pride rebelled against their method of giving it. The sight of the other men in the office dressing well, if not expensively, while he remained as ever the wearer of the rankest "hand-me-downs" had not been pleasing. For weeks he had been tempted to purchase a cheap suit of clothes at one of the big department stores, but the thought of economy prevented.

"You haven't any special expense," said Colton, the third guest. "Nobody depends on your salary but yourself, so why don't you cut loose? Your parents are dead, just as mine are, and you are as free as air. I can put you next to one of the best tailors in Chicago and he'll fix you out to look like a dream without skinning you to death."

Jud smiled grimly when Colton said that no one but himself depended on his salary. These fellows did not know he was married. An unaccountable fear that they might ridicule him if he posed as a married man who could not support his wife had caused him to keep silent concerning his domestic affairs. Besides, he had heard these and other men speak of certain wives, often in the presence of their husbands, in a manner which shocked him. No one had asked him if he were married, and he did not volunteer the information. It amused him hugely when his new acquaintances teased him about "his girl down in old Clay." Some day he would surprise them by introducing them to Justine, calmly in a matter-of-fact way, and then he would laugh at their incredulity.

"I can't afford clothes like you fellows wear," he said in response to Colton's offer.

"Of course you can—just as well as I can," said Colton.

"Or any one of us," added Draper. "Clothes won't break anybody."

"You're a good-looking chap, Sherrod, and if you dressed up a bit you'd crack every girl's heart in Chicago. 'Gad, I can see the splinters flying now," cried Hennessy admiringly.

"It's no joke," added Colton. "I could tog you out till you'd—"

"But I haven't the money, consarn it," cried the victim, a country boy all over again. They laughed at his verdancy, and it all ended by Colton agreeing to vouch for him at the tailor's, securing for him the privilege of paying so much a month until the account was settled.

Jud lay awake nights trying to decide the matter. He knew that he needed the clothes and that it was time to cast aside the shabby curiosities from Glenville. He say that he was to become an object of

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ridicule if he persisted in wearing them. Pride demanded good clothes, that he might not be ashamed to be seen with well-dressed men; something else told him that he should save every penny for a day that was to come as soon as he could bring it about. At last he went to Colton and asked him what he thought the clothes would cost, first convincing himself that tailor-made garments were the only kind to be considered.

Colton hurried him off to the tailor and within an hour he was on the street again, dazed and aware that he had made a debt of one hundred and thirty dollars. He was to have two suits of clothes, business and dress, and an overcoat. For a week he was miserable and a dozen times he was tempted to run in and countermand the order. How could he ever pay it? What would Justine think? At length the garments were completed and he found them at his hall door. Attached was a statement for $130, with the information that he was to pay $10 a month, "a very gracious concession as a favour to our esteemed friend, Mr. Colton," said the accompanying note. In a fever of excitement he tried them on. The fit was perfect; he looked like other men. Still his heart was heavy. That night, taking up his old cast-off suit, he mourned over the greasy things that he and Justine had selected at Dave Green's store the week before they were married. They were his wedding clothes.

"I'll keep them forever," he half sobbed, and he hung them away carefully. The time came for his next visit to the little farm. In his letters he had said nothing about the new clothes, but he had admitted that unexpected expenses had come upon him. He could not bring himself to tell her of that extravagance. He believed that she would have approved, but he shrank from the confession.

When he boarded the train for the trip home, he was dressed in the clothes he had first worn to Chicago, the greasy wedding garments. He never forgot how guilty he felt when she told him the next evening, as they sat before the old fireplace, that he should buy a new overcoat and a heavy suit of clothes. And after he went away on Monday she wondered why he had been so quiet and preoccupied during his visit.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS.

For weeks he hated the new clothes, handsome though they were, and yet he realised the difference they made at the office, where tolerance was turning to respect. He could not but appreciate the impression he now made in places where he had had no standing whatever up to the time when he had donned the guilty garments.

Not a day passed during his residence in the city that did not find him on the lookout for a certain graceful figure and glorious face. He never gave up the hope of some day meeting the vivacious Miss Wood. When first he had come to Chicago there had been no doubt in his mind that he would presently see her in the street; but that hope had been dissipated in a very short time. He did not fear that he would fail to recognise her, but he ceased to believe that she would not remember in him the simple boy of Proctor's Falls. He was also conscious of the fact that she could be friendly with the country lad, but might not so much as give greeting to the new Jud Sherrod. In one of his conversations with the chief artist he innocently asked if he knew Miss Wood. The artist said that he did not, but that as there were probably a million and a half of people in the city who were strangers to him, he did not consider it odd. Jud looked in a directory. He found two hundred and eighty-three persons whose surname was Wood. Not knowing his friend's Christian name, he was unable to select her from the list.

He did not know that the names of unmarried girls living with their parents were not to be found in the directory. In the society columns of the newspapers he frequently saw a name that struck his fancy, and he decided that if it did not belong to her, she had been imperfectly christened. He began to think of her as Celeste Wood. A Celeste Wood lived in the fashionable part of the north side, and he had not been there a month before he found the house and had gazed in awe upon its splendour—from a distance. Several times he passed the place, but in no instance did his eye behold the girl of Proctor's Falls.

He told Justine of his search for the

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beautiful stranger, and she was as much interested as he. She, too, came to call her Celeste and to inquire as to his progress in every letter. They exchanged merry notes in which the mysterious Celeste was the chief topic.

Christmas came and he spent it with Justine. It was a white Christmas and a glad one for every one except Jud. He cursed the cowardice that forced him to sneak down to Glenville in that tattered suit of clothes, for he still shrank from the confession of what seemed extravagance and vanity. In spite of all he could do to prevent it, the cost of living in the city increased and he could save but little. Paying for those hated garments was a hard task. Each month it seemed to take the very ten dollars he had intended to save. The clothes he wore home were now bordering on the disreputable, and at Christmas time he vowed he would wear them no more. Justine had said that she hated to accept the presents he brought, when she saw how much he needed clothing.

Not once did he swerve in his fidelity to her. He was the only man in Chicago, it seemed to him, who refused to drink liquor. He dined with the fellows, accompanied them on various rounds of pleasure, but he never broke the promise he made to Justine: to drink no liquor. The gay crowd into which he was tossed —artists, writers, and good fellows— introduced him here and there, to nice people, to gay people, and to questionable people. In the cafés he met wine-tippling ladies who smiled on him; in the theatre he met gaily dressed women who smiled on him; in the street he met stylish creatures who smiled on him. He met the wives and sisters of his friends and was simple, gentle and gallant; he met the actresses and the gay ones of the midnight hour, and was the same; he met the capricious, alluring women of the fashionable world, and was still the abashed, clean-hearted lover of one good girl. She was the only woman. Three objects he had to strive for: to succeed in his work, to make a home for Justine, and to find Celeste. One sin harrassed him—the purchase of two suits of clothes and an overcoat.

Winter struggled on and matters grew worse with Justine. She did not tell Jud of the privations on the farm; to him she turned a cheerful face. Nothing depressing that might happen down there on the over-tilled little farm should come to him; he should be handicapped in no way by the worries which beset her. The fall crop had been poor throughout the entire State. There had been little wheat in the summer and the corn-huskers of September found but half a crop. The farm was run on half rations after the holidays, simply because the granery was none too full. She had sold but little grain, being obliged to retain most of it for feeding purposes. What little money Jud sent to her soon disappeared, despite her frugality. She and old Mrs. Crane lived alone in the cottage, and together they fought the wolf from the kitchen door and from the barnyard. How Justine wished that she might again teach the little school down the lane! She had given it up that fall because the time could not be spared from the farm.

She cared for the horses, cows, and pigs—few in number, but pigs after all —while Mrs. Crane looked after the chickens. That winter was the coldest the country had known in thirty years, according to Uncle Sammy Godfrey, who said he had "kep' tab on the therometer fer fifty-three year, an' danged ef he didn't b'lieve this'n wuz the coldest spell in all that time, 'nless it wuz that snap in sixty-two. That wuz the year it fruz the crick so solid 'at it didn't thaw out tell 'long 'bout the Fourth of July."

January was bitter cold. There were blizzards and snowstorms, and people, as well as stock, suffered intensely. Horses were frozen to death and whole flocks of sheep perished. Justine, young, strong and humane, worked night and day to keep her small lot of stock comfortable. The barn, the cow shed and the hog-pens were protected in every way possible from the blasts, and often she came to the house half frozen, her hands numb, her face stinging. But that bravery never knew a faltering moment. She faced the storms, the frosts and the dangers with the hardihood of a man, and she did a man's work.

With an axe she chopped wood in the grove back of the pasture until the heavy snows came. She would not ask neighbours to help her; indeed, she refused several kindly offers. There was not a man in the neighbourhood who would not have

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gladly found time to perform some of her more difficult tasks.

One morning, cold almost beyond endurance, she awoke to find that in some mysterious manner a large pile of chopped wood lay in her dooryard. How it came there she did not know, nor would she use it until she found by the sled tracks in the snow that it had been hauled from her own piece of timberland. Again, in the night-time some one rebuilt a section of fence that had been torn down by the wind. She was grateful to the good neighbours, but there was a feeling of resentment growing out of the knowledge that people were pitying her. So when Harve Crose drove up one afternoon with a load of pumpkins for the stock, she declined to accept them. But she could not sit up of nights, tired and cold as she was, to drive away those who stole in surreptitiously and befriended her. She could not so much as thank these indefatigable friends.

Her heart and courage sank to the bottom one morning when she arose to learn that during the night the wind had blown the straw-thatched roof from her cow shed, and the two poor beasts were well-nigh dead from exposure. She sat down and cried; nor could Mrs. Crane comfort her. To replace that roof was a task to try the strength and endurance of the hardiest man; for her it seemed beyond accomplishment.

Nevertheless, she set about it as soon as the cows were transferred to the crowded barn. The roof, intact, lay alongside the pen, the straw scattered to the winds. There was but one way to replace the timbers, and that was to take them apart and reconstruct the roof piece by piece. She had battered several rough-hewn supports from their positions, and was surveying the task before her with a sullen expression in her eyes. The vigorous exercise had put a hot glow in her cheeks, and as she stood there in the snow, her axe across her shoulder, as straight as an arrow, she was a charming picture. A biting atmosphere chilled the breath as it came from her red, full lips, wafting it away white and frosty.

The man who vaulted the fence behind her and came slowly across the barn lot felt his heart beat fiercely against the rough oilskin jacket. The girl did not see him until she turned at the sound of his hoarse voice.

"That ain't no work fer you," he was saying.

She found herself looking into the hostile eyes of 'Gene Crawley. There was real anger in the man's face; he looked contemptuously at the girl's slim figure, then at the wrecked house, then slowly down at his big, mittened hands. Justine gasped and moved back a step.

"I ain't a-goin' to hurt you, Missus Sherrod," he said quickly. "I'm goin' to help you, that's all."

"I do not require your assistance," she said coldly. "Why do you come here, 'Gene, when you know I despise to look at you? Why do you persist in annoying me? Is it because my husband isn't here to protect me?"

"We won't argy about that ag'in," he answered slowly. "You cain't put that roof on the shed an' I kin, so that's why I'm here. I was jes' goin' past when I seen you out here slashin' away with that axe. Thinks I, I'll not 'low her to do that nasty job, an' so I jes' clumb over the fence an'—an'—well, ef helpin' you out of a hard job is annoyin' you, Justine, you'll have to put up with it, that's all. I'm goin' to put that roof on, whether you want me to er not. You're damn—I'm sorry I said that, but you're mighty near froze. Go in by the fire an' I'll 'tend to this."

"I insist that you are not to touch a hand to this lumber. I cannot pay you for the work, and I will not accept—"

"Don't say a word about pay. You k'n have me arrested ef you want to fer trespass, er you k'n go in an' git that shotgun of yourn an' blaze away at me, but I'm not goin' to let you kill yourself workin' out here on a job like this."

He drew off his oil jacket and threw it back in the snow. The axe dropped from her shoulder and was buried in the white drift. Without a word he strode to her side and fished the implement from the snow.

"I'd rather die than to have you do this for me, 'Gene Crawley," she hissed. "What do you think I'd be if I let you do it? What will the neighbours say if I let you lift a hand to help me? What—"

He interrupted with a smothered oath. "They dassent say anything, dang 'em," he grated. "This is my business, an' ef

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they stick their noses in it they'll git 'em pounded to hell an' gone."

"Couldn't you have said all that without swearing?" she exclaimed scornfully. His face actually burned with shame and his bold eyes wavered.

"I didn't mean to, Justine. I—I jes' fergot. I want to tell you I don't cuss like I used to. Only when I git right mad. 'Sides, ef you'd gone in the house when I told you to, you wouldn't 'a' heerd."

"Are you going to get off my place?" she suddenly demanded.

"Not tell I've fixed this roof," he replied doggedly.

"I don't want it fixed," she said.

"What's the use sayin' that? You was tryin' to do it yourself when I come up here. Will you go in the house, er will you stand out here an' freeze?"

"Do you think you're doing me a favour in this? Do you think I will thank you after it is done?"

"I don't believe I expect to be thanked, an' I'm only doin' it because you hadn't ought to. I'd do it fer any woman."

He swung the axe against the restraining timbers, and a dozen strokes freed the roof from its twisted fastenings. She stood off at one side and glared at him. She forgot everything except that her enemy—Jud's bitterest foe—was deliberately befriending her. A sudden thought came to her, and the sharp exclamation that fell from her lips caused him to pause and glance at her.

"Ain't you goin' in by the fire?" he demanded, panting from the exertion.

"'Gene Crawley, do you know who has been cutting wood up in the grove and bringing it to my door?" she demanded.

"Yes," he answered, looking away.

"You?"

"Yes."

"If I had known that, I'd have frozen to death before I used a stick," she cried, the tears rushing to her eyes.

"An' I fixed your fences, an'—an'—an' I might as well tell you, I come around ever' night to see that your stock is all right," he went on.

"Oh, God, if I had only known! You! You!" she exclaimed, glaring at him with such fury and hatred that his eyes dropped and a miserable laugh of humiliation struggled through his teeth. As if to ward off the fierce, direct stabs of those bitter eyes, he fell to wielding the axe with all his strength. The chips flew, and far away through the crisp air rang the song of the steel. He did not look up until the roof lay detached and there was no more chopping to be done. His face was still burning hotly. It was the first real goodness of heart he had ever shown, and it had met repulse.

The anger melted when he saw her. She had not moved from the spot, but it was another creature altogether who stood there now. Justine's hands were pressed to her eyes and she was crying. Her whole body trembled and her thinly clad shoulders heaved convulsively.

Big 'Gene Crawley was helpless before this exhibition of feeling. He felt that he was to blame for her grief, and yet a longing to comfort her came over him. She looked forlorn, wretched, cold. He would have liked to pick up the shivering girl and carry her to the house. He tried to speak to her, but there was nothing to say. The fear that she would resent a friendly word from him checked the impulse.

Unable to control his own feelings and possessed of a wild desire to act in some way, he threw down the axe and performed one of those feats of prodigious strength for which he was noted. Stooping, he lifted the edge of the heavy roof until he could work his broad shoulders under the end. Then, with an effort, he slowly shifted his load to the side of the low shed. Rapidly he went about the little structure and replaced timbers that had been wrenched away, not once turning his face toward her. When all was in readiness for the final effort, he grasped the side of the roof that still touched the ground and prepared for the lift. The cords stood out in his neck, the veins were bursting in his temples, but steadily his heavy shoulders rose, and with them the whole weight of the timbers. His great back and powerful legs pushed forward and the roof moved slowly back to its place.

Then he collapsed against the side of the shed. She had witnessed this frightful display of strength with marvelling eyes. Once she was on the point of crying out to him to stop, certain that no human power could endure such a strain. When the task was done she gave way to unaccountable tears and fled to the house,

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leaving him leaning against his support, fagged and trembling.

After a few moments his strength returned and he began to fill up the open places under the edge of the roof. At the end of an hour the shed was as good as new. Then, with a long look toward the unfriendly house in which she dwelt, he turned and started for the road defeated, but satisfied that he had been of service to her. At the sound of her voice he stopped near the fence. She had come from the house and was following him.

"'Gene, I can only thank you for what you have done. I did not want you to do it, but—but I know I couldn't have managed it myself," she said hoarsely.

"Oh, it wasn't much," he growled, looking away.

"'Gene, you must not come here again, and you must not do these things for me. I don't want you to help me. I know what you said about me down at the toll-gate that night, and I know what people will say if you come here. Won't you please stay away, 'Gene?"

He looked steadily into her eyes for the first time, and there was a touch of real nobility in his face as he said slowly and with difficulty:

"I thought maybe, Justine, ef I kinder slaved aroun' fer you they might see that I am good an' honest, an' that I didn't mean what I said that night. I wisht somebody'd cut my tongue out afore I said them things, er I wisht I'd been Dock Ramsey an' got knocked down fer standin' up fer you. I cain't see you workin' aroun' like this, when I ain't got a thing to do, an' I—I—well, I jes' thought people 'd see I was sorry fer what I said."

"But they'll say the very worst they can about it," she cried piteously.

"Then I'll kill somebody!" he grated, and clearing the fence, was off down the road.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GOOD OF EVIL.

When Justine wrote her next letter to Jud she purposely neglected to describe the encounter with 'Gene. For the first time she wilfully deceived him. In her letter she spoke lightly of the wind's work, and casually mentioned the unimportant fact that one of the neighbours had generously helped her to make the repairs. She felt that Jud's hatred for Crawley would have inspired something rash in him. She was confident that he would throw aside his work, his chances —everything—and rush to her protection. And so she found consolation in deception.

It was her duty—to God and to herself—to keep these men apart, to prevent the addition of fuel to the flame which smouldered silently, stealthily. There was no doubt in her mind that 'Gene was truly penitent. She could not trust him, for she despised him too deeply, but she felt for him a new spirit of fairness. He had served her, and he had served like the whipped, beaten dog who loves the hand of a cruel master. For days after the episode at the cow shed she did not see him, and she was glad.

Every morning, however, she looked forth, fearful that she might see him at work or behold some result of his labour in the night. One morning she found a brace of rabbits and a wild turkey at her door. Mrs. Crane saw them, too, and she was so full of joy that the girl could not find heart to cast 'Gene Crawley's offering away. And she herself was hungry. While Mrs. Crane fried the rabbits the girl sat back of the stove out of patience with herself, yet scarcely able to resist the fragrant aroma that arose from the crackling skillet. Pride and hunger were struggling, and hunger won.

Jud came and went once more. She wore her best frocks and was cheeriness itself when he was with her. He brought her a few trifles, and she loved him as much as if he had given her jewels. And indeed, what pleased her most was the change in his looks. He wore his tailor-made suit. She did not know that he was still in debt to his tailor, and he did not tell her.

On the day of Jud's departure she met 'Gene in the village. Her husband had made her happy with the renewed promise that she could come to him in the spring. Justine's heart was singing, her lips were burning with the warmth of his love. Bundled in shawls and blankets, she drove slowly from the village through the first vicious attacks of a blizzard. Her thoughts were of the handsome, well-dressed youth in the warm railway coach. She forgot the cold, blus-

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tery weather, and saw only the bright garden of paradise which his love had created. Her heart sang with the memory of the past two days and nights spent with him.

Just as her old grey horse fumbled his way into the open lane at the edge of town she saw a man plodding against the wind not far ahead along the roadside. It was 'Gene, and he was starting out upon a long walk to Martin Grimes's place. With a blow or two of the "gad," she urged the horse past him. The single glance she gave him showed his face red with the cold and his head bent against the wind. As she passed he looked up and spoke:

"Howdy, Justine."

"Good evening, 'Gene," she replied; but she could hardly hear her own voice.

"It's a nasty drive you got ahead of you," he called.

"Oh, I'll soon be home," she responded, and he was left behind.

For half a mile there rang in her ears the accusing words: "It's a nasty drive you got ahead of you." What of the walk ahead of him? Now that she had grown calm, she wondered how she could have passed him without asking him to ride home. He had been kind to her, after all; he had redeemed himself to some extent in the past few weeks, and—he had not asked her for the ride, as she had feared he would. She recalled his cheery greeting and his half-frozen face, and then his anxiety concerning the discomfort ahead of her. By no sign did he show a desire to annoy her with his company. She looked back over the road. In the twilight far behind she saw him trudging along, a lonely figure against the sky.

"It's a shame to make him walk all the way home. He'll freeze, and I can just as well take him in as not," she said to herself, and pulled the horse to a standstill, resolved to wait for him. Then came the fear that some one might see him riding home with her. The country would wonder and would gossip. Unsophisticated country girl as she was, she knew and abhorred gossip. Once a good girl's name is coupled with that of a man in the country, the whole community shuns her; she is lost. In the country they never forget and they never investigate. Turning her face resolutely, she whipped up, leaving him far behind.

While she was stabling her horse by the light of a lantern she found herself, amid warm thoughts of Jud, reproaching herself for the unkindness to this man who hated her husband and who had sworn to be her undoing. She might have given him the ride, she argued against herself; it was so little to give, and he was so cold. The blizzard was blowing in force by this time, and her conscience smote her fiercely as she thought of him forging along against its blasting chill. In the village Jud had purchased several suits of warm underclothes for her and she had placed the package in the seat beside her. Groceries and other necessaries were beneath the seat. To her dismay and grief, she found that the package had been in some manner jolted from the seat and was, doubtless, lost on the road miles back.

The next morning saw the storm still raging. The night just passed had been one of the most cruel the country had ever known. Her first thought was of her stock, then of 'Gene Crawley. Had he reached home safely, or had he been frozen out there on the open road? A chill of fear and remorse seized her and she turned sick at heart. Jud would not have allowed the man to face such a storm, and if he were frozen no one would condemn her cruelty more bitterly than tender-hearted Jud.

She ran to the rear door of her house, from which Grimes's house on the hill could be seen, a mile away. The gust of wind drove the door open as she turned the knob. Something rolled against her feet. The lost bundle lay before her. Left there in the night by—it could have been no other than 'Gene Crawley. It was a sob of honest thankfulness to the poor wretch she had spurned in the highway that came from her lips as she lifted the package and closed the door. For many minutes she stood by the window, clasping the bundle in her arms, looking out into the bleak morning. A feeling of relief surged up in the multitude of thoughts, and tears stood in her eyes. Not only had he braced the blizzard safely, hardily, but he had travelled a mile or more farther through the freezing night to deliver at her door

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the package she had lost from the seat that might have been shared with him.

"Did ye hear 'bout 'Gene Crawley?" asked Mrs. Crane later, when Justine came in from the barn. The old woman was preparing the frugal breakfast and Justine was seated beside the stove, her half-frozen feet near the oven. A sickening terror forced a groan from her lips, for something told her that the news was the worst. His body had been found!

"What—what is it?" she whispered.

"He whupped the daylights out'n Jake Smalley an' Laz Dunbar down to the tollgate day 'fore yest'day. Mrs. Brown wuz here las' night jest 'fore you got home, an' she says her man says 'twuz the wust fight that ever wuz fit in the county.

Justine was leaning back in her chair, her heart throbbing with relief.

"Was—was he hurt?" she asked indefinitely.

"Who, 'Gene? Not a speck! But that big Smalley wuz unsensibul when 'Gene got off'n him. Doc Pollister says he won't be able to see out'n them eyes o' his'n fer over a week. Laz lit out an' run like a whitehead after 'Gene hit him onct. I'm glad he didn't git hurt much, 'cause he's goin' to be babtised down at the crick to-morrer, an' he'd a tuck cold, shore. I tell you, that 'Gene Crawley's a nasty feller. Cunstable O'Brien's afeered to serve the warrant on him."

"What was it all about, Aunt Sue?"

"Oh, nothin' much," answered Mrs. Crane evasively, suddenly busying herself about the stove. "I never did see sitch a fire! It jest won't act right. Where'd this wood come from, Jestine?"

"From the jack-oak grove," said Justine. For awhile she was silent, a new impression forming itself in her brain. Stronger and stronger it grew, until it became almost a conviction. "Tell me what the fight was about," she went on, breaking in upon Mrs. Crane's chatter.

"Oh, I'd ruther—er—I don't know fer shore what it wuz about. Somethin' Jake said to 'Gene, I reckon. 'Gene fights 'thout any real cause, y' know." The old woman was clearly embarrassed and eager to evade the explanation.

"You do know and you must tell me," exclaimed Justine, now fully convinced.

"'Twon't do you no special good, Jestine, an' I wouldn't mind about it 'f I wuz you."

"Tell me: was it—did it have anything to do with me?"

"Didn't amount to nothin'—not a thing," expostulated the other. "You know how these fool fellers will talk."

"Did 'Gene Crawley say anything mean about me?" she insisted.

"No. 'Twuz jest the other way—er—I mean—"

"Heavens! What did they say? Tell me! What could they say?"

"I hadn't orter tell you, but I guess it's best you know. Seems like Jake an' Laz met 'Gene down to the tollgate, an' wuz a-wonderin' how you wuz gittin' along this cold spell. Jake, who's a low-down feller ef they ever wuz one, give 'Gene the wink an' says—now, this is how Mrs. Brown tells it—he says: 'Jud don't git home much, does he?' 'Gene said he didn't know, an' he didn't give a damn—'scuse me, but them's the words. 'Nen Laz says: 'Now's yer time to cut in, 'Gene. Do what you said you would. You cain't have a better chanst.' 'Nen Jake laughed an' said: 'She's all alone up yander, an' I reckon she's purty dern lonesome. Now's yer oppertunity, 'Gene—' Jest then, Mrs. Brown says her man says, the fight begin. 'Fore Jake could finish up sayin' what he started out to say 'Gene lit into him right an' left. Down went Jake, an' Laz follered him. Jake wuz up fust, an' while he wuz tryin' to keep 'Gene off Laz broke fer the door an' got away. But the way 'Gene did whup that Smalley feller wuz a caution. Mr. Brown says you could 'a' heered him beller clean down to the mill."

"Is that all?" asked Justine breathlessly.

"Wuzn't that almost enough? Oh, yes; 'Gene tole Jake an' ever'body else there 'at ef ever a word wuz said about you ag'in, in any shape er form that wuzn't jest right, he'd lick the tarnation soul out'n the hull capoodle, men an' women. He said he meant women when he said women, an' ef he ever heerd of one of them talkin' about you er repeatin' what he said there at the tollgate on your weddin' night he'd jest lay her over his knee an'—"

"Were there many people at the toll-

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gate when the fight took place?" interrupted Justine. She was glowing with excitement.

"The place wuz full, an' Mr. Brown says he never did see sitch a scatterment as they wuz when 'Gene sailed into Jake. Jim Hardesty tried to git under the stove an' Uncle Sammy Godfrey, old as he is, jumped clean over the counter an' upsot a half barrel of sugar. Ever'body run, an' nobody tried to help Jake, 'cept Dock Ramsey's mother, an' that's 'cause he goes with Liz Ramsey. They do tell that that's sure to be a match," and then the voluble Mrs. Crane branched off into other lanes of gossip.

The next Sunday a whole township saw Eugene Crawley walk into the little Presbyterian Church on the hill and nervously take a seat near the stove. Mr. Marks, the minister, was reading the first hymn, when 'Gene plunged into this strange place, and so great was the sensation that the reader, having stared blankly with the remainder of the witnesses, resumed reading on the opposite page and no one was the wiser. At first there was a certain fear in the hearts of all that he had come for no other purpose than to report the death of some loved one. No one dreamed that he had come to attend divine worship.

'Gene himself was astonished by his own temerity. It had taken all his courage to do it, and he was an humble man as he sat stiffly by the stove and looked at the upper left-hand corner of the organ. If the minister had uttered his name suddenly, 'Gene would have swooned. It was the first time he had been inside the church since a certain Christmas eve, twenty years before.

When Deacon Asbury asked him, after service, if he intended to come regularly, now that he had begun, 'Gene's reserve vanished, and, transfixing the old gentleman with a glare, he roared:

"What the hell is it to you, you old skinflint? You don't own the shebang, do you? I'll come ef I want to an' you needn't meddle about it either."

In consequence, the whole community said that his conversion was out of the question and that all the pulpits in Indiana could not pull him out of the rut into which he had fallen. 'Gene, in truth, felt that he was not wanted in the church and he went home with the conviction that the deacon's inquiry was inspired by the hope that such a sinner as he might not continue to blight the sanctuary with his presence.

A day or so later the word was carried to the tollgate by Charlie Spangler that Justine Sherrod was "sick-a-bed," and it "looked as though she was liable to have lung fever." Dr. Pollister called at her house and found her really ill. He took her in hand at once, and instructed Mrs. Crane to see that she remained in bed until he said she could get up.

"But who is to take care of the stock?" wailed the sick girl.

"Mrs. Crane and I will see to the stock, so don't you worry, Justine. You've got to stay in bed, or Jed'll be coming to a funeral purty soon," observed the doctor, with the best of intentions but with little tact. She gasped at the thought that she might die and leave Jud; her illness had been but a trifling matter to her until the grim old physician so bluntly told her the truth. She realised that she was in danger, and that she wanted Jud to sit by the bedside.

"Is it so serious, doctor?" she asked anxiously.

"Not if you stay in bed. Only a bad cold and some fever, but it has to be looked after. You've got good lungs or you'd be a good deal wuss."

Then he went out and told Mrs. Crane to look after her, and said that he'd ask some one to drop around every day to care for the horses, cows and hogs, and to chop some wood occasionally.

As he drove toward the village in his rattling old buggy he met 'Gene Crawley on the road.

"Whoa!" he said to the horse; and that evening 'Gene Crawley was living up to a promise to "look out fer Justine's stock and to git up some wood whenever she needed it."

When Mrs. Crane told Justine that he was to come three times a day while she was sick to "look after things," the tired, feverish girl shook her head and sighed, but offered no protest against the unwelcome fate.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FINDING OF CELESTE.

Jud received several letters from her, telling him that she was ill but getting

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better, and that the neighbours were very kind to her. He replied that he would come home if she needed him, but she insisted that it was not necessary. She penned that letter sitting up in bed. She wanted him, she hungered for him, she suffered in longing for one touch of his hand.

By this time Sherrod had formed many acquaintances, and had at last been persuaded to join an artists' club. The cost was not much, and he found great pleasure in the meetings. His salary had been increased, but his expenses grew correspondingly. Try as he would, he could find no way to curtail the cost of living. Sometimes he looked back and wondered how he had existed during the first few months in the city. Once he tried the plan of living as humbly as he had at first, but it was an utter impossibility. The worst feature was that he could send Justine but little money, nor could he see his way clear for bringing her to the city. He was bitter against himself. He loved her; no other woman tempted him from that devotion. But there seemed to be no way of making a home for her in Chicago. The honest fellow did not perceive the fact that selfishness was the weight which drew his intentions out of balance.

His companions liked him all the more because he was unswerving in his resolve to touch no liquor. He went with them to bars and wine rooms, but he never touched wines, nor was he tempted by women. Up in his room at the lodging-house hung a picture he had drawn after reading the story of a man's downfall. He called it "Wine, Women, Woe."

He had now allowed his friends to believe him unmarried so long that it was next to impossible to explain. They alluded frequently to the sweetheart down in the country, and he smiled, as if to say: "I don't mind being teased about her." He made no one his confidant and no one asked questions. The boys took it for granted that some day he would marry "the girl down there" and said nothing. He laughed when he thought of the surprise in store for them some day. This thought took him back usually to the day at Proctor's Falls when Celeste had spoken of him and Justine as sweethearts, and had given him fifty dollars with which to buy her a wedding present. The name and face of the donor had haunted him ever since that day. Her card was in his pocketbook. Somewhere in this great city she lived, and he was beginning to know left other cards in the halls of her friends every day—ordinary cards; not like this that had made a man's career. But there seemed to be no chance to tell her the difference. He had not seen her.

One of the fellows at the club was Converse, a rich young man with a liking for art and the will to cultivate a rather mediocre talent. He took a fancy to the handsome young newspaper man, and invited him to his home on the south side. One evening late in March he dined with Converse and his parents. Douglass Converse was an only child, and was little more than a boy in years. The home in Michigan Avenue was beautiful and its occupants lived luxuriously. The dinner over, the two young men lounged in Converse's "den"—a room which astonished and delighted Jud—smoking and chatting idly.

"Funny you don't drink, Sherrod," said Converse quizzically.

"I took a pledge once, and I expect to keep it."

"Always?"

"Always."

"Pledge to your mother, I suppose."

"No; to a girl who—lives down there."

"Oh ho! That's the first bit of sentiment I ever heard from you. A sweetheart, eh?"

"Well, I can't deny it," said Jud, ashamed of the equivocation.

"Tell me about her," cried his friend enthusiastically.

"There's nothing to tell. I had a letter from her to-day."

"Then it's still on?"

"I hope so," answered Jud, smiling mysteriously.

"You're devilishly uncommunicative. If I had a sweetheart who could make me live up to a promise like that I'd be only too glad to sing her praises to the sky."

"Fall in love with some good, true girl, old fellow, and see how much you'll tell the world about it," said Jud, cleverly dodging the point.

"I am in love and with the best girl in the world, but what good does it do me? She's not in love with me. Confound the luck, I'm younger than she is!" cried Converse ruefully. Sherrod laughed and

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puffed dreamily at his cigar for a few moments.

"It's a crime to be young, I presume," he said, as if obliged to re-open the conversation. Converse was standing at his desk looking at a photograph.

"Don't give up because you are young. You'll outgrow it. I was very young when—when—I mean, I was younger than you by several years when I first fell in love," went on Jud confusedly.

"But I have no chance, you know," said the other boyishly.

"Prefers another?"

"Don't know. I haven't had the courage to ask. She thinks I'm a nice boy, and such good company. Girls don't say those things about the fellow they care for seriously. I'd rather be anything than a nice boy."

"Is that her photograph?"

"Yes. Isn't she a dream?"

The owner of the den passed the portrait to his guest. Converse was surprised to see him start violently, and then pass his hand over his eyes as if brushing away some form of doubt.

"This is—this is Miss Wood?" asked Sherrod at last.

"Do you know her? If you do, you can't wonder that I'm hard hit," cried the other.

"I met her once down near my old home. One doesn't forget a face like hers. So I find her, after all, and the sweetheart of my best friend," Jud was saying hazily.

"Lord, no! Don't put it that way. She'd fall dead if any one suddenly intimated that such a relationship existed—keel over with surprise. But have you never seen her more than once?"

"Just once. She bought the first picture I ever sold."

"Great Cæsar! Are you the fellow who drew a picture of a waterfall somewhere and sold it to her for fifty dollars?" Converse was staring at Jud with eager eyes.

"I'm the one who imposed upon her," said Jud lamely.

"Then you're the good-looking country boy with the beautiful sweetheart that Celeste talked so much about. Well, this beats the—"

"Celeste? Is that her name?" cried Jud, sitting bolt upright.

"Yes. Her mother is French—she was a countess, by the way. Celeste has that picture hanging in her den—and her den is a wonder, too—and she never fails to tell about that little experience down in Indiana. She'll be crazy to meet you."

Jud's heart gave a leap. He was bewildered in a tumult of emotions. The recognition of the portrait; the mysterious coincidence in names—the one his imagination had given her and the one she bore; the thoughts that she remembered him and Justine; that his picture hung in her den; that she might really be glad to see him. Impossibilities upon impossibilities!

"My picture in her den?" he managed to stammer, feeling sure that his friend could detect an emotion that might require explanation.

"Sure—most prominent thing in the room. She says the boy who drew it will be a master some day. The trouble is, she forgot your name. She says she'd know your face or the girl's anywhere, but the name is gone. By George! This will please her."

The girl's! Jud's thoughts flew back to Justine tenderly, even resentfully; for why should this careless city maid speak of her as "the girl"?

"I'll take you to call, Sherrod. I know she'll be glad to see you, and I'll surprise her. This is great! Let's see: I'll say you are a particular friend, but I'll not give up your name. She'd remember it. I can see her now, when she first gazes upon your face. Great!"

Jud went home that night in a delightful torture of anticipation. After all these months of waiting and watching, fate—nothing less than fate—was to bring him to her side with the long unspoken words of gratitude and joy. What would she be like? How would she look? How would she be dressed? Not in that familiar grey of his memory, to be sure, but—but— And so he wondered as he tossed in his bed that night. It would be some days before Converse could take him to the home of Miss Wood, and until then he must be content with imaginings. One thing worried him. Just before he had left his friend Douglass had asked, with an unhidden concern in his voice:

"You're sure you've got a sweetheart down there?"

Jud's heart stopped beating for a second. Something within him urged him

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to cry out that he had no sweetheart, but a loving, loyal wife. But the old spirit of timidity conquered.

"I am sure I had one," he replied, and his heart throbbed with relief.

"And you're the kind of a fellow who'll stick to her, too. I know you well enough to say that," said the other warmly, as if some odd misgiving had passed from his mind.

"Thanks for the good opinion," said Jud, a great lump clogging his throat.

And when at last he slept his dreams were of the old days and Justine, and how lonely he was without her—how lonely she must be down there in the cold, dark night—sick, perhaps, and longing for him. In his dream they were at Proctor's Falls, then in Chicago, then she was beside him in the bed. His arm, moved by dream love, stretched out and drew her close to his breast, and there were no scores of miles between his tranquil heart and that of the girl he worshipped.

(To be continued.)

EVOLUTION

Far down the years I remember a time
When Nature's colours were all sublime,
  And Nature's beauty sank into my heart.
  The red blood leapt as a swift-launched dart;
The tossing of horses' manes,
  The gleam of a tiger's tooth,
The muscled arm—were sights most fair;
I was wild with the draught of the unseen air.
And the madness that hurtled through my veins
  Was Youth; was Youth.

A change crept over the world's fair face—
'Twas fair with a sweeter, a nobler grace.
  A Being dawned, and I gazed entranced;
  It swayed my soul as it danced or glanced;
It sang, and my heart did thirst.
  It languished. "Oh, Heav'n above,
Kill me," I cried, "but spare that life!"
In vain; its bosom sheathed Death's knife.
And the bubble that formed, and charmed, and burst,
  Was Love; was Love.

The frost of Winter is on my hair;
My cry of Passion is turned to prayer.
  The veil has dropped from my yearning eyes;
  The lesson's learned, and the plan all-wise
Revealed to my marv'ling soul—
  Revealed by Affliction's rod.
I give to others what cheer I may,
For the peace I give is my own rich pay.
And the sacred calm that has made me whole
  Is God; is God.

H. Arthur Powell.

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A DEFENCE OF "DARREL"

To the Editors of "The Bookman":

With the utmost good-nature possible in these cutthroat times, I desire to fall foul of H. T. P. for his assault upon Irving Bacheller's *Darrel*. A bit of critical work may be so bad as momentarily to rank in importance with the good, and I am willing to grant this distinction to H. T. P.'s review.

H. T. P. begins by disclosing the secret of Mr. Bacheller's method. I am distressed to learn that it is so uncommon as to require detective research, and still more distressed to hear it openly condemned. I should have said that the diligent collection of material bearing upon scene and character was commendable in an author, and that the bigger his scrapbook and his "rag-bag" were, the more realistic his tale might prove to be. Furthermore, the practice of getting one's information first and writing one's story afterward seems worthy of all acceptation. This, indeed, might be praise for some men, yet it is less than justice in the case of Mr. Bacheller. The picture is that of a travelling story-writer, notebook in hand, and it was not meant to flatter. The impression conveyed is that *Darrel* was the result of a visit or series of visits to the North Country by an author in search of material for a story. The truth is far away. That region is Mr. Bacheller's home, and he has never wholly lost sight of it. Ancestry, temperament, the adventures of boyhood, the earlier and the later education, tradition and the wisdom of old men, and finally, a keen and sympathetic study—these made up the contents of the "rag-bag" which Mr. Bacheller had at hand when he wrote one of the truest stories that was ever set before a reader. Well aware of this, I did not at first perceive what H. T. P.'s statement would mean to one who lacked information. Upon a second glance, however, I seemed to detect a considerable misrepresentation, which I have here endeavoured to correct.

The "rag-bag," therefore, was somewhat better furnished than one might suppose who had only H. T. P. to guide him, yet this is of small importance if we accept the critic's theory that the contents have been strung haphazard to form the story. This is not worth discussing; but behind the careless statement there probably lies a real ground for controversy. The method of portraying character by detached pictures is what H. T. P. means by his gentle metaphor of the "rag-bag." Undoubtedly Mr. Bacheller uses the "rag-bag" method, and I have been persuaded that it is the only one by which the people in books have ever been made to seem alive. It is certain that Mr. Bacheller gained, and now holds, his thousands of readers chiefly by this merit, that his characters step out from the printed page and are warm with good red blood. It is equally certain that he never presents a character as a continuity beyond the natural limits of easy apprehension. Darrel is not a consecutive demonstration in ethics; he is a man with opinions, a man with faults and virtues, the living exponent of a brave, cheerful and far-reaching philosophy. But he is made of rags, such rags as constitute your own knowledge of some fine-spirited old man whom you have known very well indeed for many years.

Ah! Irving Bacheller has the knack of pulling things out of that "rag-bag" of his! He puts in his hand and finally pulls out a bit of cloth, which he presently lays aside; and after an appreciable interval he takes out another. One of these rags has a pattern of a little red sleigh; another bears a print of an old tinker of clocks sitting on a horse in front of a farmhouse; a third shows a quaint scene of boy-and-girl love; a fourth displays the tinker and his guest among the clocks; a fifth reveals them by the firelight in the big woods at night; and so on to the end. Somehow, when we've seen all these rags we've seen Sidney Trove and Darrel, and their many friends and enemies, all very real and vivid.

It was the same with Uncle Eben. Though he had the dear old man for a straight thirty thousand words at the beginning, it was all rags. Eben and his fiddle, the boy in the basket, the flight across the fields, the solemn portal of the forest, the dim aisles fragrant with incense from

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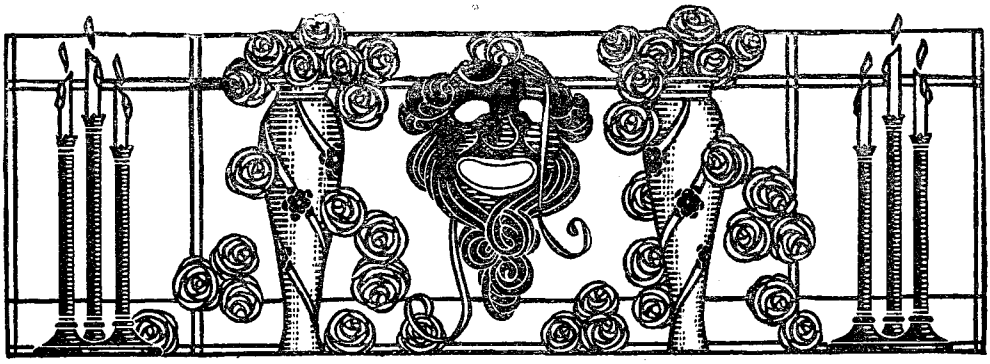
a thousand swinging boughs, the dawn, the noontime, the halt amid the corn—rags, all rags. Fancy what the unnatural continuity of character analysis would have done with Uncle Eben; picture that journey through the woods reduced to a panorama. Try to think what the laborious analysis would have made of Eben's decision to run away with the boy, or of Darrel's resolve to go to prison. No, no; give us rags by all means. We may reason ourselves into the belief that human consciousness is a "reverberant continuum," as the psychologists say, but the normal mind's eye cannot *see* a human being as a continuum of any kind, and therefore a continuum in a book will never seem human. Mr. Bacheller knows that the elements of this problem are memory and imagination, and that both are flashes in the dark. This method is not haphazard; it is founded upon an excellent study of the phenomena of mental presentation.

Upon the grave question whether chromo-lithographs are called chromos in the forties I cannot speak with certainty, but as the things themselves, whatever they were called, were invented by Senefelder in 1796 and scattered over the civilised world in the next forty years, it is a little singular that H. T. P. should have ventured without knowledge into confident criticism on that point. Moreover, though Maeterlinck wrote about bees, he did not invent them nor regulate their habits. If Mr. Bacheller desired to represent a character of his tale as an accurate observer of bees, the need was to find out what bees do; and the suggestion that the author should have watched them until he had learned something that nobody else had ever recorded it delightfully amazing. The postponement of publication which this would have entailed may be a pleasant subject of reflection to H. T. P. because he does not like *Darrel,* but, for my own part, I cannot hope to be here more than fifty or sixty years longer, and I am glad that Mr. Bacheller took the short cut to his information, so that I might see his book.

As Colonel Higginson has pointed out, Darrel is a type of man once familiar in American rural life, but now gone forever. Of this important thing H. T. P. seems not to have been aware.

Richard Burton.



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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

Appleton and Company:

The Sins of a Saint. By J. R. Aitken.

An historical romance of the tenth century, a period somewhat untouched in the realm of fiction. As a preface to his book the author has quoted the following from Milner's *History of England:* "The events of this reign are among the most painful in English history; and though not free from obscurity, they are sufficiently clear to win for the king our sympathies as the victim of unmerited injuries, and rouse indignant feeling as the lust of power and pride of place which involved an ecclesiastical party adverse to him in the guilt of atrocious crimes."

Castle Omeragh. By F. Frankfort Moore. A novel of Ireland in the days of Charles the Second.

The Autobiography of Joseph Le Conte. Edited by William Dallam Armes.

The life of Professor Le Conte is interesting, especially to those persons who knew him as "Professor Joe." The autobiography was prepared with the understanding that it should be published after the death of the writer.

The Captain's Toll-Gate. By Frank R. Stockton.

A posthumous novel, the scenes of which are laid in Washington and that part of West Virginia in which Mr. Stockton spent the last few years of his life. Mrs. Stockton has written a "Memorial Sketch," which is charmingly illustrated with etched portraits. Further mention of the book will be found in the Chronicle and Comment of the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

Baker and Taylor Company:

Present-Day Evangelism. By J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.

A religious handbook on the basis of which the work in an individual church or in a community may be successfully organised. The book, as may readily be imagined from the title, is evangelical in tone.

Barnes and Company:

The Child Housekeeper. By Elizabeth Colson and Anna G. Chittenden.

The authors of this volume give simple lessons in child housekeeping, supplementing them with songs, stories and games. The music has been written by Alice R. Baldwin, and the illustrations have been made by Alice Léonore Upton. Mr. Jacob A. Riis has written an introduction commending the work.

Cooke:

Remembrances of Emerson. By John Albee.

The contents of this book are divided under the following headings: "A Day with Emerson," "Emerson's Influence on the Young Men of His Time" and "Emerson as Essayist." The frontispiece is from an untouched negative of Emerson by J. J. Hawes.

Dillingham:

Because of Power. By Ella Stryker Mapes.

A first novel of a new writer, who up to the present time has been known principally through her contributions to the magazines. The scenes of the story are laid near Tuxedo, at Palm Beach, and at some of the well-known places in New York. Mrs. Mapes has been encroaching on Mrs. Atherton's pet property by calling her hero a descendant of Alexander Hamilton.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Aaron Burr Conspiracy. By Walter F. McCaleb, Ph.D.

A history largely from original and hitherto unused sources. While Dr. McCaleb was making a study of Texas under the Spanish *régime* he chanced upon a number of documents relating to Burr. These documents were found in the Bexar Archives in San Antonio, and in the Mexican Archives in Mexico City. This was the beginning of several years of research, the result of which is to be found in the present volume.

On the *Polar Star* in the Arctic Sea. By His Royal Highness Duke of the Abruzzi. With the statements of Commander U. Cagni upon the Sledge Expedition to 86° 34′ North, and of Dr. A. Cavalli Moli-

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nelli upon His Return to the Bay of Teplitz. Translated by William Le Queux.

A work published in two volumes, containing two hundred and twelve illustrations and sixteen full-page photogravure plates, besides five maps. The expedition, which was composed of Italians and Norwegians, succeeded in bringing the *Polar Star* to the highest latitude in the north of Europe hitherto attained by a ship following a coast line.

Thoughts from Maeterlinck. Chosen and Arranged by E. S. S.

A collection of some of the most striking passages from the works of Maeterlinck, arranged topically. The selection has been made by the wife of the authorised translator, Mr. Alfred Sutro.

Memories of Yale Life and Men. By Timothy Dwight, D.D., LL.D.

Dr. Dwight's "memories" cover a period from 1845 to 1899, and perhaps no one man is better fitted to write of Yale life.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

How to Make School Gardens. By H. D. Hemenway.

A manual for teachers and pupils, with illustrations of gardens at the Normal School, Hyannis, Mass.; Whittier School, Hampton, Va.; and the School-Garden Exhibit, School of Horticulture, Hartford, Conn.

The Land of Joy. By Ralph Henry Barbour.

This romance of "young love" has been running serially in *The Ladies' Home Journal.* It is Mr. Barbour's first novel, although he has written a number of college stories and considerable verse under the name of Richard Stillman Powell. The present novel is also a college story, and should appeal to young lovers. Mr. Barbour is about thirty-two years old, and lives in Cambridge.

How to Keep Well. By Floyd M. Crandall, M.D.

Dr. Crandall has given to the public a summary of the practical knowledge which he has gained in the twenty years of medical practice, and the book should prove a valuable guide to persons who want to know how to keep well. Dr. Crandall describes his book as "an explanation of modern methods of preventing disease."

Funk and Wagnalls:

How Paris Amuses Itself. By F. Berkeley Smith.

Mr. Smith, son of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith and author of *The Real Latin Quarter,* has written an amusing book of Paris which is admirably suited for summer reading. The illustrations, and there are over a hundred of them, are sufficient in themselves to attract the reader. This book receives notice in the "Chronicle and Comment" of the present issue.

On the Trail of Moses. By Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

A series of "revival" sermons preached by the minister in charge of Grace Methodist Church, New York City.

Grafton Press:

The Buckeye Doctor. By William W. Pennell, M.D.

Evidently the author's own story. A young physician's trials in a narrow-minded community where his "new-fangled ideas" create consternation and disgust. In the story are some rather clever character sketches and dashes of homely philosophy.

Harper Brothers:

The Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens. By F. G. Kitton.

The compiler of this work is one of the best-known authorities on Dickens. The book includes poems from Dickens's novels; lyrics and prologues from his own plays and from plays of Westland Marston; songs, choruses and concerted pieces from *The Village Coquettes,* a comic opera of 1836. A frontispiece by Maclise, R.A., represents Dickens, his wife and her sister.

The Redfields' Succession. By Henry B. Boone and Kenneth Brown.

A novel with the scenes laid chiefly in Virginia. A contest over a will is one of the features of the story, in which a Southern girl and an impecunious New Yorker are the principal characters. The authors of this book are brothers-in-law and Virginians by adoption.

The Black Lion Inn. By Alfred Henry Lewis. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.)

Mr. Lewis brings together a number of true Western types, who foregather at the Black Lion Inn and tell the tales which form the material for this story. Mr. Lewis's *Wolfville* met with considerable success.

The Little Princess. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.)

A story of the children's play which has recently been produced in New York, with scenes and photographs of the young actress, Millie James.

The Sultan of Sulu. By George Ade. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.)

Mr. Ade's "original satire in two acts" has been published in book form, with scenes from the opera, and a frontispiece of Mr. Moulan as Ki-Ram. The first performance occurred in Chicago in 1902, and it has been running in New York since December of the same year.

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Perverted Proverbs. By Colonel D. Streamer. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.)

A volume of humorous verse, which the author calls "a manual of immorals for the many."

Questionable Shapes. By William Dean Howells.

Mr. Howells's latest book contains three stories, "His Apparition," "The Angel of the Lord" and "Though One Rose from the Dead." In these tales Mr. Howells has returned to the field of some of his earlier work, the region of psychical phenomema.

The Love of Monsieur. By George Gibbs.

A new novel by the author of *In Search of Mademoiselle.* The publishers wish it to be understood that this is not an historical novel, but a romance of bygone days, in which no historical characters appear. And this is something in its favour.

Lane:

Silas Marner. By George Eliot.

Volume VII. in the Pocket Edition Library. The volumes are attractively bound in red cloth.

My Kalendar of Country Delights. By Helen Milman.

The author, Mrs. Caldwell Crofton, says in her prelude: "Now that a great wish of my life has been fulfilled, and I can boast of a garden room of my own . . . I have made up my mind to keep a kalendar of my own, and write therein what comes to me with flowers, and song of birds, and treasures I find in books which fill the shelves on the green walls." There are a number of charming sketches by Mr. Donald Maxwell, and the book, on the whole, is out of the ordinary.

Nine Points of the Law. By Wilfrid Scarborough Jackson.

An amusing story for light reading.

Macmillan Company:

People of the Whirlpool. By the Author of *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife.*

A story written in somewhat the same vein as its predecessor. The scene is partly laid in and about the country of Barbara and Evan and partly in New York City. A land scheme has drawn some New Yorkers to build "cottages upon the hills" that are conveniently near to town, and the doings of these cottagers are silhouetted by the searching light of their effect upon a rural community.

Boys' Self-Governing Clubs. By Winifred Buck.

The author of this little book has had twelve years' experience in managing boys' clubs, and she is, therefore, able to give many helpful suggestions in regard to their organisation and management. St. Mark's Place Boys Club, which the author says is the original and most famous of the boys' clubs, was started twenty-five years ago.

Representative English Comedies. From the Beginnings to Shakespeare. Edited by C. M. Gayley.

This volume contains introductory essays and notes and an historical view of our earlier comedy by various writers. The editor is Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of California. The aim of the book and those which will follow is to "indicate the development of a literary type by a selection of its representative specimens, arranged in the order of their production and accompanied by critical and historical studies."

Philosophy Four. By Owen Wister.

A charming story published in the series entitled "The Macmillan Little Novels by Favourite Authors."

Man Overboard. By F. Marion Crawford.

The second story to appear in the Macmillan Little Novels Series. Both of these books will receive further notice.

Bass, Pike, Perch and Others. By James A. Henshall.

A new volume in the American Sportsman's Library, edited by Caspar Whitney. This book includes all of the game fishes of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains except the salmons and trout, and the tarpon, jewfish and other fishes of large size, which are described in other volumes of this series.

In the Guardianship of God. By Flora Annie Steel.

Mrs. Steel will be remembered especially as the author of a striking novel entitled *On the Face of the Waters.* Her present book is a collection of short stories of Indian life, named after the first one. They are said to be true to the native life of the Indian of the present day. This book will receive further notice.

The Kempton-Wace Letters.

A book of entertaining letters which are supposed to have passed between Dane Kempton, an idealist, and his foster-son, whose ideas are in direct contrast.

Robert Browning. By G. K. Chesterton.

A volume belonging to the series of English Men of Letters. Mr. Chesterton needs no introduction to THE BOOKMAN'S readers, as he is a frequent contributor to its pages.

The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Cornhill to Cairo, Etc. Edited by Walter Jerrold.

A new volume in the Dent Edition of

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Thackeray, which is illustrated by Charles E. Brock and edited by Mr. Jerrold. Besides from "Cornhill to Cairo," the book contains "Novels by Eminent Hands," "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," "The History of the Next French Revolution," "Dickens in France" and "Carlyle's French Revolution."

Book of Snobs. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Edited by Walter Jerrold.

Another volume in the Dent Edition, containing, besides "The Book of Snobs," "Cox's Diary," "Character Sketches" and several Tales.

Where There is Nothing. By W. B. Yeats.

Being Volume I. of plays for an Irish theatre. *Where There is Nothing* is in five acts, and it calls for eighteen characters.

Ideas of Good and Evil. By W. B. Yeats.

Mr. Yeats is fast coming to the front. This is the second book bearing his name to be published this month. The present volume is a collection of essays. Mr. Yeats is well known in Ireland as a poet and essayist.

The Moral System of Shakespeare. A Popular Illustration of Fiction as the Experimental Side of Philosophy. By Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D.

Professor Moulton has intended this book for the general reader, and he has, therefore, excluded technical discussion from the text. The author surveys the world of persons, incidents and story created by Shakespeare, and traces underlying principles with some approach to systematic method.

The Big Game Fishes of the United States. By Charles Frederic Holder.

Another volume belonging to the American Sportsman's Library, edited by Mr. Caspar Whitney.

A Gentleman of the South. A Memory of the Black Belt from the Manuscript Memoirs of the Late Colonel Stanton Elmore. Edited without change by William Garrott Brown.

A love-story of the South shortly after the Mexican War. In his preface Mr. Brown says that the narrative which he tells was found among the papers of the late Colonel Elmore, who died in London near the end of the last century.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

This small edition of *Hamlet* is edited with notes, an introduction and outline questions by L. A. Sherman, who is Professor of English Literature in the University of Nebraska.

An Illustrated History of English Literature. By Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse. Volumes I. and III.

Were this work of inferior literary quality, which is by no means the case, it would still be a publication of considerable importance. There have been other histories of English literature which may ultimately be ranked far above this; but we have seen none which can be in any way compared to it in attractiveness of appearance. The fact that the first and the third volumes appear simultaneously is because Volumes I. and II. are the work of Dr. Garnett, and Volumes III. and IV. the work of Edmund Gosse. This work will receive further mention in THE BOOKMAN.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Triumph. By Arthur Stanwood Pier.

A modern American novel by the author of two pretty good books: *The Pedagogues* and *The Sentimentalists.* A review of *The Triumph* appears elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

Despotism and Democracy. A Study in Washington Society and Politics.

An anonymous volume, the contents of which have been appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post.*

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

One for Many. Confessions of a Young Girl. By Vera. Translated by Henry Britoff.

We refrain from commenting on this book, as it is obviously on the same lines as another work of a similar nature which THE BOOKMAN has not cared to discuss.

Pott and Company:

Leo Tolstoy. By G. K. Chesterton, G. H. Perris and Others.

A new volume in The Bookman Biographies Series. The monograph has a number of illustrations. The preceding volumes in this series are *Robert Louis Stevenson* and *Thomas Carlyle.*

Putnam's Sons:

Florida Fancies. By F. R. Swift.

An illustrated book describing the fishing and hunting expeditions of a Northerner who takes a mid-winter holiday in Florida. The narrator does not waste time in talking about hotel life or about the pleasures of the beach, but prefers to get away from the beaten track.

Puerto Rican and Other Impressions. By William James.

A collection of poems, some of which are accompanied by illustrations.

Psychology and Common Life. By Frank Sargent Hoffman, Ph.D.

A survey of the present results of psychical research with special reference to their bearings upon the interests of

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every-day life. The author has selected the most important facts from the great mass of material now accumulated by students of psychical research, and he has described these facts in a way that will be understood by the general reader.

Echoes from Erin. By William Westcott Fink.

A book of verse, of which many are written in the Irish dialect. Ireland seems to be figuring quite conspicuously in current literature.

Danish Life in Town and Country. By Jessie Brochner.

A new volume in a series entitled Our European Neighbours, edited by William Harbutt Dawson. Previous books in this series have touched upon France, Germany, Russia, Switzerland, Spain and Italy. The volumes in preparation are *Austrian Life in Town and Country* and *Turkish Life in Town and Country.*

Modern Civic Art. By Charles Mulford Robinson.

Mr. Robinson gives many valuable suggestions as to how cities can be made beautiful. *The Improvement of Town and Cities,* by the same author, treats of "The Practical Basis of Civic Æsthetics."

The Fur Traders of the Columbia River and the Rocky Mountains. As Described by Washington Irving.

Mr. Frank Lincoln Olmsted, editor of the Knickerbocker Literature Series, has included in this series two volumes of Irving's which deal with the West, *Astoria* and *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville.*

Divinity and Man. By W. K. Roberts.

It is easier to describe this book in the author's own words, which are as follows: "An interpretation of spiritual law in its relation to mundane phenomena and to the ruling incentives and moral duties of man, together with an allegory dealing with cosmic evolution and certain social and religious problems."

A Political History of Slavery. By William Henry Smith. Two volumes.

Mr. Smith gives a detailed account of the slavery controversy from the earliest agitations in the eighteenth century to the close of the Reconstruction Period in America. Mr. Whitelaw Reid has written the introduction.

Crown Theological Library. Volume I. Delitzsch's *Babel and Bible.*

These are two lectures delivered by Professor Friedrich Delitzsch before the members of the Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft in the presence of the German Emperor. The volume is edited with an introduction by C. H. W. Johns, M.A.

Sociology. The Science of Human Society. By J. H. W. Stuckenberg, LL.D. Two volumes.

Some years ago Professor Stuckenberg published an *Introduction to the Study of Sociology,* and since then he has been gathering material for the present volume. For this purpose he has used the libraries of Berlin, Paris, London, Boston and Cambridge. Professor Stuckenberg is a member of the Philosophical Society of Berlin.

Stokes and Company:

The Sacrifice of the Shannon. By W. Albert Hickman.

A story of Eastern Canada. A portion of the book was written aboard the Canadian government ice-crusher *Minto,* in the ice of the Strait of Northumberland, in February, 1902.

Felix. By Robert Hichens.

A new novel in Mr. Hichens's usual vein.

The Old China Book. By N. Hudson Moore.

A book written to meet the wants of those who own old china, particularly old English china, and who would like to know more about it. Illustrations accompany the text.

Scribner's Sons:

The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer. By Charles Lever.

An imported edition of a story which appeared years ago in the *Dublin University Magazine,* and which is very welcome in its present attractive form.

Thomas Campion. Songs and Masques, with Observations in the Art of English Poesy. Edited by A. H. Bullen.

An imported volume belonging to the Muses' Library Series. When the editor of this little book published, in 1887, *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books,* the merits of Thomas Campion remained unrecognised. Since then he has taken his rightful place among English poets. "The first edition of Campion's Latin Poems," says Mr. Bullen (*Campiani Poemata,* 1595), "is exceedingly rare. In 1889 I had not been able to trace a copy. At a later date Mr. W. H. Allnutt informed me that a perfect copy (the only perfect copy known) is in the possession of Viscount Clifden, who has very kindly allowed me to make free use of this precious little volume."

Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque. With Other Stories. By Edgar Allan Poe.

A thin paper imported edition of a number of Poe's weird tales. Among them may be found "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," "Thou Art the Man" and "The Masque of the Red Death." This volume belongs to the Caxton Series of illustrated reprints of famous classics. A

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photogravure of Poe makes an effective frontispiece.

Sidelights on Charles Lamb. By Bertram Dobell.

The author of this biography has collected every fact relating to Lamb or to his works which have been at all available. In his preface he wishes to correct one small mistake in his book. In the chapter entitled "More About Wainwright and Lamb" it is stated that none of Wainwright's biographers seem to have known of the existence of his Bonmot booklet. Mr. Dobdell says that this is an error, as he has since found that the account of Wainwright in the volume entitled *Twelve Bad Men* mentions the booklet. The frontispiece in the volume under consideration is a facsimile of Lamb's poem of "The Three Graves" from an original manuscript in the possession of the publisher. The book is an imported one.

Michael Angelo Buonarotti. By Charles Holroyd, Keeper of the National Gallery of British Art, with Translations of the Life of the Master by his scholar, Ascanio Condivi, and Three Dialogues from the Portuguese by Francisco D'Ollanda.

An elaborately illustrated volume, also imported, which is divided under two headings: "The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarotti" and "The works of Michael Angelo." Ascanio Condivi was the friend and pupil of Michael Angelo, and his work has almost the authority of an autobiography, as many of his phrases are in the very words of his master.

The Works of Lord Byron. A New, Revised and Enlarged Edition, with Illustrations. Poetry. Vol. VI. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge, M.A.

It was originally intended that this edition of Byron's life would be comprised within twelve volumes of about four hundred pages each. But the work has been expanded until a thirteenth volume became necessary. It is expected that the final volume will be published during the coming summer. Mr. John Murray is the publisher of this work in England. Volume VI. contains the poem "Don Juan" and an introduction to it.

Sir A. Henry Layard, G.C.B., D.C.L. Autobiography and Letters from His Childhood until His Appointment as H. M. Ambassador at Madrid. Edited by the Hon. William N. Bruce, with a Chapter on His Parliamentary Career by the Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Otway. In two volumes.

Sir Henry Layard had a life full of adventure and activity. He was born in Paris, March 5, 1817, and died in London on July 5, 1894. He won distinction as traveller, archæologist, politician, diplomatist and student of the Fine Arts, and before he was twenty-three he had accomplished the most adventurous and perilous of his many travels. These volumes are also importations.

The Diary of John Evelyn, Esq., F.R.S. Edited by William Bray.

A new and imported volume in the Caxton Thin Paper Edition of the illustrated reprints of famous classics.

Gordon Keith. By Thomas Nelson Page.

We refer our readers to the review of this book which may be found elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. By Mary King Waddington.

A notice of this book will be found in the "Chronicle and Comment" of the present issue.

Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Fighting Chance. By Gertrude Lynch.

Admirers of Miss Lynch's work will be pleased to welcome her first novel. It is a story of an ingénue, and the character is extremely well drawn—so well drawn, in fact, that nearly every one will think that he or she knows the original. Miss Lynch belongs to the younger women writers, and her work appears frequently in the magazines and newspapers. Mr. Bayard Jones has made the illustrations for *The Fighting Chance.*

A Puritan Witch. By Marvin Dana.

A romantic love-story which reveals much real feeling. Mr. Dana is one of the editors of *The Smart Set,* and in his preface he says: "If any reader question the possibility of certain events in this romance, the author gives assurance that he has drawn on imagination only to a legitimate extent. In such essentials as have to do with witchcraft, herein are no flights of fancy; nought save the stern realisms of fact."

The Vulgarians. By Edgar Fawcett.

In this novel Mr. Fawcett has given a picture of American life which he has drawn from facts. The vulgarians, in spite of their great wealth, are truly likeable.

Perkins the Fakeer. By Edward S. Van Zile.

In this volume Mr. Van Zile has collected some of his reincarnation tales which have appeared in *The Smart Set.* Some of the stories are: "When Reginald Was Caroline," "How Chopin Came to Remsen" and "Clarissa's Troublesome Baby." Of Mr. Perkins, Mr. Van Zile says that he is a Yankee who lived for fifty years in India, and became an adept in mysteries rejected by the Occidental mind.

Revell and Company:

The Samaritans. By J. A. Steuart.

Mr. Steuart carries his reader into the London of to-day, where the men and women spend many of their days behind bars and where the honest poor are

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herded in tenements. The book is a study of the housing of the overcrowded masses under the guise of fiction.

Esperanto. (The Universal Language.) The Student's Complete Text-Book. Containing Full Grammar Exercises, Conversations, Commercial Letters and Two Vocabularies. Compiled by J. C. O'Connor, B.A.

This grammar of the Auxiliary International Language has had the advantage of the personal supervision of the founder, Dr. Zamenhof.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

American Heroes and Heroism. By William A. Mowry, A.M., Ph.D., and Arthur May Mowry, A.M.

A text-book for children, in which the reading lessons are made entertaining as well as instructive.

Taylor and Company:

The Novels and Poems of Charles Kingsley. Hereward the Wake. Volumes I. and II. With an Introduction by Maurice Kingsley.

These are the first volumes in a Library Edition of Charles Kingsley's works. The edition will be in fourteen volumes, printed entirely in new type. The edition is to be supplemented by the Letters and Memories of his life, edited by his wife.

Young and Company:

Dainty Devils.

The author of this novel prefers to remain anonymous. The story deals with certain phases of society, and it is written with the intention of making somewhat of a stir. The author, we understand, is a New York woman, and her manuscript had many and varied experiences before it found a publisher daring enough to print it.

BOSTON, MASS.

Angel Guardian Press:

The Untrained Nurse. By a Graduate of Bellevue Hospital.

This book is not written to take the place of the trained nurse or of the doctor, but to help those persons who are not able to call upon either in time of illness.

Badger:

April Twilights. By Willia Sibert Cather.

A book of verse by a young Virginian who has spent much of her time in Nebraska, and who has done considerable newspaper work.

A Field of Folk. By Isabelle Howe Fiske.

This little volume contains over a hundred poems, the subjects being equally divided between life and nature.

Bartlett:

Aphorisms. By Ivan Panin.

A small volume of aphorisms of sorrow, of charity and love, of God, of religion, of wisdom and folly, of family and society, of conduct of life, of observations and of letters and art.

Clarke Company:

Letters and Diary of John Rowe. 1759-1762. 1704-1779. Edited by Anne Rowe Cunningham. With extracts from a paper written for the Massachusetts Historical Society. By Edward Lillie Pierce.

These extracts have been printed because "it seemed that such valuable records of life in Boston nearly one hundred and fifty years ago ought to be put beyond the possibility of loss."

Ginn and Company:

Hero Stories from American History. By Albert F. Blaisdell.

A school book which may be used as a supplementary reading book on American history for the fifth and sixth grades in elementary schools, or for collateral reading in connection with a formal text-book of a somewhat higher grade.

Wood Folk at School. By William J. Long.

The fourth volume in the Wood Folk Series. The author has become well known in the last few years because of his animal studies. In this book Mr. Long shows the deer teaching her dainty fawns, the moose directing her calf, the old bear leading her cubs, and many other glimpses of animal life. Mr. Long made these studies from his tent door in the heart of the woods.

A General History of Commerce. By William Clarence Webster, Ph.D.

A text-book in which the author tells the story of commerce in a systematic manner, in order that the reader may get clear-cut and accurate pictures of the commercial growth and decay of separate nations.

Discourse on War. By William Ellery Channing. With an Introduction by Edwin D. Mead.

The best of Channing's addresses and sermons upon war and the honour and welfare of nations are here brought together. The volume is the third in the International Library, the earlier volumes being Bloch's *Future War* and Sumner's *Addresses on War.*

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Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Correspondence Between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Herman Grimm. Edited by Frederick William Holls.

These letters are reprinted, with the exception of the original German letters, from the *Atlantic Monthly* of April, 1903. The letters cover the period from April 5, 1856, to December 18, 1871. The volume is illustrated by two photogravure portraits, one of Emerson, the other of Grimm.

Trent's Trust, and Other Stories. By Bret Harte.

The seven stories in this collection all deal with the old pioneer life in California which Bret Harte has immortalised. The first story in the collection occupies almost half of the book, and it contains an interesting mystery. New chapters are given in the lives of Colonel Starbottle and Jack Hamlin.

His Daughter First. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

This is the first novel which Mr. Hardy has written in a good many years. It is a story of American life of to-day, and its plot turns upon the money market of New York and the love complications of a country house party. Mr. Hardy is at present Minister to Spain.

Texas. A Contest of Civilisations. By George P. Garrison.

A volume belonging to the American Commonwealth Series. Professor Garrison is of the University of Texas, and is conversant with his subject.

A Spectre of Power. By Charles Egbert Craddock.

This author is perhaps better known under the name of "Miss Murfree," and the scenes of her stories are usually laid in the Tennessee mountain region. The present story deals with the struggles of the early French and English, and centres about the love-story of a Scotch girl, the daughter of a trader.

The Log of a Cow Boy. By Andy Adams.

A narrative of the old trail days by one who for ten years worked on cattle ranches in Texas. All told, "Andy Adams" has lived for twenty years on the plains, most of the time in the saddle, so that his story is one of actual experience.

*Little, Brown and Company:**

The Wars of Peace. By A. F. Wilson.

A novel dealing with the subject of Trusts and their consequences. A financier organises an industrial combination which causes suffering and disaster, and eventually alienates his own son. This son buys a mill and attempts to run it according to his own ideas. The destruction of the mill is one of the dramatic scenes in the story.

Sarah Tuldon. A Woman Who Had Her Way. By Orme Agnus.

A study of an English peasant girl, who is an unusual type. The author gives a realistic picture of the conditions which exist in England among the labouring class, and the publishers have compared the author to Thomas Hardy.

The Siege of Youth. By Frances Charles.

The scenes of this story are laid in San Francisco, the author's home. "It deals with art, with journalism and with human nature," say the publishers. The author's previous novel, *In the Country God Forgot,* has been well received.

The Dominant Strain. By Anna Chapin Ray.

The hero of this novel is one Cotton Mather Thayer, whose father was a descendant of the Puritans, and whose mother was a Russian musician, and the warring strains in his nature afford material for a hero. The novel has a musical atmosphere and a modern flavour.

Love Thrives in War. By Mary Catherine Crowley.

An historical novel of the War of 1812, in which the heroine is rich in lovers, being wooed by an Indian, a British officer and an American patriot.

A Prince of Sinners. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Mr. Oppenheim is to be congratulated for having chosen an enticing title. The story deals with English social life of the present day. It is meeting with much success.

Page and Company:

The Silent Maid. By Frederic Werden Pangborn.

This is the story of Still Mægth, her strange bewitchment, and how she came to love a mortal man.

Earth's Enigmas. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

A collection of short stories, some of which have been published before and three of which are quite new: "The House at Stony Lonesome," "The Hill of Chastisement" and "On the Tantramar Dyke." The stories vary in character; some of them present the problems of life or nature; others are the almost literal transcript of dreams; while others are scenes from the life in Canada with which Mr. Roberts has been particularly identified. Mr. Charles Livingston Bull has made the illustrations.

*Under this heading last month we erroneously referred to the author of *Barbara, A Woman of the West,* as a woman. John H. Whitson is a man, at present living in Boston, although he was born in Indiana and spent many years of his life in the West.

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Pipes of Pan. Number II. From the Green Book of the Bards. By Bliss Carman.

There are to be five volumes of verse in this series. The first was *From the Book of Myths,* and the three which are in preparation are *From the Songs of the Sea Children, From the Book of Grand Pré* and *From the Book of Pierrot.*

Prince Hagen. A Phantasy. By Upton Sinclair.

The author of this "phantasy" is the person who pretended to have killed himself last year in order to write *The Journal of Arthur Stirling,* a book which THE BOOKMAN exposed in the March number.

The Book of the Rose. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

A volume of poems divided under two headings: "The Book of the Rose" and "Miscellaneous Poems."

Pilgrim Press:

The Annie Laurie Mine. By David N. Beach.

A story of "love, economics and religion," which contains some lurid illustrations by Mr. Charles Copeland. The author has kindly sent us this copy with his compliments.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Autobiography of a Beggar. By I. K. Friedman.

A humorous book telling of the adventures and the incidents relating to the Beggars' Club. There are eighteen illustrations by W. Glackens.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Coates and Company:

The Tu-Tze's Tower. By Louise Betts Edwards.

A strange story, with the scenes laid in China.

Jewish Publication Society of America:

Maimonides. By David Yellin and Israel Abrahams.

The first of a series of books to deal with "Jewish Worthies." The aim of this series is to present biographies of famous Jews, with especial regard to the general history of the periods at which they lived.

Jacobs and Company:

The Peril and the Preservation of the Home. Being the William L. Bull Lectures for the Year 1903. By Jacob A. Riis.

The subjects of these lectures are as follows: "Our Sins in the Past," "Our Fight for the Home," "Our Flight in the Present," "Our Grip on the Tomorrow." The book is illustrated.

Lippincott Company:

The True Abraham Lincoln. By William Eleroy Curtis.

The latest volume in the series of True Biographies, in which series also appeared Mr. Curtis's *The True Thomas Jefferson.* The book contains twenty-four illustrations, and many inside bits of information about Lincoln and his life. Mr. Curtis's first purpose is to show Lincoln as a man, then as a leader of the Springfield Bar, as an orator, as a politician, as President, and so on to the end.

Pigs in Clover. By Frank Danby.

No adequate idea of this book can be given in a few words. We therefore refer the readers of this department to the review printed elsewhere, and to the comment about the author also published in this number.

The First and Second Books of the Maccabees. Edited by W. Fairweather, M.A.

A new volume in the "Temple Bible," of which the Lippincott Company are the publishers in this country, and Dent and Company in London.

Westminster Press:

Studies of Familiar Hymns. By Louis F. Benson, D.D.

This book is the outcome of six papers which were written for *Forward* and *The Wellspring,* periodicals of the Presbyterian and Congregational publishing houses, designed for young people and the family.

CHICAGO, ILL.

McClurg and Company:

A Selection from the Best English Essays. Illustrative of the History of English Prose Style. Chosen and Arranged with Historical and Critical Introductions. By Sherwin Cody.

Following the Preface and a General Introduction, Mr. Cody takes up the following masters of English prose: Bacon, Swift, Addison, Lamb, De Quincey, Carlyle, Emerson, Macaulay, Ruskin and Matthew Arnold.

The Law of Mental Medicine. By Thomas J. Hudson, LL.D.

Dr. Hudson points out a system which is based on the principle that suggestion controls the subjective mind, which in its turn controls the functions of the body. Dr. Hudson is also the author of *The Law of Psychic Phenomena* and *The Divine Pedigree of Man.*

Rand, McNally and Company:

Composition and Rhetoric. Based on Literary Models. By Rose M. Kavana and Arthur Beatty.

In the present book the authors apply to the teaching of composition, the studio

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method so long practised in the art of painting. "The method of this book," says the Introduction, "is distinctly a literary, not a rhetorical method, and differs from all others in its use throughout of a system of a typical paragraph and theme-models derived from particular pieces of literature and from conversation in our life." The book is illustrated from well-known paintings.

The King of the Golden River; or, The Black Brothers. A Legend of Stiria. By John Ruskin. Edited by Katharine Lee Bates.

A school-book belonging to the series of Canterbury Classics. It is the aim of this series to furnish all good reading that is desired, but it aims also to help in arousing a desire for the more imaginative and inspiring legends of the Aryan race. In the case of every volume the text of the authoritative edition will be reproduced. Miss Bates is Professor of English Literature in Wellesley College.

Stone and Company:

Truth and a Woman. By Anna Robeson Brown.

A story essentially for women, suitable for summer reading.

LONDON.

Duckworth and Company:

A Girl Among the Anarchists. By Isabel Meredith.

In a preface to this novel Mr. Morley Roberts writes: "This book, if it is read with understanding, will, I feel assured, do not a little to show how it comes about that Anarchism is as truly endemic in Western civilisations as cholera is in India. Isabel Meredith . . . occupies a very curious and unique position in the history of English Anarchism. . . . So far as the outlook of her book extends, she is a disciple of Spinoza."

Church Discipline. By Joseph McCabe.

An ethical study of the Church of Rome, in which the author has embodied the material of a series of lectures which he delivered under the auspices of the Union of Ethical Societies.

Gay and Bird:

Idle-Hour Flights. By Robert D. Burnie.

An imported volume of verse. In an Appendix Mr. Burnie has printed the "Elegy on Alfred, Bishop of Llandaff," written by Mrs. Key-Blunt, a daughter of the composer of "The Star-Spangled Banner." "I have not before had an opportunity of publishing it," writes Mr. Burnie, "and my reason for now thus doing so is that I am hopeful that it may circulate in the United States, and that in that great republic many will be pleased to have the opportunity to read the beautiful elegy, and to have the name of their talented countrywoman thus brought under notice.

Richards:

Hephæstus. By Arthur Stringer.

An imported book of verse, which contains, besides the initial poem, "Persephone at Enna" and "Sappho in Leucadia." Mr. Stringer is a young Canadian, whose work appears frequently in the various magazines and whose first novel is to be published in the near future.

A Study of Metre. By T. S. Omond.

An imported book, dedicated to "all lovers of English poetry." The present volume is built upon certain essays and magazine articles of a mainly tentative character, which were published about six years ago. The author has revised and restated his own views, as well as paid attention to those of others.

ASHLAND, WIS.

Chemaquamegon Press:

More Light on a Dark Subject. By Dr. J. R. Bailey.

The author has sent us a personal copy of his book, which he describes as "a series of lessons in higher physiology for the benefit of parents and posterity."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Hall:

Physicians, Their Patients, Pills, Paregoric, Poisons! By Earle Scanland.

A paper-covered book published in Brooklyn, and costing twenty-five cents a copy. The author herself tells us that it is very amusing.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Sever and Company:

The Legend of the Holy Grail and the Perceval of Crestien of Troyes. By William Wells Newell.

The papers in this pamphlet are reprints from the *Journal of American Folk-Lore.*

CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Tribune Company Print:

The Quaint Family of Three. By Duncan McRa.

A small paper-covered book, in which the writer describes a family living in a log house in West Virginia.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Jennings and Pye:

Where Town and Country Meet. By James Buckham.

Most of the sketches in this book appeared in *Zion's Herald,* of Boston. These sketches are under the following headings: "Indian Spring," "In Angling Time," "Some Hermits of the Marsh," "Pilgrims of the Night," "The Music of Brooks," "In the Heart of the Pines," "A Doorstep Singer," and others of a similar nature.

EVANSTON, ILL.

Lord:

Evenings in Little Russia. From the Russian of Gógol. Translated by Edna Worthley Underwood and William Hamilton Cline.

Three stories and a preface by Gógol, with a foreword by the translators, make up this volume.

FRANKLIN, OHIO.

Editor Publishing Company:

Flamina. By Alfred de Vervins.

A small book of fiction. The scene of the story is laid in Spain in the seventeenth century, and the characters are supposed to have figured in history.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Main Chance. By Meredith Nicholson.

Mr. Nicholson belongs to the Indiana school of writers. Up to the present time he has been known as a poet and newspaper man. The present book is Mr. Nicholson's first venture in fiction, and it deals with life in a Middle West city.

The Grey Cloak. By Harold MacGrath.

Mr. MacGrath writes most entertaining romances, and his new book will doubtless add to the reputation he has made in *Arms and the Woman* and *The Puppet Crown.* The story which Mr. MacGrath has to tell in *The Grey Cloak* is full of daring adventures and of joyful love-making, and it is all told in a way to hold the reader's attention.

The Works of Shakespeare. Cymbeline. Edited by Edward Dowden.

A new volume in the "Dowden Shakespeare." *The Play of Cymbeline* was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623, where it is placed among the tragedies, and is the last play in the volume.

The Song of the Cardinal. By Gene Stratton-Porter.

A bird's love-story. The book is attractively and appropriately bound in red, and the illustrations are camera studies from life.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Butler:

The Art of Living Long. A New and Improved English Version of the Treatise of the Celebrated Venetian Centenarian, Louis Cornaro. With Essays by Joseph Addison, Lord Bacon and Sir William Temple.

In this volume is presented a new translation of *The Temperate Life,* the historic treatise of Louis Cornaro. In this country we believe that the best-known edition of this work has been the one issued in London in 1779. The four "Discourses" that complete Cornaro's treatise, prefaced by an Introduction penned by Addison, are followed by essays from Lord Bacon's *History of Life and Death* and Sir William Temple's *Health and Long Life.*

MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

Gospel Trumpet Publishing Company:

What Shall I Do to Be Saved? By E. E. Byrum.

A religious book, in which the author gives words of advice, warning, and encouragement to the unsaved, pointing out the way of salvation, and the requirements necessary to obtain it. The volume is cheaply bound and printed.

PORTLAND, ORE.

The Chieftain and Satires. By Valentine Brown.

A book of verse, which Mr. Valentine Brown dedicates to his infant son, "Zenas Shelley Brown." By consulting the preface, we learn that this is Mr. Brown's third book of verse.

PRINCETON, N. J.

University Library:

The Poems of Philip Freneau. Poet of the American Revolution. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee. Volume I.

The present edition of the poetical works of Philip Freneau was begun at the advice of the late Moses Coit Tyler. The volume is a large one, and it contains biographical matter and many poems.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Robertson:

Visions, and Other Verse. By Edward Robeson Taylor.

A new book of verse by Dr. Taylor, the author of *Moods and Other Verses* and *Into the Light.* Dr. Taylor is especially well known in San Francisco, where he lives.

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For the Pleasure of His Company. By Charles Warren Stoddard.

Mr. Stoddard is the author of a number of charming books, among them *In the Footprints of the Padres, Exits and Entrances, South Sea Idyls* and *Mashallah: A Flight Into Egypt.* Mr. Stoddard calls the present volume "An Affair of the Misty City—Thrice Told," and it is one of those books which must be read to be appreciated.

A Tale of a Town; or, The Progress of the Trust. By Lionel Josaphare.

A pamphlet belonging to the Flame Series, about whch the less said the better.

Whitaker and Ray Company:

Civil War Stories. By John T. Bell.

The author was formerly a member of the Second Iowa Infantry, and he has compiled these stories from the official records of the Union and Confederate Armies.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

Bulletin Newspaper Company:

On Our Selection! By Arthur H. Davis (Steele Rudd).

The contents of this book provided the lightest of newspaper reading when the material was published in the *Bulletin.*

TOPEKA, KAN.

Crane and Company:

Elementary Studies in Insect Life. By Samuel J. Hunter, A.M.

This book is divided into two parts. Part I. deals with the development of insects and their relations to their surroundings, while Part II. is devoted to methods, equipments, and laboratory exercises. The author is Associate Professor of Comparative Zoölogy and Entomology in the University of Kansas.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Neale Publishing Company:

Verses. By Bertha Gerneaux Woods.

A collection of short poems, most of which have appeared in various weekly and monthly publications.

The Testimony of Reason. By Samuel L. Phillips.

A book of about one hundred pages, in which the author gives the testimony of reason for his belief in the Christian religion.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between May and June, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 25 cents.
2. Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $1.75 net.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of Harry Revel. Quiller-Couch. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Conquering of Kate. Mowbray. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Substitute. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Mrs. Tree. Richards. (Estes.) 75 cents.
2. Geoffrey Strong. Richards. (Estes.) 75 cents.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. Waddington. (Scribner.) $2.50 net.
6. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.25.
4. A Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $1.75 net.
5. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. (Lane.) $6.00 net.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. The Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

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5. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Triumph. Pier. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.50.
6. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.50.
4. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. A Mummer's Wife. Moore. (Brentano.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Mystery of Murray Davenport. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
6. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Mystery of Murray Davenport. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. Marjorie. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.50.
3. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett Press.) $1.00.
4. The Better Way. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.00.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

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MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Dr. Bryson. Spearman. (Tyrell.) $1.25; paper, 75 cents.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Poole Publishing Co.) $1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. Adam Rush. Meekins. (Hall.) $1.25; paper, 75 cents.
5. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.00; paper, 25 cents.
6. The Love Story of Abner Stone. Litsey. (Barnes.) $1.20.
   Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Morang.) $1.25.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Mystery of Murray Davenport. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The History of Louisiana. Gayarre. (Hansell.) $10.00 net.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Children of Destiny. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Shadow of the Czar. Carling. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Brewster's Millions. Greaves. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. The Star Dreamer. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) $2.00.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Ruskin's Works. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $224.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Golden Fleece. Phillips. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Mystery of Murray Davenport. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The Aaron Burr Conspiracy. McCaleb. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Trail of the Grand Seigneur. Lyman. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 25 cents.
2. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50 net.
5. The Better Way. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.00 net.
6. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Marjorie. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.00.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. For a Maiden Brave. Hotchkiss. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

ST PAUL, MINN.

1. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. The Ward of King Canute. Liljencrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. Conjuror's House. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Vancus.) $6.00.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Poole-Stewart Co.) $1.50.
3. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Briggs.) $1.00.
4. Journeys End. Forman. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. A Garden of Lies. Forman. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.00.
5. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Youth. Conrad. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Middle-Aged Love Stories. Daskam. (Scribner.) $1.25.
2. The Story of My Life. Keller. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. No Hero. Hornung. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton. Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Harry Revel. Couch. (Scribner.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list		receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50	195
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00	123
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	97
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50	73
5. & 6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	56
5. & 6. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.00	56

NOTE.—Through an arithmetical error, sixth place in the June BOOKMAN was given to *Darrel of the Blessed Isles,* which was credited with 37 points. That place, however, belonged properly to Anna Katherine Green's *The Filigree Ball,* published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. We find that the lists should have given *The Filigree Ball* 43 points.

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